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R. W. Duff.

THE
CLEANER::

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SELECTION

FROM

MODERN WRITERS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

WITH

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING..

* * * SPARSA COLLEGI.

772
PERTH:

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The Engraving from Tristram Shandy to front the title

THE GLEANER.

ON CURIOSITY:

A RHAPSODY.

‘ Were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.’

SHAKS. TEMPEST, Act 2. Sc. 2.

TAKING my morning ride on Sunday last from Richmond, I was surpris'd to see, on Wimbledon Common, a greater concourse of people than I scarcely ever remember to have seen any where. Some important occasion, thought I, must bring all these men, women, and children together. Perhaps here is a mob risen on account of the scarcity of wheat; yet they seem too well dress'd, and too happy for that; perhaps one of Brothers' prophecies has taken place in London, and these good people are flying from the vengeance to come. Perhaps, after all, this is but a country wedding—John Ploughshare married to Margery Mopstick, an amiable young lady, with a fortune of eleven pounds sterling; or perhaps—‘Hollo! friend; where are all these people going?’—‘Why, zur, to see the *men* on the gallows that *war* hanged t' other day.’—

A

‘Indeed!

‘Indeed! and are you come too on this errand?’ ‘Es, zur, I be *coomed* wi the rest o’ us.’—‘And pray, friend, where do you come from?’ ‘I be *coomed* from Kingston; *measter* gid un leave to see the *scight*.’

And sure enough this mighty concourse of people were assembled to behold a sight, which none can contemplate without horror—the progress of putrefaction in a human body. Without horror! did I say? ‘No—I am mistaken; here are many hundreds contemplating the sight without any visible symptoms of horror. Then, what brought them hither! Do they love such fights? No, gentle reader, I trust they do not: I trust there is not one of them that would not have prevented that catastrophe, if he could. Nay, now that it is unavoidable, I am sure they would be better pleased to see a smock race, or a review of militia. What then brought them hither? I will tell thee. Mere curiosity.

Curiosity! how shall I define thee! Thou incomprehensible, and yet most comprehensive law of nature, against which we dare not rebel, and in obeying which, we sacrifice our time and more serious pursuits, in obeying which we always risk our limbs, and sometimes lose our lives. How much better, now, would these people have been employed at church, or with their families, or even, although it be Sunday, cutting down their hay, or—No—A man hanging on the gallows is an object of curiosity, and curiosity must be gratified.

Gracious powers! What a sight is here! A wretched body, in the highest state of putrefactive fermentation, burst in three places, and—but let me draw the curtain. Let me escape as fast as my horse will carry me from this spectacle; and my readers, if I have any, will not be sorry that I have relieved them. Yet, ‘go to my lady’s chamber; tell her, though she paint an inch thick, to this complexion she must come at last.’

How can I define *curiosity*, unless by saying that it is of all things the most curious! Its effects, I think, are

confined

confined principally to the low and illiterate part of the community—Even I, who am foolish enough in other matters, would not go ten yards to see a fight like this—no, not if there were a hundred such all in a row; and I never saw a boxing-match, a cock-fight, or a horse-race in my life. Perhaps I shall go down to the grave without bearing a record of these mighty feats with me. This is strange, you will say; this fellow has no curiosity.

Reader, I will tell thee a story. Some years ago, a son of Thespis made it a constant practice to go to all executions, and his face was as familiar at Tyburn as on the stage of Drury-lane. In his way up Holborn, he generally obliged some acquaintance by waking him in time for the fight; but, one morning, he happened to call upon a friend, who could by no means be prevailed upon to accompany him. ‘Well,’ said this lover of Tyburn, ‘I never knew such a man; you never take *any pleasure!*’

Curiosity seems to be like genius. One man’s genius inclines to philosophy, another to poetry, a third to the arts, a fourth to mathematics, and a fifth to antiquities. The bent of curiosity is alike different in different men. Some love nothing so dearly as executions; that is *their* genius. Others would faint at the sight of such a thing, yet can stand a whole hour to see two monsters in human shape, beating, bruising, and wounding one another, and perhaps one killed, for a wager. That is *their* genius. Others delight in a fire; that at Radcliffe, last year, was a choice gratification.

A late celebrated wit, George Selwyn, was remarkably inclined to exhibitions at Tyburn. It is said that he went to Paris, thinking, perhaps, with Sterne, that ‘they manage these matters better in France.’ How he was entertained we know not, but the Parisian Jack Ketch observing him to be particularly attentive to the operation, asked him if he was not a brother of the

trade. 'Non, monsieur,' answered our wit, '*un amateur seul.*' No, sir, only an *amateur*; a word which is better known without a translation, and one of the very few which cannot be expressed in our language without going round about. Honest George, we may suppose, was not only an *amateur*, but a *connoisseur*. Yet he often professed that he did not like to go to executions; it was a mistake to think so. To be sure he happened accidentally to be passing by, and just stopt a few minutes; and he certainly never would go again to any such exhibition. A considerable bet was laid that he would be present at the very next solemnity of the kind. George accepted the wager, but nature will prevail; he was carefully watched, and detected under the gallows, in the disguise of an old apple-woman. His awkward manner of selling his commodity led to a suspicion, that suspicion to a detection, and he paid his forfeit with great cheerfulness. He was not attached to money, and he loved an execution.

Let me repeat again and again, that *curiosity* is a most curious thing, because it really has nothing at all to do, and no possible connexion with the object about which it seems to interest itself. Spread the report of a mob, and you have a mob. Spread a report that five thousand men are assembled on Hounslow Heath, and ten thousand will go there to seek for the five thousand. If you wish to collect people together, say that they are already collected. If you want to fill a public place of entertainment, advertise in the papers, that the places are all taken every night, and that the house is full as soon as the doors are opened, and the business is done. A Surry justice assured me, that the mobs which lately assembled in St George's fields, were composed entirely of people who were *curious* to see whether there were any mob there at all. Afterward, said he, they had another object of equal curiosity; they came to *see* the guards, that came to *seek* the mob. Let two men stand gaping up at the top of

St

St Paul's, as if they saw something strange, and in a few minutes one hundred will be gathered round, gaping likewise at some invisible object; but let it be remembered, that while they are standing, their watches are going; for this is one of the most successful expedients of the light-fingered tribe.

It is said; but observe, gentle reader, I am not the first who has said it, that there is no part of the world where *curiosity* reigns with such absolute sway, as in this island. You perceive from what Trincalo says in my motto, that Shakespeare was of this opinion two centuries ago. Now, if this be true, and I am afraid it will be difficult to disprove it, it will follow, naturally enough, that there is no nation where curiosity so frequently exposes people to be cheated out of their time, their money, and their common sense.

Who does not remember, or has not read, at least, of the Bottle Conjurer? This, we are told, was a trial of curiosity, to see how far credulity and curiosity could bewilder a good-natured and simple public. It was proposed to advertise the most improbable and absurd attempt that ever could be made, and bets were laid that *curiosity* would draw a prodigious concourse of persons to see it. Perhaps some of my readers may be *curious* to see this advertisement: the following is part of it.

'At the new theatre in the Hay-market, on Monday next, the 16th inst. (1748) to be seen a person who performs the several most surprising things following; viz. first, he takes a common walking-cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine-bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine: this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it in sight of all the spectators, and sings in it: during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it,

and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle, &c.'

Now what did the people expect to see? The house was crowded with nobility and gentry, male as well as female. Their curiosity must have been wonderfully potent, whether the case was that they went to see how he could perform his promise, or how he could avoid doing it. But he avoided it very ungenteely; for he never appeared, and they were so chagrined and disappointed, as nearly to demolish the whole edifice.

We had also a woman who lived a month upon a crust of bread, till a court of justice, thinking this but a slender diet, provided better for her in one of our settlements abroad. We had another lady who was *with child*, as it was elegantly expressed, of rabbits. Next came the Cock-lane Ghost; and all these had their day.

From that time, curiosity has been occasionally feeding upon boxing matches, reviews, Catawba Indians, fires, and Turkish ambassadors, with the usual interludes of hanging and whipping. Bulls, horses, and paste-board lions have been introduced on the stage, and curiosity has been pleasantly engaged in determining the comparative merits of the four-legged and the two-legged performers.

I have said, that curiosity is not very nice in its object. I have seen a mob around a dead pig, and a very considerable concourse at the funeral of an alderman. I have seen hundreds running to catch a glimpse of the beauties of an illustrious princess, until diverted by the intelligence that two men were to walk in coal sacks from Islington to Canonbury. Thousands have gone to Deptford to see the poor grampus that mistook his way, and as many are nightly assembled on the Margate pier to see the arrival of the hoys.

Curiosity begins very early in life: but it is then necessary; for it is by curiosity that we acquire the habit of making ourselves acquainted with what it is proper

we

we should know. This is not the case in after-life; for then curiosity is employed in seeing what he had seen before, or what it were as well we did not see, and very frequently what we never wish to see again. To say how much time is spent in gratifying curiosity would require some talents at calculation. Every man may make his own calculation. All I can say is, that the time thus lost is not to be regained; and, what some will think of more importance, for once that curiosity is gratified, it is ten times disappointed. Not that this is the fault of the object; but every person of curiosity conjures up a something by the force of his imagination, and is mightily angry because he cannot see what does not exist. Such was the case with those who went to see a spirit which is immaterial, and a full grown man in a quart bottle.

Our worthy 'servants of the public,' the ladies and gentlemen of the sock and buskin, never forget that curiosity is better than a good play; and generally contrive, for their benefit, something so monstrous or marvellous, as to attract it with irresistible force; a man jumping through a hog'shead of fire, or over three horses at full gallop, or speaking a prologue on the back of an ass. Even a horse-race has been attempted in a room less than a common brewer's vat; and a hare has been pursued by dogs for ten or twelve yards together. Sometimes, indeed, we are told that *persons of great distinction* are to be there, and they frequently answer nearly as well as the barrel of fire, or the man and his ass. But it has generally been found more successful to dress up a few of the scene-shifters as Cherokee chiefs—and this brings me to a story with which I shall conclude my curious Rhapsody upon Curiosity.

I remember, says my author, a certain comedian, so long ago as when Goodman's-fields was opened, who was very sensible of our love for curiosity. Accordingly, at the time of his benefit, he advertised in all the papers: 'For the entertainment of the Moroc-

‘co ambaffador and his retinue,’ who were juft then come over. To represent thefe illuftrious perfonages, he hired four of the moft ill-looking, hard-featured Irishmen he could get, made their countenances more fierce with whifkers, and improved the fallow hue of their complexions with walnut-juice. Thefe he dreffed up in character, and placed them in an odd-fafhioned coach with three or four of the fame country, metamorphofed in like manner behind it. The cavalcade, as it paffed through the city, drew along with it a great concourse of people, which answered the intent of the contriver, for the playhoufe was crowded from top to bottom. The four chiefs were placed confpicuously in the ftage box, with their attendants behind them, to the admiration of the audience. They fat quietly for fome time, till at laft they could not help jabbering to one another in the Irish language, which, however, paffed off very well to thofe within hearing for the right genuine Morifco language. At laft they grew impatient for want of drink, till they were fupplied with repeated pots of porter, which they toffed off to the great joy and aftonifhment of the fpectators, who faid to one another: ‘Mind how they fwig our Englifh beer; they have none fuch in their own country.’ Toward the end of the play, the fumes of the liquor made them fo far forget the dignity of their characters, that they began to fall out among themfelves, and imagine they were quarrelling about a fare. Nothing was now heard but ‘runder a noons’—‘arrah by Jafus,’ &c. and his excellency the ambaffador called out, ‘If mafter will give lafe, by St Patrick we’ll have a tight fet-to upon this ftage before all the papple.’ I need not tell the confequence: the audience were enraged at the affront put upon them, tore up the benches, cut the fcenes, threfhed the performers, and the sham ambaffador, with his mock retinue, were carried before a magiftrate, and fent to Clerkenwell-bridewell.

INCREDULUS ODI
PREJUDICES

Sir,

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PREJUDICES OF THE MARVELLOUS KIND.

To the Editor of the Universal Magazine.

Sir,

WHATEVER other faults may be ascribed to the present age, it must be allowed that we are more cautious than former ages in admitting things to be true, which are of doubtful appearance, or are not confirmed upon good authority. Some men may yet endeavour to palm forgeries upon the world, and such may deceive the ignorant and illiterate; but the triumph of such impostors is very short, and their disgrace almost unavoidable, which leaves us at a loss to know whether the folly or the wickedness of such attempts be most remarkable. It is, however, but lately that men began to weigh and compare matters in such a method as to detect falsehood and misrepresentation. Whoever has read many of the huge volumes of travels and voyages published during the two last centuries, and the beginning of the present, must be surprised that the world then swallowed with such credulity, assertions and relations, which would now bring disgrace upon any writer. Not that these authors wilfully contrived such fables. They were men whose general characters forbid us to think them guilty of deliberate imposture; but it is certain that they were men of credulous minds, and easily took for granted those marvellous stories which please the imagination.

A good selection of such stories would perhaps tend very much to abate the credulous propensity, which the lower class of people yet have; but no such collection, I believe, has yet been made. As some amusement, however, to your readers, I have put together a few, in addition to some that were collected by the late

late Mr Christopher Smart, the poet, and have taken the liberty to send them to the Universal Magazine.

I am, sir, yours,

COLLECTOR.

Before the conquest by the Normans, the land in Norfolk was so light and fine, that the farmers usually ploughed with *two rabbits* and a *case-knife*.—*Jones's Wonderful Changes*, page 86.

There are many stories told of the craft of the fox to compass his prey; of which Olaus Magnus hath many; such as feigning the barking of a dog, to catch prey near the houses; feigning himself dead, to catch such animals as come to feed upon him; laying his tail upon a wasp-nest, then rubbing it hard against a tree, and then catching the wasps so killed: ridding himself of fleas, by gradually going into the water, with a lock of wool in his mouth, and so driving the fleas up into it, and then leaving it in the water: by catching crabs with his tail, which he saith he himself was a witness to.—*Derham's Physico-Theology*, book 4. chap. 11.

Had man been a dwarf, he had scarce been a rational creature; for he must have a jolt head, so there would not have been body and blood enough to supply his brain with spirits; or he must have had a small head answerable to his body, and so there would not have been brain enough for his business.—*Grew's Cosmologia Sacra*. book 1. chap. 5. sec. 25.

The city of London is the largest city in the world, and the people of London the wisest.—*Wilson's Candid Traveller*, page 42. N. B. Mr Editor, this is so pleasing a prejudice, that I think we may as well venture to take it for granted: ourselves, and allow other nations to disprove it!

One English man of war will beat a Dutch fleet.—*Nebolt's Naval Expeditions*, chap. 4. sec. 9.

Among reptiles that have a strange faculty to shift for food, &c. may be reckoned eels, which, although belonging to the waters, can creep on the land from

pond

pond to pond. Mr Mosely of Mosely, saw them creep over the meadows, like so many snakes from ditch to ditch; which he thought was not only for bettering their habitations, but also to catch snails in the grass.—*Plot's History of Staffordshire*, chap. 7. sect. 32.

Had the calf of the leg been providentially and prominently placed before, instead of being preposterously and prejudicially placed behind, it had been evidently better, forasmuch as the human shin-bone could not then have been so easily broken.—*Dr Moreton's Beauty of the human Structure*, Glas. Edit. page 62.

It hath indeed been a doubt, nay a matter of much debate among historians of the former days, whether Oliver Cromwell was that pious good man he pretended to be? But 'tis allowed, I think, that he was almost continually preaching and praying; and therefore he must have been a pious man, unless we suppose piety not to consist in fervency, which would be absurd and ridiculous.—*Morgan's Case fairly stated*, page 69.

Though I have examined what all authors have wrote on this affair with great impartiality, yet I cannot conceive that any of them have the least merit, nor do I find one man that has treated this subject sensibly beside myself.—*Smithson's Amiableness of Candour and Diffidence*, page 8.

Next under Arvi there are two rivers, Atoica and Caora, and on that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which, though it may be thought a mere tale, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true; because every child in the provinces of Arromaia and Canuri affirms the same. They are called Ewaipano-na: they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts; and that a long train of hair groweth backward between their shoulders.—*Sir Walter Raleigh's Works*, page 209.

The

The eighth species of earthquakes is, where over and above the rising and sinking the parts of the earth, there are a great variety of other accidents attending; such for instance, as appears in that relation which the learned Camden gives us, of a very famous earthquake in Herefordshire, where, in the year 1571, Marclay hill on the east part of that shire, with a roaring noise, removed itself from the place where it stood, and for three days together travelled from its old seat. It began first to take its journey Feb. 17, being Saturday, at six o'clock of the night, and by seven next morning, it had gone forty paces, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, whereof, some were overturned; some that stood upon the plain were firmly growing upon the hill; those that were east were turned west; and those in the west were set in the east. In this remove it overthrew Kynaston chapel, and turned two highways near a hundred yards from their old paths. The quantity of ground thus removed was about twenty-six acres, which opening itself with rocks and all, bore the earth before it for four hundred yards space, without any stay, leaving pasturage in place, of tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasturage. Lastly, overwhelming its lower parts, it mounted to a hill of twelve fathoms high, and there rested after three days travel.—*Dissertation upon Earthquakes*, p. 43.

Among the many people who have had courage and learning to lay spirits and ghosts, G. W. Salomine may be reckoned and esteemed the most considerable and knowing; for he made a fortune and raised an estate by this very trade, and is said to have laid 1379 souls in the Red Sea. A place which I know by experience and by examination have found, all ghosts and spirits are much afraid of; and this I think proves Salomine's power to be very great, as it is a place they would not but by force have went into. It is to be remarked that Salomine was the seventh son of his father and mother, who was a virtuous woman; and he had also a wonderful

a wonderful faculty of curing all diseases with a touch. Yet this gentleman was not more to be thought of than an acquaintance of mine, an Oxford scholar, who to my certain knowledge and belief, hath cured many disorders, and laid the ghosts of many disturbed people, when no other person could do them. In a village where I lived, I do know that there was a great house, a mansion-house, haunted by a spirit that turned itself into a thousand shapes and forms, but generally came in the figure of a boiled scrag of mutton, and had baffled and defied the learned men of both universities; but this being told to my friend, who was a descendant and relation of the learned friar Bacon, he undertook to lay it, and that even without his books; and it was done in this manner: he ordered some water to be put into a clean skillet that was new, and had never been on the fire. When the water boiled, he himself pulled off his hat and shoes, and then took seven turnips, which he paired with a small penknife that had been rubbed and whetted on a loadstone, and put them into the water. When they were boiled, he ordered some butter to be melted in a new glazed earthen pipkin, and then mashed the turnips in it. Just as this was finished, I myself saw the ghost, in the form of a boiled scrag of mutton, peep in at the window, which I gave him notice of, and he stuck his fork into him, and soufed both him and the turnips into a pewter dish, and eat both up. And the house was ever after quiet and still. Now this I should not have believed, or thought true, but I stood by, and saw all the whole ceremony performed.—*Jackson's State of the Defunct*, page 97.

Anno 688, it rained blood seven days together through all Britain, and the milk, cheese, and butter were turned into blood.—*Isac. Chron.* page 261.

In the year 1342, the 11th of October, when the moon was eleven days old, there were seen two moons

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at

at *Dublin*; the one according to the course of nature in the west; the other in the east, casting but a mean and slender light.—*Camden's Britan. Irel.* page 188.

With such prejudices and such relations, our old histories and chronicles abound, and belief in them appears to have increased from age to age, as the believers became more remote from the time and scene of action. But such credulity now is not common, unless it be among the lower classes of people; among men of learning it is rarely to be found, yet some of the authors quoted above were of this description. Their error, as has been already observed, does not seem to have been voluntary; it is probable they were deceived by their own superstitious fears, before they deceived others. It must also be observed, that, until the present century, very improper ideas of the doctrine of a particular providence were common among all ranks of christians; and these were carried so far, that it was thought that the Almighty interposed by visible signs and prodigies, either to predict, or to punish some convulsion of the state. Their ignorance of astronomy, and of the common appearances and changes of nature may likewise be supposed to have assisted this opinion. Hence the various stories of two moons or suns, of armies fighting in the air, of raining blood, &c. Their opinions, however, are fortunately now exploded, for if they continued to prevail, men would fall into the error of the Jews of old, who demanded a sign, and would lose their belief in that revelation, which we are assured can be the only help and guide to rational religion; and they would be induced to think that the order of nature might be reversed upon the most trivial occasions, which we know can never happen.

C.

Account

ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY INTO THE INLAND PARTS
OF AFRICA, BY TWO GENTLEMEN FROM SIERRA
LEONE.

INFORMATION having been brought to the Governor and Council, by some natives of the Foulah country, that the king of the Foulahs, a large and powerful nation, to the north-east of Sierra Leone, had expressed a desire to form an intercourse with the colony, Mr James Watt and Mr Winterbottom, two gentlemen in the Company's service, offered to make an attempt to penetrate through a large, and as yet unknown tract of country, to his capital. They accordingly sailed to the river Rionunes, which is to the north of Sierra Leone, obtained the necessary interpreters and guides at the town of Kocundy, which lies a considerable way up the river, and then set out on foot in a party of about twenty persons.

It appeared in a short time after their leaving the Rionunes, that a considerable intercourse subsisted between the interior country and the upper parts of the river; for no less than five or six hundred Foulahs were often seen in one day, carrying great loads of rice and ivory on their backs, which they were about to exchange for salt. The travellers found as they went forward, a number of successive towns, distant in general six, eight, or ten miles from each other, in which they were always most hospitably received; the utmost satisfaction as well as surprise being expressed at the appearance of white men, of whom none had ever been seen even at the distance of a few days journey from the coast. After travelling for sixteen days, through a country barren in many parts but fruitful in others, and remarkably full of cattle, and after passing two or three small rivers, one of which was said to empty itself into the river Gambia, they arrived at the town of Laby, which is distant about two hundred

miles, almost directly eastward or inland, from that part of the river Rionunes from which they set out on foot. Here they spent three or four days, being most cordially received by the chief or king of the place, who is subordinate to the king of the Foulahs. Laby is about two miles and an half in circumference, and is supposed to contain not less than five thousand inhabitants: the state of civilization is much the same here as in the farther part, which will be described shortly. From Laby they proceeded towards the capital of the Foulah kingdom, called Teembo, which is seventy two miles further inland, and having experienced every where the same hospitality, they arrived there in the course of another week.

During fourteen days which they passed in the capital, they had many conversations, through the medium of interpreters, both with the king and with a person who acts as deputy to the king in his absence, and with many other principal persons. It appears that the country subject to the king of the Foulahs, is about three hundred and fifty miles in length, from east to west, and about two hundred miles in breadth, from north to south; and that the king exercises a very arbitrary power, both in respect to the punishment of offences, and many other points, and, in particular, that he opens and shuts up the markets and channels of trade just as he pleases. The town of Teembo is supposed to contain about seven thousand inhabitants, and the superiority of the people of all these interior parts, to those on the coast, is great, in most branches of civilization. The houses here and at Laby, as well as at some other places, are occasionally spoken of in the journals from which this narrative is taken, as very good. The silver ornaments worn by some of the chief women, are said to be equal in value to 20*l*. There are people at Laby and at Teembo, who work in iron, in silver, in wood, and in leather, and there is a manufacture of narrow cloths. The chief men

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are furnished with books, of which the subject is generally either divinity or law; and the art of reading is common over the country, there being schools for the instruction of children established in almost every town. Horses are commonly used by the chief people, who are said to ride out often for their amusement, and a species of horse-race or coursing occurred, at which the king invited the two strangers to attend. The soil is generally stony; much of it is pasture; rice is cultivated in some parts, chiefly by the labour of the women, the men, a great proportion of whom are slaves, carrying away the produce on their backs. About one-third of the country is said to be extremely fertile; the soil is dry, and the climate is thought very good. The nights and mornings were sometimes cold, and the thermometer was once as low as 51 at half past five in the morning, but it rose to near 90 at noon. The professed religion of the country is Mahometanism, and there are many mosques; but neither the priests nor people appear to have much bigotry in their minds, though they do not fail to observe the Mahometan ceremonies, praying five times a day. The punishments which the king inflicts are severe, especially in the case of disrespect shewn to his own authority; but it appears that no Foulahs are ever sold as slaves either for debts or crimes, and kidnapping seldom occurs, being probably not very practicable in the heart of the country. The Foulahs however have been used, till lately, to carry on a very considerable slave trade by means of their wars; for they go to war avowedly for the purpose of getting slaves, one of the tenets of their religion, which permits them to destroy all whom they term infidels (a term which seems to include all their neighbours,) affording them a convenient apology for every exercise of this horrible injustice.

The king being asked whether he should be willing to encourage any European to settle near him with a

view to cultivation, readily answered, that he would furnish him with land, and cattle, and men for the purpose. Much conversation passed at different times concerning the introduction of the plough, of which no one had ever heard in the Foulah country. The king of Laby offered to send a son to England for education, and a principal priest expressed some willingness to do the same. Diligent inquiry was made both at Laby and Teembo, concerning the route to Tombuctoo, a town in the heart of Africa, supposed to be of the first magnitude, to which some adventurers from the association instituted for promoting discoveries in the interior of Africa, have attempted to penetrate. It was said at Laby that a free communication subsisted with Tombuctoo, of which the distance however was described to be no less than a four months journey; six kingdoms intervening between the country of the Foulah king and that of the king of Tombuctoo. The kingdom of Genah, the nearest of the six to Tombuctoo, and that of Tombuctoo itself, were spoken of as richer than any of the others that were named. The city of Cashna seems also to have been known at Laby, but the route thither was described as hazardous.

On leaving Teembo, the Company's servants thought proper to return by a different and rather more dangerous path; they were escorted however by a large body of Foulahs, sent at the command of the king; the number of these amounting, during part of the journey, to no less than five or six hundred. When this body of people arrived on the borders of the Susee country, which it was necessary for the travellers to cross in order to reach the sea by this path, a suspicion arose on the part of the Susees, that the Foulahs were come to make war against them, under the pretext of conducting white men to the coast; on which occasion the Foulahs exhibited to the Susees some goods and slaves which they had with them, as a proof

that

that they could have no design of making war, and succeeded in removing the suspicion; insomuch that it was determined at a meeting of Sufee chiefs, held in a neighbouring town of the Sufees, not only that the travellers, and the party with them who wished to proceed to Sierra Leone, should be permitted to pass, but also that the path through the Sufee country, which former wars had shut, should become permanently open.

Four or five considerable persons from the Foulah king, and from other kings and chiefs, together with their suite, came down to Freetown with the white travellers and passed a few days there, arranged some plans with a view to a commercial intercourse, and returned full of admiration of what they had seen, and gratified in the highest degree by their visit. It has since been learnt that the Foulahs who came on this embassy, have got back to the borders of the Foulah kingdom, where their countrymen who came to meet them were so much interested at the first recital of what had been heard and seen at Sierra Leone, that the party were kept together in conversation till day-break.

The success attending the journey which has been just described, has encouraged the idea of another and more important enterprise, upon which one of the travellers into the Foulah country, and another person in the service of the Company, were, according to the last accounts, likely soon to enter. Their main object will be to penetrate to Tombuctoo, and the route taken will probably be that of the Foulah country. If the travellers should reach Tombuctoo, it will depend on the information which they will there receive, whether they shall trace back their steps southward to Teembo and Sierra Leone, or shall return directly westward towards the Gambia, or attempt to pass on through the middle of the continent of Africa to the Mediterranean.

THE

THE FAIR PILGRIM.

BY DAFYD AP GUILYM, A POET WHO FLOURISHED
ABOUT 1350. FROM POEMS LYRIC AND PASTO-
RAL, BY EDWARD WILLIAMS, A WELSH MASON.

THE Charmer of sweet *Mona's* Isle,
With Death attendant on her smile,
Intent on pilgrimage divine,
Speeds to *St David's* holy shrine;
Too conscious of a sinful mind,
And hopes she may forgiveness find.

What hast thou done, thrice lovely maid?
What crimes can to thy charge be laid?
Didst thou condemn the suppliant poor,
Drive helpless orphans from thy door,
Unduteous to thy parents prove,
Or yield thy charms to lawless love?

No, *Morwydd*, no; thy gentle breast,
Was formed to pity the distressed;
Hast ne'er one thought, one feeling known,
That virtue could not call her own;
Nor hast thou caus'd a parent's pain,
Till quitting now thy native plain.

Yet, lovely nymph, thy way pursue,
And keep repentance full in view;
Yield not thy tongue to cold restraint,
But lay thy soul before the Saint;
O tell him that thy Lover dies;
On death's cold bed unpitied lies;
Murdered by thee, relentless maid;
And to the untimely grave convey'd.

Yet

THE GLEANER.

21

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ASTO-
SON.

Yet ere he's numbered with the dead,
Ere yet his latest breath is fled,
Confess, repent, thou cruel fair,
And hear for once a lover's prayer,
So may the faint with ear benign,
Sweet penitent; attend to thine.

Thou soon must over *Menai* go;
May every current softly flow,
Thy little bark securely glide,
Swift o'er the calm pellucid tide
Unruffled be thy gentle breast,
Without one fear to break thy rest,
Till thou art safely wafted o'er,
To bold *Arvon*'s tow'ring shore.

O could I guard thy lonely form,
Safe through yon desert of the storm;
Where fiercely rage encountring gales;
And whirl-winds rend th' affrighted vales;
Sons of the tempest; cease to blow;
Sleep in your cavern'd glens below;
Ye streams, that, with terrific sound,
Pour from your thousand hills around;
Cease with rude clamours to dismay,
A gentle Pilgrim on her way.

Peace, rude *Traeth Mawr*, no longer urge;
O'er thy wild strand the sweeping surge,
Tis *Morfydd* on thy beach appears,
She dreads thy wrath she owns her fears;
O, let the meek repentant maid,
Securely through thy windings wade.

Traeth Bychan, check thy dreadful ire;
And bid thy foaming waves retire;
Till from thy threatening dangers freed,
My charmer trips the flowry mead,

Yet

Then

Then bid again with sullen roar,
Thy billows lash the sounding shore.

Abermo from thy rocky bay,
Drive each terrific surge away;
Though sunk beneath thy billows lie,
Proud fanes, that once assailed the sky,
Dash'd by thy foam, yon vestal braves,
The dangers of thy bursting waves.

O *Cyric*, see my lovely fair,
Consign'd to thy parental care,
Rebuke thy raging seas, and land
My *Morvydd* on your friendly strand.

Dyffynni tame thy furious tide,
Fix'd at thy source in peace abide;
She comes—O greet her with a smile,
The charmer of sweet *Mona's* isle.
So may thy limpid rills around,
Purl down their dells with soothing sound,
Sport on thy bosom, and display,
Their crystal to the glittering day;
Nor shrink from summer's parching sun,
Nor, chain'd in ice, forget to run.

So may thy verdant marge along,
Mervinia's bards in raptur'd song,
Dwell on thy bold majestic scene,
Huge hills, vast woods, and vallies green,
Where revels thy enchanting stream,
The lover's haunt, the poet's theme.

Thou, *Dyvi*, dangerous and deep,
On beds of ooze unruffled sleep;
O'er thy green wave my *Morvydd* sails;
Conduct her safe, ye gentle gales;

Charm'd

THE GLEANER.

23

Charm'd with her beauties, waft her o'er,
To fam'd *Ceredig's* wondring shore.

Foamy *Rbedjal*, rage no more,
Down thy rocks with echo'd roar;
Be silent, *Yſlawyth*, in thy Meads,
Glide softly through thy peaceful reeds;
Nor bid thy dells rude *Aeron*, ring,
But halt at thy maternal spring;
Hide from the nymph, ye torrents wild,
Or wear like her an aspect mild;
For her light steps clear all your ways;
O, listen, 'tis a lover prays.

Now safe beneath serener skies,
Where softer beauties charm her eyes,
She *Teirwis* verdant region roves,
Views flowry meads and pensile groves;
Ye lovely scenes, to *Morvydd's* heart,
Warm thoughts of tenderness impart,
Such as in busy tumults roll,
When loves confusion fills the soul.

Her wearied step, with awe profound,
Now treads *Meneria's* honoured ground,
At *David's* shrine now, lovely maid,
Thy pious orisons are paid:
He sees the secrets of thy breast,
One sin, one only, stands confess'd,
One heinous guilt, that, ruthless, gave
Thy hopeless lover to the grave.
Thy soften'd bosom now relents,
Of all its cruelty repents,
Gives to remorse the fervent sigh,
Sweet pity's tear bedews thine eye;
Now love lights up its hallow'd fire,
Melts all thy heart with chaste desire:

Whilst

Whilst in thy soul new feelings burn,
 O *Morvydd*, to thy bard return ;
 One tender look will cure his pain,
 Will bid him rise to life again,
 A life like that of saints above,
 Extatic joy and endless love.

A POLITICAL VIEW OF THE FUTURE SITUATION OF
 FRANCE.

Translated from the French of General Dumouriez.

[From the Monthly Review.]

THOUGH a man of established reputation as a soldier, General Dumouriez is at best of a doubtful character as a patriot or politician: we say doubtful, because we are not disposed, without more evidence than has yet been laid before us, to pass a decisive judgment on his political conduct. Some people charge him with ambitious views, and say that it was not till he was disappointed in them that he declared for the restoration of a limited monarchy in France; and consequently that his motives for this declaration did not proceed from principle. Others admit that a powerful faction in Paris had placed him in a situation, that he was under the necessity of either turning his arms against those who composed that faction, or putting himself into their hands with the certainty of being led to the scaffold. *Louvet*, the most determined anti-monarchy man in France, asserts, in his late famous publication, (reviewed in our present Appendix,) his firm belief that Dumouriez was a sincere republican; that he would have made himself master of Holland, had he not been thwarted in all his plans by a set of men who were not only his personal enemies, but the enemies

enemies also of liberty, order, and principle; and that he would never have thought of re-establishing royalty in France, had those who were at the helm been attached to the real interests of their country, and to the happiness of their fellow-citizens. Which are in the right, the accusers or the apologists of Dumouriez, we will not attempt to determine.

The General begins by saying that the French revolution is a shocking tragedy, directed by monsters and supported by heroes; and that, taken in a military point of view, it commands admiration; while in a political light it excites nothing but horror. 'Never (says he,) did any nation appear at the same time more sublime, and more abject. As soldiers, the men of France are invincible; as citizens, they tremble and suffer. Intrepid in the field before the most warlike troops of Europe, but at home the slaves of a handful of villains.' This short picture is drawn by a masterly hand; and while we are forced to acknowledge its striking likeness to the original, we find it no easy task to account for an union of two such opposites in the same people. The submission of the gallant troops, *on the Frontiers*, to whatever party is uppermost in the *Convention*; the indifference with which they see the prevailing faction fall, and the readiness with which they obey their successors while they continue in power; may be reckoned among the phenomena of the present times, so fruitful in astonishing events! In former days, a single army has often trampled under foot the most legitimate governments: but in France, fourteen armies, composed altogether of 1,200,000 men, vie with each other in submission to orders from men who acquire their ascendancy in the legislature by the forcible downfall and extermination of their predecessors!

The author has divided his work into several parts or chapters, under different heads; the first relates to the *Jacobins*. Here he observes that these men and
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their adherents foolishly imagined that, because they had declared themselves republicans, they had established the republic. 'Puerile ceremonies (says he,) constituted the political state of France. The compulsive acceptance of a constitution hastily drawn up was the only social contract which established the tyranny of the anarchists. Paris gave the law to France, as Rome formerly gave it to every part of the Roman empire. Was this a French republic?—Certainly not. Was it a Parisian republic!—Just as much and no more; for Paris was more enslaved than the rest of the empire. What was France then?—It was really the *republic of the Jacobins*.' To these men he ascribes the tyranny under which the people groaned; the horrors of September; and the *patriotic christenings and marriages* of the unfortunate victims of their country whom they threw into the sea. He expresses his hope that the convention, supported by the whole nation, will annihilate even the very name of this hateful sect; and his hope on this head is pretty well accomplished; for it is now nearly as dangerous in Paris to be called a Jacobin as an aristocrat or a royalist.

From the savage barbarities of the anarchists, he turns with complacency to the military glory of France; which, under the head of *Military successes*, forms another division of his work. Speaking of the war, he acquits his countrymen of the charge of having been the aggressors, and states it to be the natural consequence of the political errors of several courts. Without naming himself, he sounds high his own panegyric, by telling us what prodigies were performed by the French General who, in 1792, with a handful of soldiers ill appointed and disunited, kept in check a formidable army, until by the arrival of reinforcements he was enabled to drive the enemy before him. He next marks his progress in the Netherlands, and takes to himself the glory of having freed his country from a foreign yoke, and taught her troops how to march to victory.

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THE GLEANER.

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victory. The return which he met was, he says, that *Marat* and the Jacobins proscribed him, disorganized his army, and stopped him in the career of his successes, which would have enabled him to give to France in the course of the succeeding year a glorious and lasting peace. To second him in his endeavour to convince the world that he did not mean to betray the interests of his country to her foes, either foreign or domestic, we lay the following short extract before our readers: *

‘ This General was forced to fly, proscribed and regarded as a traitor, because, instead of joining the sanguinary faction of these anarchists, he found himself compelled to a determination of combating against it to save the legislative body from its tyranny, and France from its cruelties. What is his crime? It is that he anticipated the judgment of the nation against these monsters, and in the hope of saving his country he refused to become their victim.

‘ Men of France, how dreadful are the consequences you have since felt. Nothing less could convince you that this General, this supposed criminal, would have sacrificed his life to deliver you from *Marat*, from *Robespierre*, and those Jacobins whose bloody tyranny has spread desolation through the land. By the instruments of assassination it is that these monsters have awakened you from this fatal delusion. You are become free:—become just.’

He then proceeds to state that the injudicious disposition of the German cantonments in Alsace made the allies lose the fruit of their successes in that quarter; their panic fear, he says, induced them to adopt the shameful measure of blowing up the works of Fort-Louis, (a measure very imperfectly executed,) instead of endeavouring to defend that important place; by which means they paved the way to the conquest of the whole left side of the Rhine by the French. At

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* We quote from the translation.

the military opinions of so able a commander as Dumouriez must have weight even with those who may despise him in another point of view, we will lay them before our readers; who will, no doubt, be surprised to find so high an authority admit the possibility of the combined armies marching to Paris, had they been led on with judgment. He thus expresses himself:

‘ Their plan for the campaign of 1794, by reason of the great distance of the armies required to co-operate, afforded neither mutual connection nor mutual support. Small detached bodies, forming a long line, weak in every part, were incapable of defending any point where the French might attempt to penetrate in a mass.

‘ All Europe knew beforehand that the intention of the French was to obtain the advantage in the war by changing it from defensive to offensive. It was even known that their project was to penetrate between the Sambre and the Meuse, while the division on the right should turn the right of the allies by Austrian Flanders.

‘ The imperial troops being deprived of the power of entering Alsace by the loss of Fort Louis, had no other side for offensive operations but that of Flanders and Hainault, two provinces open to them by the Pass of Conde, Le Quesnoy, and Valenciennes, which they had conquered in 1793; it became them to have left the defence of the Upper Rhine to the Prussian army, which was more than equal to that object, and have carried their forces between Luxemburg and the sea.

‘ If the army of Count Browne had opened on the Meuse by the siege of Sedan or Mezières, while the prince of Cobourg had besieged Landrecies, those two armies would have mutually supported each other’s operations; and that which had first obtained its object would have served as the army of observation to the other. They would then have extended themselves

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between the Marne and Oise, and nothing could have stopped them in their way to Paris but battles in the fine and rich plains of Picardy, where the superiority of the Austrian cavalry would have given them an inestimable advantage.

‘The whole offensive plan of the French would have been disconcerted by this disposition, which must have forced them to come to the assistance of their strong places by battles, in which the time, place, and circumstances, would have been in the election of the Austrians.

‘The allies did not adopt the plan of a close and conjunctive attack, yet as they were well informed of the hazardous project of the French to force the passage of the Sambre, they ought at least to have fortified the excellent post of Beaumont, at the head of the principality of Chimai, and to have placed there a body of men sufficiently numerous to check the enemy, compel him to a siege, and afford time for their own forces, between the Moselle and the Meuse, to unite upon the Sambre. This disposition would have prevented the French from penetrating as they did by the Sambre, an event which determined the success of the whole campaign.

‘Lastly, Since the army of Prince Cobourg ought first to have taken Landrecies, and afterwards penetrated into Picardy, or advanced upon Cambray, it was necessary, before any movement, to have secured Austrian Flanders against the invasion of the French embodied in the camps of Lisle and Cassel, because it was known that the French had the design of turning the right of the allied army by penetrating through that province.

‘No precaution was taken against this attack. The allies had left before Menin general Walmoden with seven or eight thousand men to oppose the irruption of two bodies of an army whose number was unknown, but which certainly could not be fewer in all than forty

thousand men; and in addition to this, the fortresses were repaired only on the side next the enemy, instead of being prepared to support a siege.

‘The French forces opened upon all the points of attack with that confidence and vivacity which form their character. They forced their way in spite of every obstacle, and carried into effect a plan so rash that it could not have succeeded in any respect, if the allies, who were in no want of intelligence, had taken methodical and prudent measures. The plan of the French was geometrically impracticable, but was rendered practicable, and crowned with success, by the spirit of folly in the allies, who did not oppose any reasonable plan of defence against it.

‘The provinces of Flanders, Tournais, Hainault, Brabant, and Namur, then presented no point of resistance against the French armies, who from the maritime parts of Flanders were enabled by a most incredible degree of success to join their countrymen on the banks of the Meuse. The imperialists, it is true, animated by the presence of the emperor, had made efforts no less obstinate than useless to stop the progress of these invincible republicans.—

‘It was naturally to be expected that the Meuse would present an obstacle to their victories, and every military man might have concluded that the campaign would terminate on the banks of this river. An army of eighty thousand men, having Maestricht for a point of support, the Meuse for their *avant fosse*, Juliers and the Roer supporting their left, and the strong places of Holland for their retreat, ought not, in the ordinary course of things, to have been displaced. It was not to be feared that the French, finding the Rhine undefended, should have the imprudence to pass it, and penetrate into Westphalia, leaving an army of eighty thousand men behind them, who might have cut off their retreat.

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While the allied army held the position of the Meuse, Marshal Mollendorf displayed the talents of a master, the great Frederic, by his position at Lauren, the only military movement in this campaign agreeable to the rules of art; a movement, nevertheless, which, from its remoteness, produced no diversion in favour of the army of the Low Countries; a movement which terminated in an inconceivable inactivity, followed by a retreat, which gave the enemy the whole country of Treves.

In the mean time, the allied army abandoned the position of Maestricht. Different interests divided the allies it was composed of. The imperialists passed the Rhine, and gave up the dutchy of Juliers, and the bishoprics of Cologne and Treves, while the English, the Hanoverians, and Hessians, retired into Holland, under pretence of defending it.

Thenceforward the spirit of folly and consternation appeared to direct all the movements of the allies, which exhibited not the least trace of military art. Brabant, Gueldres, Nindegue, were abandoned, without the least apparent reason, before Graves was besieged. It seems as if the movements of the allies had been made with the intention of pointing out to the French the line on which they were to penetrate the United Provinces.

Bois-le-duc, ill provided with food and ammunition, as well as every other Dutch fortress, surrendered without a stroke. Maestricht, without support, made an indifferent defence. Valenciennes, Conde, Quefnoy, attacked by the shadow of an army, surrendered without firing a gun. Every corps of the French advanced, preceded by a column of terror, like a column of smoke before the Israelites. None of the places of the enemy waited for the coming up of heavy artillery, before they capitulated.

An extraordinary winter completed what terror began. Places were invested upon the ice. The allies,

allies, still equally strong with the French, if they had been united on one central point, might at least have decided the fate of Holland by a battle. If they had presented themselves together, or if, by manœuvring and a good appearance, they had retarded the rapid march of the French, these last, exhausted, and in a positive want of bread, would have been forced to retreat into the Low Countries, and would not have had time to recover before the opening of the campaign.

1795.—

‘Why did not the Prussians advance by Manheim or Mentz, and General Clairfait by Mulheim? The latter might, without difficulty, have entered Cologne, Aix, Liege, and the Low Countries. It is well known that these armies belonged to different powers; but from their conduct, it might be affirmed, that the powers were at least indifferent to the fate of the country which suffered the oppression of the war.’

We will not follow the author in his observations respecting the different belligerent powers: but we may remark that he is very severe on Mr Pitt, as appears from the following short extract:

‘The unhappy genius of the minister, Pitt, gave birth to this cruel war. It was he who presided over all the operations, who forced the duke of York, at the surrender of Valenciennes, to separate from the prince of Cobourg, to advance and be defeated before Dunkirk by the brave Houchard, who perished under the guillotine.’

Of the decree forbidding the conventional troops to give quarter to the English and Hanoverians, he speaks thus—

‘The military have shewn invincible courage, supported with a lively good temper and humanity which the gloomy Robespierre could not alter. The only decree which he obtained from the convention by the vile instrument Barrere, which gave no quarter to the English and Hanoverian prisoners, has never been

ed into effect. The generous conquerors have respected the safety of the conquered.

'Would to God they had exercised the same generosity towards their misled countrymen who were taken in arms! The decree against the English is cowardly; that against the emigrants is tyrannical. The French have shewn that the genius of liberty, misled by sanguinary tyrants, is capable of depriving the most humane and polished among nations of every sentiment of nature.'

The author's next division or chapter contains considerations respecting Holland. It appears that he is very far from ascribing the successes of the French in that country to the superiority of their arms, for he states that the Dutch themselves favoured the entrance of the French army into their territory; that, if the province of Utrecht had not made advances to the French, the combined forces might have defended inch by inch first that province, and afterward that of Holland, as far as Amsterdam; and that, had not the Dutch, after they had changed the form of their government, sent orders to the governors of their strong places to open their gates to the French, and to their troops not to make any resistance, the invaders could not have advanced a step without having a siege to undertake. For these reasons, he will not allow that France has *conquered* Holland; and he observes that the French have never yet ventured to insinuate that it was a conquered country, and that they have not attempted to levy contributions on it: but he admits that they will drain the Dutch under the modest appearance of making only *requisitions*.

He says that, should the French attempt to *Cambon* Holland, (by which term we presume that he means plundering the country of its property, as *Cambon's* them drained and plundered the Netherlands,) they will soon disgust the Dutch, and make them turn their affections once more to the illustrious house of Orange, whose

whose name is essentially connected with the very foundation of their republic. The future condition of that republic becomes the subject of our author's consideration, and he treats it like an able statesman in the following words:

'These are the real dangers which the revolution of Holland must necessarily produce. What will be their political existence in Europe at the time their colonies shall be either dismembered or laid waste?

'If the French should keep the country of Liege and incorporate it with the republic, they cannot secure this department but by joining Maestricht to it which is its only point of defence.

'If Belgia should be incorporated, its possession cannot be secure but by joining to it; 1. Vanloo, to cover Austrian Gelderland. 2. All the places on the left bank of the Meuse, from Vanloo to Williamstadt, to secure the free navigation of this river, and to cover La Campine and Antwerp. 3. And lastly, all Dutch Flanders, to cover Austrian Flanders, and the maritime French Flanders.

'In this case the Scheldt must necessarily be open to commerce would resume its ancient course at Antwerp. Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Zealand, would be ruined; and these provinces, heretofore so celebrated for the efforts of human industry, having no longer the riches necessary to secure their factitious existence, would once more become marshes, again recovered by the sea from the hands of men.'

He next proceeds to assert that it is the interest of France—

'1. That Holland should continue to be a maritime power of the second order; because its situation, which envelops the eastern part of England, is always a restraint and danger to their rival power; and by preserving this balance they secure the repose of Europe and the welfare of France.

2. That Holland should preserve her colonies in both the Indies, that she may be able to support her marine, her commerce, and her industry, without which she cannot exist even physically.

3. That she should establish a solid government, which shall not be contrary to her means of existence. For the same constitution cannot be suitable to every people. Each nation has its requisite and peculiar circumstances, derived either from its topographical modification, its moral character, or its means of existence, to which it is necessary to adapt a constitution; otherwise the social contract cannot be supported, and necessarily becomes the principle of its destruction. Holland affords a striking instance of this truth.

To obtain these three objects, which are nearly of much utility to France as they are necessary to Holland, it is proper that the French should practise the most generous conduct towards their new allies. That is to say,

1. They should lose no time in evacuating Holland, that they may not exhaust and vex their allies, to whom, after the first moment of their union, they cannot but be chargeable; they should leave no greater body of troops than the Batavian National Assembly may think absolutely necessary to secure the completion of their constitution.

2. They should content themselves with the immense quantity of stores which the allies left behind them when they evacuated Holland, and by no means proceed to exhaust that nation by exorbitant requisitions, which would deprive it of power of supporting government, its marine, its army, and its dykes.

3. They ought not to put any constraint on the liberty of their allies in the choice of a constitution, even by influence, and still less by dictating to them. The Hollanders should receive on their part neither advice, remarks, nor orders. Neither their liberty

berthy nor their national self-love ought to receive any degradation.

‘4. They should sacrifice, in some respects, the topographical interests of Belgia and the country of Liege, by seizing no place on the Meuse and Dutch Flanders, in case they should incorporate the Low Countries with the French empire. This usurpation would leave profound traces of hatred and vengeance in the mind of this deceived and offended nation. The security of France on this side depends much more upon the intimate confidence of the Hollanders, than upon the possession of a few places unjustly taken from them. The same motive ought to prevent the opening of the Scheldt; in the place of which may be substituted canals of communication between the principal points of West Flanders and Dunkirk, and the northern departments.’

The General then proceeds to consider the important question “Would it be for the benefit of France to retain her conquests.” At the very outset, he condemns, as contrary to all justice, the principle laid down by the Jacobins, that the Rhine and the Meuse are the natural boundaries of France, the pillars of French Hercules. The French (he says,) could not without violating the fundamental principles of their own revolution, incorporate any conquered country with the French empire, without the consent of the inhabitants of such country, the sovereignty being acknowledged to be vested in the people who occupy the territory. Different nations might like liberty in different forms; to force them to adopt any particular form would be to tyrannize over them, instead of giving them what they ought to be, freemen and their own agents. The country of Liege could not, he remarks, be made a département of France, unless the Austrians in the Netherlands constituted a part of the same republic, and though the Netherlands could at any time be occupied by the French, he thinks they could be retained as their

only by force: but that whatever might be the case with provinces such as these, speaking the French language, an union would not be expected with the people at Gueldres, Cleves, Juliers, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Triers, and the different little sovereign states on the left side of the Rhine from Alsace to Wesel: these people being Germans, their manners, habits, and language differ from those of France; and moreover they are connected with their countrymen beyond the Rhine, by the great Germanic association. The French ought to recollect what difficulty they found in gaining any footing for their revolutionary principles in Alsace, though that province has been upward of a century past annexed to France. Discontented people can be kept in subjection only by strong garrisons; and this very circumstance, denoting suspicion, might spread the discontent through Lorraine and the three bishoprics, Toul, Metz, and Verdun; and thus those who should wish to retain new conquests might run the risk of losing the old, and of seeing them return once more to the emperor and the empire. On the whole, he appears to be decidedly for the restoration of the conquests, as a measure of wisdom and sound policy.

Next comes the question "When, and to whom, ought they to be restored?" As to the time, he says, it ought to be at the peace; in the treaty of which it should be stipulated that, at a period therein to be specified, the French armies should evacuate all their conquests, and return within the old limits of their country: but that, on the other hand, the former sovereigns of those countries should not be *at liberty*, for the space of one month afterward, to send into them any troops or ministers; to the end that the people might have time to consider what form of government they should adopt, or for what conditions they should stipulate with their former sovereigns, in order to secure their happiness and mutual confidence. This

plan unquestionably does honour to the author; by shewing that he is not the slave of princes, but the friend of mankind, and a lover of genuine liberty.

In his next chapter, the General undertakes to prove 'the impossibility of peace, should France resolve to retain her conquests.' The German empire, he observes, has hitherto reluctantly carried on the war, and anxiously wishes for peace: but then he remarks that it is only on the principle of the *status quo*; and that, should France be so obstinate as to refuse to treat on that ground, she may expect to find the exertions of the Germanic body, in carrying on the war, very different from what they have been to the present period, and in reality alarmingly great. He next considers 'the dangers which the continuation of the war would be likely to bring on France.' Her towns, he says, are deserted, her manufactures at a stand, her credit absolutely extinguished; the depreciation of assignats daily increased by the constant emission of new paper; the public expences exceeding the revenue by the enormous sum of *three hundred millions of livres per month*; the committee of finances, to support the value of assignats, holding out to a deluded public nothing but perfidious and exaggerated accounts of the value of the lands mortgaged for their redemption; and the senseless *Cambon* offering no other means of diminishing the enormous mass of this fictitious money, than the equally immoral and absurd scheme of a lottery; which brings to recollection the system of *Lottery*, though this is much less skilfully projected. The author then speaks in the following terms of the state of the population of France;

'This dreadful picture of the bad state of the finances and subsistence of France, is a secondary object compared with that of its depopulation. At the end of December, according to a report presented to the Convention, the war had cost the French armies six hundred and fifty thousand men. If to this number,

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which is one third less than the truth, we add the losses by emigration, the guillotine, want, and civil war, it will be seen, with horror, that this state of anarchy has deprived France of twelve hundred thousand men, without including the aged, the women, and children.

‘ If we admit the population of this empire to be twenty-four or twenty-five-millions of individuals, of which twelve millions are males; taking from this the old men and children, there will remain about seven or eight millions of men capable of bearing arms, who, during three years, have suffered this enormous loss, and of whom one sixth part must still continue to face the same dangers. What is the residue for agriculture, commerce, and the marine! And how long can the population of France support such a dreadful consumption?’

‘ Is it with foreigners that we are to see the lands of France and its manufactories repeopled, and its armies recruited? It was by this that the Romans became degenerate, and were lost. It is time to think of preserving the French nation; to unite the whole under a mild government; to purify it from all the foreign adventurers who have swelled the muddy torrent of the revolution, or rather of the Jacobins, of whom they were the most useful and most active satellites.’

Having remarked that England must derive more energy than danger from the revolution in Holland, he next turns his eye towards Italy; where, he says, the farther the French armies advance, the more they will require to be augmented. On this subject, he thus proceeds:

‘ The last report made to the Convention, in December, 1794, proves, that disease has destroyed the army which operated near the Frontiers. All this consumption of men, money, and subsistence, on this side, is pure loss; for certainly the French cannot intend to

conquer Italy, as it is indubitable that they would be unable to keep it.

“Moreover, while the combined fleets possess a superiority in the Mediterranean over the French, their success in Italy will be very uncertain. And the French government ought rather to fear that while their armies advance into Italy, and perish there by the climate, an attack may be made on their southern coast, while undefended, and probably agitated by the factions which divide it.”

With respect to the war with Spain, he passes nearly the same judgment on it. We have seen how that has ended.

The tenth division of the work treats of ‘the National Convention.’ Gen. D. says that, in that assembly, there never has been what might truly be called an *opposition party*; that it has always groaned under some one tyrant or another, the most odious of whom was *Robespierre*; that at the bare mention of royalty or king every member expresses his displeasure by murmurs; that at the word republic, they rise in a mass with shouts and oaths, not like the rulers of a great nation, but like a set of conspirators, the spirit of the convention constantly depending on the auditors who fill the galleries, and who hiss or applaud the members according to the opinions which the latter deliver; and thus, he says, are produced so many contradictory decrees, which become the scorn of the people and the disgrace of their governors. On this subject, he adds that the convention has done little more, hitherto, than pull down; that the revolution has produced nothing but a mis-shapen chaos; that the vessel of the state still floats between two constitutions, the monarchical, and the republican; and the public opinion is not yet invariably fixed on the most important of questions, viz. “Whether a limited monarchy be better adapted to secure the happiness of the French nation, than a republic.” The government, he then says, cannot be

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settled till this important question is resolved. To shew that limited monarchy has many partisans in France, he appeals to *Lacroix's* book ; which, though it would at one time have infallibly sent the author to the scaffold, is now read and gains converts every day.

The last two divisions of the work are devoted to the consideration of the two different forms of government, a republic, and a constitutional monarchy.

Democracy, he says, is not fit nor desirable for the government even of a village : its natural character is turbulence, and hostile to every idea of settled tranquillity.

The author finally declares himself decidedly for monarchy, and pronounces it to be, *when moderated by a senate*, the most perfect form of human government. We need not detail his arguments in support of this assertion.

The character of General Dumouriez, as an author, is already well known ; we therefore need say little more than that this publication would evince that, while he can write like a scholar, he can think like a statesman ; and we mean not to impute it to him as a fault, that, though proscribed by his country, he appears still to love her with sincerity, and to consider those as his enemies who are hostile to her ; for which purpose he would be glad to clip the wings of her rivals, particularly those of England, from whom France has most to fear. It is with this view that he would persuade his countrymen to abandon the idea of invading Great Britain, for the purpose of attacking her in India, (where he thinks her most vulnerable,) with the united forces of France and Holland.

The translation is faithful and praise worthy, though we see a few marks of haste and inaccuracy.

THE RHINE, OR A JOURNEY FROM UTRECHT TO FRANKFORT, CHIEFLY BY THE BORDERS OF THE RHINE, AND THE PASSAGE DOWN THE RIVER FROM MENTZ TO BONNE.

[From the Scottish Register.]

FEW species of writing are more generally acceptable than narratives of voyages and travels, especially if directed through countries furnishing objects fit to amuse or interest a spectator. Even repeated descriptions of similar tours do not disgust, when the journalists are men of observation and judgment, or when differing in temper and disposition they present the same objects in various lights, and, by successive labours, discover and exhibit many curious particulars which would have escaped the notice of an individual observer.

The countries in which the scene of the journey now under review lies, have been often visited and described; yet in the present work many new as well as interesting particulars are to be found, and we have no doubt that even those who are best acquainted with the territories through which Dr Cogan passed, will peruse with satisfaction his intelligent and agreeable narrative.

The work is in the form of letters, a mode of writing as the author observes, "admitting of freedoms which would be indecorous, when the public is primarily addressed."—The first letter, which might have been spared without injury to the work, is merely introductory; in the second the account of the journey begins.

The Author set out on the 26th of July 1790, from Rotterdam, and took the route by Utrecht for Nimeguen. An entertaining account is given of what Dr Cogan terms "the deplorable fate of his favourite ri-

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er the Rhine," which instead of increasing, like other rivers, as it approaches the sea, on the contrary degenerates into an insignificant brook and is at last lost in the canals of Holland; the fact is, it divides into several large branches, none of which retain the original name, and only a trifling rivulet bears the title of the Rhine.

In the way to Nimeguen the Author passed through that part of Holland called the Betuwe, (the ancient Batavia) an oblong island in the province of Guelderland, formed by the bifurcation of the Rhine above Nimeguen, one of the most fertile and best cultivated spots in Holland. Of the peasants in this tract Dr Cogan gives the following curious account, the accuracy of which may be relied on, as he resided several years in the neighbourhood. "The peasants in this part of the world retain much of what you would term the ancient simplicity of manners. They afford in many respects a specimen of what we may suppose to have been the character of the English, about 250 years ago. It is a respectable mark of learning to be able to read and write.—When I resided at Zuylestein most of their bills upon me were drawn out by the schoolmaster, and acquitted by the sign of the cross, which I suppose had originally the solemnity of an oath, that the demand was duly paid. In consequence of not being able to minute down every article, their memories become extremely accurate and tenacious. They continue to this day to create and change names *ad libitum*. It is common for those who reside in cities to extol the simplicity and purity of rural characters. But they do not sufficiently distinguish between *manners* and *morals*, or between open extravagance and secret depravity.—I have been at some pains to acquaint myself with the originals from whom such pleasing copies are taken, and am convinced that these pretended copies are in general strong exaggerations. I have often found external simplicity connected with much slyness of disposition.

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To cheat and outwit a person who is in a more elevated station, if they be not his immediate dependants is the professed trial of skill, and the perpetual boast of almost every farmer. They are externally submissive to superiors, in general civil to strangers, and are not in a state of enmity very cordial, generous, and sympathising among one another. Their enmity is implacable. It is enkindled and burns with ardour on each side, according to family connections, no respect being had to the cause or the justice of the quarrel. They seem to think that the injunction to forgive an injury is one of the severest; and it would be impossible to make them comprehend the dignity of seeking reconciliation. They are pretty regular in their attendance upon public worship on the sabbath, and regularly return home intoxicated on the market day. The crime of adultery is scarcely known among them, of fornication not very frequent, and the triumphs of seduction, never. Their conduct towards each other, though coarse, is sincere. They are strangers to that duplicity which the polite world is obliged to practise, merely to avoid giving offence, or to conciliate esteem. But then if they be sincere, they are often very coarse. The above description, we are persuaded applies not only to the Batavian peasants, but to many classes in other countries, whose intellectual attainments are of a similar extent.

After leaving the Betuwe, our traveller mounted the Waal dyke, and rode along the very spot, which proved so fatal to some of the British troops on the 19th of October last. The following description of this dyke will give our readers some notion of the terrible situation of the 37th regiment on that occasion, when driven off the dyke by the French cavalry. This dyke is very lofty, being the only barrier against the Waal, which is the largest ramification of the Rhine. On the side of the Betuwe, it is much above the trees and cottages, and so narrow on the top, that

In many parts of it two carriages cannot pass each other without the utmost caution. On this left side the danger in case of an accident does not appear extreme, as the trees and roofs of the cottages seem prepared to break the fall. But on the right side towards the river, the mind hovers undecided, to which kind of death we are most exposed, that of being dashed to pieces, or of drowning, as the carriage, after rolling down the steep declivity, must inevitably fall into the river."

Nimeguen presents few peculiarities to merit the attention of a stranger; it was distinguished in 1788 by being the occasional residence of the Stadtholder, who is characterised by Dr Cogan, as a most excellent man, but rather too indolent and irresolute a prince.

Cleves is next visited, and the calamities it has frequently suffered by war are briefly stated; the inhabitants however appeared to Dr Cogan contented and happy. A mineral spring, of no great virtues, has been discovered in the neighbourhood; the late King of Prussia wished to improve that discovery, to make Cleves a rendezvous for invalids, but the plan has not succeeded. At Cleves there is a celebrated image of the Virgin Mary, famed for its miraculous cures; the protestant reader will indulge in a good humoured smile at Dr Cogan's lively description of the superstitious follies of the Roman Catholics in its neighbourhood. A nunnery at Cleves furnishes the Author with an opportunity of introducing conversation with the Abbés, whose arguments in defence of the institution seem to have made more impression on him that we believe they will do on his readers. They in short amount to this, that females living in the world, are exposed to the dangers of seduction, and therefore it is prudent to secure at least a few from this hazard. The fallacy of this argument is palpable; but we heartily agree with Dr Cogan in the severe and just animadversions which he subjoins upon the

the wretches who for the sake of low gratifications can be capable either of the seduction of innocence or the extension of guilt.

From Cleves Dr Cogan took the road by Xanten for Duffeldorff. The number of tall athletic females at work in the fields, surprised him, and naturally introduces some curious and ingenious observations which we have not room to insert, on the stature and measures of the ancient Germans.

Duffeldorff is distinguished for an excellent gallery of paintings, which is fully described, and several curious and interesting anecdotes of the painters are given.

We are next conducted to *Cologne*, once a most flourishing and opulent city, containing upwards of 30,000 effective men capable of bearing arms, but now reduced to less than 40,000 inhabitants of all kinds among which are 2,500 ecclesiastical persons. The depopulation appears to have been entirely owing to the persecuting spirit of the governors of the place. The most remarkable buildings are described, and the moral character of the people, of which Dr C. gives us a most unfavourable idea, is delineated in forcible colours.

From Cologne, Mr Cogan proceeded to Bonn, and in the way paid a visit to Bruhl, the country residence of the Elector of Cologne. The account of his visit to this place, is introduced by the following remarks which we believe express the sentiments of many travellers, though few of them chuse to own them. "I had seen many noblemen's seats in England, some in France, and not a few of the principal country houses in Holland; so that my curiosity was pretty well satisfied. After the novelty of these objects is over, the great and formal similarity becomes irksome. The little diversity that is perceived between the one and the other, scarcely compensates for the trouble of being conducted from apartment to apartment, and

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stening to the histories of family pictures, which you forget the moment you leave the place, or of rich embroidery, worked by female personages, with whom we never had the honour of being acquainted. I find it rather troublesome to be obliged to admire out of courtesy to the exhibitor, their state beds, Chinese hangings—Vases—Brussels or Gobelin tapestry—inlaid floors—silk damask curtains and chairs, and settees glittering with golden fringes, mantle pieces supported by sphinxes, and mermaids—a Bacchus or a dolphin supporting a side board or a marble slab—angels innumerable, finely gilt, to adorn the frame of a large mirror—cherubs disgraced into candlesticks, sprawling from on high to illuminate mortals below—cupids with garlands of flowers suspended in *alto relievo* over an alcove,—the three graces ornamenting a stove or oven, and as inevitably exposed to the heat of a fiery furnace, as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego—gods and goddesses condemned to support music galleries, or the balustrades of a spacious stair-case; and yet it is these which furnish the chief materials of that splendor, which is the general subject of admiration.”

A description follows of the country seat, which does not appear to contain any thing very remarkable. Bonn appears to be an agreeable town, the favourite residence of the Elector, with a considerable resort of fashionable and polite company.

Coblentz the next place visited by our traveller, is inferior in every respect to Bonn; the houses are in general antiquated, and the pavement irregular; the situation upon the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle, it is said, is more romantic than cheerful; and is too mountainous to afford the agreeable walk in various directions. “About twenty years ago, Coblentz was far behind all the adjacent cities in every article of civilization, and social life;—the people were illiterate and superstitious to a high degree, and slaves to many absurd and expensive customs. However since

since the above period their progress towards improvement has been very rapid, and the city advances in buildings, manners, knowledge and riches. The number of inhabitants is computed at about 12 or 13,000.

From Coblenz, Mr Cogan went to *Mentz*, passing through *Ems*, a small town resorted to on account of its medical baths; *Nassau*, at which are the remains of the old castle, the original seat of the celebrated family of that name; and *Schwalbach*, the *Matlock*, as Mr Cogan calls it, of this part of Germany. The following remarks on the German tolls are curious. "The manner of collecting these tolls is also very humiliating to the passenger. Their lazinesses, the toll-gatherers, instead of darting forth upon you from the adjacent tenement to open the gate and receive your money, sit with an indifferent composure at the window of their own habitation, and draw up the bar by means of a string and a pulley that communicates with the inner apartment; and the coachman is obliged to descend and deposit the compulsive offering in a box, suspended by the side of the walls or at the window. The two gates (toll bars) adjacent to the bridge conducting to *Mentz*, were at some distance from each other, and we were compelled to rely on the mild and sedate dispositions of our horses for safety, while our charioteer ran from one gate to the other, to satisfy the demands of each collector."

The city of *Mentz* contains 30,000 inhabitants, it contains an University and a philosophical society, which has published one volume of essays, upon various subjects, manifesting says Mr Cogan, "That if they do not excel, they are able to maintain their level with many other literary associations." The imposts are very high,—the revenue collected in the electorate amounts to 1,800,000 florins, of which the tolls upon the river produce 600,000, and the impost upon wines 100,000. Protestants are not tolerated at *Mentz*, and this persecuting spirit gives rise to several ingenious

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ous and forcible remarks in favour of freedom of enquiry, which we have not room to insert. The following stroke of humor has the merit of originality. "Since men have always shewn a disposition to persecute, it has often been a subject of surprise with me, that a persecuting spirit has never operated in a contrary direction; and that pride and self importance have never manifested themselves by prompting the powerful to persecute the weak *who should dare to think as they do*. Let him who imagines he is in possession of the truth, make a monopoly of the article, and claim an exclusive privilege of being always in the right. Let him reject the levelling scheme of forcing others to think exactly as he does, and nobly assert the privilege of thinking alone, for as the matter now stands, if others think with him, he must of consequence think with them, and the only difference is, who entertained the opinion? which is as frivolous as the contest among children, who shall speak last. A momentous advantage would attend my plan. If no two people were permitted to think alike, the probability would be encreased, that some happy mortal would think right, whereas according to the plan that has been pursued for centuries, it is ten thousand to one but that we all think wrong."

Mentz, it is said, possesses few singularities to attract the attention of the traveller; the few that it does possess are agreeably described. But the place lays claim to the honour of the invention of the art of *printing*, a circumstance which leads Mr Cogan into a long, but by no means tedious dissertation on the subject. Three rival cities, *Mentz*, *Straßburg* and *Haerlem* contend for the honour of the invention; the arguments in favour of each are stated with precision, and the victory assigned to Haerlem. On this we shall only remark here, that we are not entirely satisfied with the decision; the proofs in favour of Haerlem do not strike us so forcibly as they appear to have done

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Mr Cogan,—we are rather inclined upon the whole to think that *Straßburg* was the place of invention, though we are by no means inclined to be positive in the assertion.

Frankfort next engaged the attention of our traveller,—a city “venerable for its antiquity, and respectable by the riches and influence which commerce brings with it.” “Freedom of speech and briskness of trade, seem to have communicated freedom to the manners and briskness to the very countenances of the inhabitants. In all places of general resort at the public tables, coffee-houses, assemblies, and theatres, there is much less restraint in manners or conversation. This difference appeared to us very considerable, compared with every other city we had visited.”

The following account of the mode of life of opulent Dutch merchants, introduced here as a contrast to the manners of *Frankfort*, may amuse some of our readers. “You have no idea of the stillness and quiet of a Dutch country-life. Though our merchants do not appear at any time in a great bustle, yet they retire to their country seats, in order to enjoy solitude; and many of them, notwithstanding the number of horses that are prancing in their stables, and variety of carriages in their remise, are just conveyed from town to country, and from country to town, without surveying the country around them, or enjoying any society; excepting it be some branch of their family, once or twice in a season.”

At *Frankfort*, as in most Roman catholic countries, the theatre and other places of public entertainment are open on Sunday. A circumstance of this nature gives rise to the following excellent remarks. “There is one thing in which the disciples of Peter, Martin and John are agreed, in most parts of the continent, that is, in rejecting the morality of the sabbath, or the necessity of keeping every part of it, as a day holy unto the Lord. Of the three the Calvinists are the most decent,

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decent, and the Catholics most prone to make it a day of amusement. In Holland, private circles indulge in concerts or parties at cards, but at Frankfort, the Lutherans, conformable to the customs of catholic countries, admit of public balls, plays and operas. Without entering into the question concerning the moral obligation of keeping the Sunday with that degree of strictness with which it is still observed in England, I entertain, upon the comparison, the fullest conviction of its greatest *utility*. If religion be important, some attention ought to be paid to it, and some time must be devoted to this attention; and if the day which common consent and the laws of the country, have set apart for the purpose be employed in amusements, no one will pretend that he supplies the defect by curtailing an equal portion of time from his secular concerns. It is true they may go to church and hear a sermon; but it is also true that let them go to church and hear two sermons per day for the best part of their lives, they could profit little without some portion of time destined to recollection. Let the preacher urge with all the force of eloquence the absolute necessity of reflection, and censure in the most serious terms the levity and dissipation of the age, they may admire the discourse, but they will immediately dance, or fiddle off the impression. Besides preaching, as it is now conducted in every pulpit of Europe, is a miserable substitute for the regular series of private instruction. Would any one dream that he was a student in philosophy by attending an harangue once a week, concerning the beauty, utility and necessity of philosophy, or detached dissertations upon particular parts of it?"—"Besides, your method in England of instructing children and servants in the duties of religion, are the sources of much more order, decency, obedience and fidelity than could ever be expected without it. They repay your care with affection. The concern you show for their best interest will awaken their attention to your,

interest in their sphere of action. Your increasing complaints may be in a great measure ascribed to increasing remissness in this article, and complain as you please, I am fully convinced the number of faithful domestics is still much greater in such families as employ a greater portion of the Sunday in paying attention to their religious improvement, than in those which are totally negligent about them. And as I am well convinced that there are many more instances of service with fidelity and affection among you, than with us, where the conduct is universally neglected, I am justified in attributing it to this cause."

Frankfort being the place where the Emperor is crowned and inaugurated, Mr Cogan gives us a particular detail of the various ceremonies observed on that occasion. Many of them, as he justly observes, are ridiculous and childish, but were retained on account of their antiquity. At the installation of the present Emperor however they were omitted, a circumstance which renders it probable they will fall in to disuse. We would willingly have transcribed some of the remarks on German literature, and the entertaining anecdote of Lessing's imitation of Sterne, but our limits prevent us.

At Frankfort our traveller took boat down the Rhine, and we have an amusing account of the voyage, illustrated with a number of elegant views, in a quatinata. One or two pieces of German music are inserted. *Coblentz, Neuweid, Bonn, and Lintz* were successively visited, by this water conveyance. Some of these have been already taken off;—for the remainder we must refer to the work, which abounds with amusing descriptions, and cannot fail both to instruct and entertain in the perusal.

A well engraved map of the Rhine and views in a quatinata of the following places are given; *Zuylestein—Nimeguen—Cleve—Altenburg—Duffeldorf—Co-*

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 Hundsdurg—Lahnstein—Coblentz descending the Rhine
 —Neuweid—Andernach—Hammerstein—Lintz—The
 seven mountains.

LIBERTY THE BULWARK OF BRITAIN,

BY SIR JOHN RAMSEA.

THO' cliffs the shores of Britain bound,
 And guardian ocean flows around;
 Tis Liberty's celestial glow
 That best preserves from ev'ry foe:
 O Liberty! to thee we raise
 The glad, the grateful song of praise;
 Thy presence can alone impart
 The valour of a British heart.

Tho' hostile forests float the waves,
 In vaunting navies mann'd by slaves;
 Still shall Britannia rule the sea,
 While her brave sons continue free.
 O Liberty! &c.

In vain of Liberty they boast,
 On wretched Gallia's ruin'd coast;
 The cruel slaves of despot sway
 Have scar'd her sacred form away.
 O Liberty! &c.

In pity, from her fav'rite isles,
 The goddess beam'd benignant smiles;
 The wretches saw, denounc'd her head,
 And swift the heav'nly radiance fled.
 O Liberty! &c.

Ne'er

Ne'er shall their fly, insidious arts,
 Subdue our brave, unvanquish'd hearts;
 Tainting, with false and base alarms,
 The dauntless breasts they dread in arms.
 O Liberty! &c.

Be, Britons, as your fathers wise,
 View ancient rights with jealous eyes;
 In church and state keep good old laws,
 For Liberty with them withdraws.
 O Liberty! &c.

NIGHT;

OR, THE HERMIT'S TALE.

A FRAGMENT.

'TIS night;
 And o'er the wilds, where storms the chilling blast,
 My dreary journey lies. No friendly light—
 That, glimm'ring from some humble, lonely cot,
 Gives signs of habitation—now shines forth;
 No distant voice, that cheerful sound conveys
 To the lone traveller, assails my ear!
 In mute and gloomy darkness all is hush'd;
 Save when the storm, fast gath'ring round my head,
 In fullen peal bursts awful; or the quick flash
 Of vivid lightning, for the moment, shews
 Darkness more horrible than poets feign
 E'er dwelt in dark Tartarean abyss!
 Bewilder'd thus, at midnight's lonely hour,
 When gloomy Superstition pictures forth
 Horrors most horrible—and now recalls
 The haunted tower; the mysterious sounds;
 The glimm'ring light, that, sudden bursting forth,

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Glides thro' the arched vault, where foot ne'er trod;
 The hollow groans, that from some frowning ruin
 Steal, dreadful, on the ear, and import give
 Of foul misdeeds, of dire, unhallow'd murders!
 These are thy works, Imagination! these
 The gloomy spells that o'er the weaken'd mind
 Thou callest up, when from this nether world
 The life-inspiring sun retires to rest.

But leave we this—And, hark! yon solemn toll
 Tells to the sluggish world, another hour
 Is fled irrevocable. Ah! misguided man,
 A few more year, in toil and sorrow spent,
 Shall bring thee to the dust. Oh! may this bell,
 Which now inspires with hope, then greet thy ear
 With hope-inspiring peals of happiness!

Onward I bend my wearied steps, and flow,
 Unknowing where I stray; when the kind hand
 Of Providence directing, guides my feet
 To the lone cell, by holy Hermit dug
 From out the mountain's side. With bended head
 And humble, aid-intreating voice, I spoke;
 His blessing crav'd, and shelter from the storm.
 Mild were his accents, as with pitying eye,
 And placid mien, he plac'd me on the bench,
 And thus address'd me—

“Whither, alas! by wayward Fortune driv'n,
 Through these dark paths of solitary woe,
 By headstrong Folly tempted, or the lure
 Of fair-inviting Pleasure, would'st thou pass?
 Beware, my son, lest Pleasure's seemly guise
 To swift destruction lead thee! Fair she seems,
 And promising to view; but, past, discovers
 A hideous train of sad, repentant sorrow!”

“Oh! if thy heart, yet feelingly alive
 To Nature's impulse struggling in thy breast,
 Can melt in tears for sorrows not thy own;
 List, and be warn'd, while thus I briefly tell
 The fatal errors of a youth ill-spent.

“Bright

"Bright was the prospect of my early days,
 By friends surrounded, and allied to fame:
 Each breeze that met me on the rising morn,
 Still wafted pleasure, grateful, unalloy'd.
 Yet not alone on me the springing breeze
 Its downy pinions wafted; still they shed
 Around the peaceful cot the welcome joy:
 There dwelt fair Anna, loveliest of the vale;
 And Edward, pride of all the country round,
 By friendship fast united, long they bloom'd,
 Loving, belov'd, each seeming but to live
 As on the other's smile. Ah! dear delusion;
 Soon, soon it vanish'd!—I alone the cause.

"Anna, dear, hapless maiden! long had heard
 The vows of Edward, and return'd his love.
 I, too, had lov'd; but pride, false pride, forbade me
 To raise the humble virgin to my bed.
 By artful, base, insinuating words—
 Wretch that I was!—I strove to undermine
 Virtue's fair fabric; but, as oft repuls'd,
 Shrunk from her glance with self-convicted shame.

"One day—oh! be it blotted from the page of Time!
 The grape's delicious poison high had rais'd
 My fev'rish pulse, and heated e'en to madness.
 Close in the fav'ring covert of a thicket,
 Fair Anna cross'd my path, alone, unguarded.
 Flush'd with unusual joy, her hand I seiz'd,
 Press'd to my lips, and dar'd to talk of love!
 With soft resentment blush'd the lovely maid:
 Her blushes more inflam'd me; and I urg'd
 My lawless passion on her chaste'n'd ear.
 Alarm'd, and almost sinking to the ground,
 Her feeble cries brought Edward to her aid!
 Swift as the light, he flew to her relief,
 But met his doom—fell breathless on the grass,
 Victim to lust!—my poniard in his breast!

"Bereft of reason, in the gloomy cell,
 The hopeless maid now ling'ring fades away;

For ever calling on her Edward's shade.
 Driv'n from the dear society of man,
 Within the holy convent's solemn walls
 Learn'd repentance; and have now retir'd,
 Beneath this rugged cavern's peaceful shade,
 To sigh, to languish, and to weep alone!"—

T. Z.

SIDNEY; OR, THE PARENTAL BEGGAR.

A MORAL TALE.

It was in one of those unpleasant evenings, when Winter, with all his gloomy followers, visit the earth, and for a time seem to estrange the heart of man from the love of nature, that young Sidney quitted the house of a friend; and, through an unfrequented valley, sought his own habitation. The pouring rain, and pelting hail, beat hard on his shoulders; while the boisterous wings of Boreas directed the elementary storm with redoubled rage against the solitary traveller. He had buttoned his great-coat around his body; and, with a cheerful mind occasioned by a good conscience, proceeded on his journey, while his thoughts turned on the recollection of his situation in life. He considered himself as an orphan; having, like another Telemachus, never remembered his father, or even his mother. His virtues, good character, and industry, had gained him an amiable consort; and, with her, a considerable fortune; he wanted, now, but to know the fate of his parents, for the completion of his bliss, and to make him one of the happiest men in existence. As he was thus absorbed in thought, a cry of—"Remember the distressed!" assailed his ear. His heart, ever open to the pitying cries of the wretched, immediately prompted his eye to survey the object that

that claimed relief. It was an old man, whose age seemed to border on the verge of sixty, and whose body was greatly emaciated, thinly clothed, and open in many parts to the inclemencies of the weather. Misfortune and Penury seemed to have bent his frame, more than the hand of Time had disfigured his countenance, which yet bore the traces of ancient Affluence chilled by the icy grasp of Poverty. His eyes were hollow, his beard was long, his countenance dejected, and his whole form truly affecting.

The heart of Sidney was ever susceptible of humanity, and his hand had never denied the charitable pittance; but he found, now, a greater propensity than ever to relieve the decrepid mendicant. "Who knows," said he, as he crossed the road towards him, "but my father may be reduced to the same ebb of extreme misery?" Then, coming up to the beggar—"Here, friend," said he, presenting to him all his silver, "take this, and may heaven send you more in abundance!"—"Thank you, young man," replied the poor old mendicant; "and may heaven's Almighty Ruler prosper and preserve you! I had once a son," continued he, weeping; but, alas!—"He could say no more. His heart was too full; the tears poured down his venerable face; nature throbbed with the shock; his breast heaved with the force of his feelings, and he could only, by a bow, thank the kindness of the generous youth. "My wife," said he, recovering a little, and pointing to a cluster of oaks, "is yonder! We have lately been delivered from the jaws of an Algerine dungeon, and have not a friend in the world!" The feelings of Sidney were now more and more awakened. The tears of pity starting from his eyes, gently rolled down his cheeks, and the firmness of the man was insensibly overpowered by the weakness of nature. "May I see your consort?" said he in a voice stifled with sighs. The beggar could not reply: he looked wistfully, and, taking hold of his

arm in one hand, with the other pointed to the spot, where he instantly conducted him.

If the scene was before affecting, it was doubly so now. A venerable matron was sitting on the ground, vain attempting, with a ragged cloak, to screen her from the storm. Tears poured from her eyes in abundance; while every feature, every limb, trembled with the excessive cold.

"Here, Maria!" said the husband, presenting Sidney to her, "is a young man who infinitely claims your most respectful thanks; he has relieved our want, the very moment I requested it.—Forgive me," continued he, turning to Sidney, "if I did not give those unbounded thanks your generosity deserves. It was the first time that ever I asked such a boon, and my feelings at your behaviour were too great to be expressed." The woman also arose; and, in a like generous manner, thanked him for his kindness. The man, not leaving our hero time to reply, began as follows:—I will relate the incidents which had reduced them to beggary—"My life," said he, "has been a continual series of melancholy events. My mother died when I was an infant, and left me to the care of an inhuman father, whose riches exceeded his generosity, liberality, and affection for his children. As I was the only son, at arrival to manhood, every branch of learning was manifested to enable my mind to despise my inferiors, and make me believe my fortune put me above the rest of mankind. Foolish man! Literature only served to polish my mind with virtue; and philosophy taught me that the ploughman was equal—morally considered—to the proudest peer. In short, I had so fortified myself with virtue, that I had not long left the university, and had been admitted a partner in my father's business, when I placed my affection on a neighbouring farmer's daughter. She had been initiated in good morality as myself; and, though the walls of university had never enclosed her, was very intelligent,

gent, and strictly virtuous. Her heart, like mine, was soon susceptible of love; and, knowing the temper of my brutal father, I secretly married, and for a long time visited her privately. An amiable boy, at length crowned our sincere loves. The news soon reached the ears of my father: I was banished his presence, my fortune, at least what was to have been mine, settled on his nephew; and my wife ordered to leave me for ever. Confounded at my father's brutality, not daring to see any of my friends or acquaintances, the very kingdom became hateful, and I avowed my intentions of quitting it immediately. My wife, "a faithful soother of my cares!" in vain attempted to assuage my grief; and, at length, finding it ineffectual, left her child to her father's care, and sought with me some asylum in a foreign country. But, alas! we had scarcely left England, when we were captured by an Algerine corsair, confined in a deadly dungeon, till the generosity of a British gentleman relieved us, and sent us home. But, oh!" cried he, weeping afresh, "the worst is yet to come. Scarcely had we landed, and enquired for our son, when we found that his protector was dead, and Frederick, my pretty Frederick, an outcast orphan——" "I know where!" cried Sidney, throwing his arms around his neck. "Cease! O my father, the mournful tale! Behold, my parents, behold your son; your Frederick Sidney!——" He would have said more; but his excessive joy stopped his utterance; the tears poured down his face, and mingled with those of his parents. In vain did I attempt to sketch the scene; in vain would my feeble powers paint the picture: let those who possess humanity, think what they must feel, on beholding a son, a father, and a mother, after thirty years of tedious absence, meet again! Suffice it for me to say, that happiness, content, and plenty, crowned the remaining days of the venerable pair, and blessed the youthful the filial Sidney.

INTERESTING

INTERESTING ACCOUNT

OF THE COUNTESS DE ST BALMONT, AN EXTRAORDINARY FRENCH LADY, IN THE LAST CENTURY.

IT was in the year 1638, says Abbe Arnould, in his very amusing Memoirs, that I had the honour to become acquainted with that Amazon of our times Madame De St Balmont, whose life was a prodigy of courage and of virtue; uniting in her person all the valour of a determined soldier, and all the modesty of a truly Christian woman. She was of a very good family of Lorraine, and was born with a disposition worthy of her birth. The beauty of her face corresponded to that of her mind; but her shape no ways agreed with it, being small and rather clumsy. Providence, who had destined her for a life more laborious than that which females in general lead, had formed her more robust, and more able to bear bodily fatigue. It had inspired her with so great a contempt for beauty, that when she had the small-pox she was as pleased to be marked with it as other women are afflicted on a similar occasion, and said, that it would enable her to be more like a man. She was married to the Count De St Balmont, who was not inferior to her either in birth or in merit. They lived together very happily, till the troubles that arose in Lorraine obliged them to separate. The count was constantly employed by the duke his sovereign in a manner suitable to his rank and disposition, except when he once gave him the command of a poor feeble fortress, in which he had the assurance to resist the arms of Louis XIV. for several days together, at the risque of being treated with the extremest severity of military law, which denounces the most infamous and degrading punishment against all those officers who hold out without any prospect of success. M. De St Balmont went indeed farther, and added insolence to rashness,

for, at every shot of cannon that was fired at the fortress, he appeared at the windows, attended by some fiddlers, who played by his side. This madness—for one cannot call it by a more gentle name—had nearly cost him very dear: for when he was taken prisoner, it was agitated in the council of war, composed of the officers whom he had treated with this insolence, whether he should not be hung up immediately; but regard was paid to his birth, and perhaps to his courage, however indiscreet. Madame De St Balmont remained upon his estates to take care of them. Hitherto she had only exerted her soldier-like disposition in hunting and shooting—which is a kind of war—but very soon an opportunity presented itself of realizing it; and it was this: an officer in our cavalry had taken up his quarters upon one of her husband's estates, and was living there at discretion. Madame De St Balmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill behaviour, which he treated with great contempt. Piqued at this, she was resolved that he should give her satisfaction; and, merely consulting her resentment, she wrote him a note, signed Le Chevalier De St Balmont. In this note she observed to him, that the ungentleman-like manner in which he had behaved to his sister-in-law, obliged him to resent it, and that he would give him with his sword that satisfaction which his letter had refused. The officer accepted the challenge, and repaired to the place appointed. Madame De St Balmont met him in men's cloaths. They immediately drew their swords, and our heroine had the advantage of him; when, after having disarmed him, she said, with a very gracious smile—"You thought, Sir, I make no doubt, that you were fighting with Le Chevalier De St Balmont; it is, however, Madame De St Balmont, of that name, who returns you your sword, and begs you in future to pay more regard to the requests of the ladies." She then left him, covered with shame and confusion; and, as the story goes, he

immediately

immediately absented himself, and no one saw him afterwards. But, be that as it may, this incident serving merely to inflame the courage of the fair challenger, she did not rest satisfied with merely preserving her estates by repelling force by force, but she afforded protection to many of the gentlemen in her neighbourhood, who made no scruple to take refuge in her village, and to put themselves under her orders when she took the field; which she always did with success, her designs being executed with a prudence equal to her courage. "I have often," says the Abbe, "been in company with this extraordinary personage at the house of Madame De Feuquieres, wife to the celebrated Marshal of that name, at Verdun; and it was quite ridiculous to see how embarrassed she appeared in her female dress, and—after she had quitted it in the town—with what ease and spirit she got on horseback, and attended the ladies that were of her party, and whom she had left in her carriage, in their little excursions into the country.

The manner of living, however, of Madame De St Balmont, so far removed from that of her sex, and which in all other females who have attempted it, has ever been found united with libertinism of manners, was in her accompanied with nothing that bore the least resemblance to it. When she was at home in time of peace, her whole day was employed in the offices of religion; in prayers, in reading the bible and books of devotion, in visiting the poor of her parish, whom she was ever assisting with the most active zeal of charity. This manner of living procured her the admiration and esteem of persons of all descriptions in her neighbourhood, and insured her a degree of respect that could not have been greater toward a queen.

ANNA'S COMPLAINT; OR, THE MISERIES OF WAR;

Written in the ISLE OF THANET, 1794.

BY MRS MOODY.

A BALLAD.

ON Thanet's rock, beneath whose steep,
 Impetuous rolls the foaming deep,
 A lowly maid, to grief consign'd,
 Thus pour'd the sorrows of her mind;

And while her streaming eyes pursue
 Of Gallia's cliffs the misty view,
 Accurst (she cries) that guilty shore,
 Whence William shall return no more!

Thou, cruel war, what hast thou done!
 Thro' thee the mother mourns her son,
 The orphan joins the widow's cries,
 And, torn from love—the lover dies.

Ah, William! wherefore didst thou go
 To foreign lands to meet the foe?
 Why, won by war's deceitful charms,
 Didst thou forsake thy Anna's arms?

Alas! full little didst thou know,
 The monster war doth falsely show;
 He decks his form with pleasing art,
 And hides the daggers in his heart.

The music of his martial band,
 The shining halberd in his hand;
 The feather'd helmet on his head,
 And coat so fine of flaming red—

With

THE GLEANER.

OF WAR,

94.

With these the simple youth he gains,
And tempts him from his peaceful plains;
And by this pomp was William led
The dang'rous paths of war to tread.

Fair-sounding words my love deceiv'd :
The great ones talk'd, and he believ'd,
That war would fame and treasure bring,
That glory call'd to serve the king.

But wise men say, and sure its true,
That war is theft and murder too ;
Yet had my William thought it so,
He had not gone to fight the foe.

How blest, could Anna see him now,
With shoulders bending o'er the plough,
Toiling to sow his native fields,
And reap the harvest virtue yields.

Then happier lot would both betide,
A bridegroom he, and I a bride.
But these fond hopes return no more,
For dead he lies on yonder shore.

O! in that battle's dismal day,
When thou, dear youth, didst gasping lay,
Why was not then thy Anna there,
To bind thy wounds with softest care,

To search with speed the nearest spring,
To thy parch'd lips the water bring,
To wash with tears thy bleeding face,
And sooth thee with a last embrace?

But thou, amid a savage train,
Wert mingled among heaps of slain,

THE GLEANER.

Without one friend to hear thy sighs,
Or Anna's hand to close thine eyes.

Thou, cruel War, what hast thou done!
Thro' thee the mother mourns her son,
The orphan joins the widow's sighs,
And, torn from Anna—William dies.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE

OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE PRINCESS OF
WALES, MOTHER OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

Oh, sweet benevolence! the sacred chain
That links us to the gods! the pow'r is thine,
To smoothe the rugged passions, charm the heart,
And wing the soul into her native skies.

WHILE others are deeply engaged in the business of corruption and party, in circulating scandal, or defaming the innocent, permit me to be the historian of benevolence and virtue. While our nobility and gentry, affecting the wretched levity of France, exhaust their time in an eternal round of frivolous amusements, which are at once mischievous and insignificant; let me be the recorder of other deeds and other characters—scenes which acquire importance from being true, and which are truly splendid because they are truly good. When royalty becomes the patron of humanity, they reflect a lustre upon each other, and we are called upon by double obligations to imitate the bright example.

Her late royal highness the Princess Dowager of Wales possessed many extraordinary virtues. A soft heart, a sympathetic soul, and exalted sentiments, were qualities natural to her. Early trained in the school of Misfortune, she had a quick and lively conception of

distress

distress in others; and she was equally expeditious in administering comfort to it. This was her ruling principle; this was the fertile fountain of her other virtues; and these virtues were the more amiable, as they bloomed always in private and unseen, and yielded their immortal fruit in silence and retirement. Let those wretches blush, who levelled their scandal at large at her reputation and her peace, and who had so often denied the existence of those virtues which they were unacquainted with.

Her royal highness, soon after her first arrival in these dominions, derived great pleasure from perusing the newspapers; a custom which she discontinued the last ten years of her life, but which first taught her the genius and manners of the English people. In the month of December 1742, her royal highness read in one of these papers the following advertisement:—

DISTRESS.

"A man who has served his country bravely is, by a peculiar circumstance of misfortune, reduced to the extremest distress. He has a family too, who are deeply involved in his fate. This intelligence will be sufficient to those who can feel, and who can relieve. Such persons may be more particularly informed of his past misfortunes, and may be witnesses of his present, by calling at *****."

I have observed already, that this amiable lady was experienced in distress; and there was an air of truth, of candour, of superiority to deceit, through the whole of this advertisement, which greatly bespoke her sympathy, and roused her humanity. She resolved to see the miserable man who advertised.

Her highness had in her house a lady of German extraction, who accompanied her from Germany to England, and who was her favourite and companion till the lady's death, which happened about fifteen years ago. With this companion she resolved to visit the scene

scene of distress. In a common morning dress, and in a common chair, to avoid the public eye, she set off about noon; the lady walking slowly behind her. They eluded all observation, and arrived at the appointed place.

The direction led them up two pair of stairs, into a little apartment (in one of the streets behind Golden Square), which they entered. A woman, whose ghastly features were pale with poverty and sickness, lay stretched on a comfortless bed, without curtains, and circled in her arms a female child; whose closed eyes seemed sealed up with death, and whose face out-did her mother's in marks of want and despair. A tall and graceful man sat before a *cold fire*, having on his knee a boy wrapped round in a flannel petticoat; over whom he hung his head, and gazed upon him with eyes of affection and anguish.—All this was seen in the twinkling of an eye. Her highness stopped short, drew close to her companion, and clasped her in her arms, as if she had suddenly entered into the mansion of horror and despair. The man, starting from his chair, placed the child by the side of his hapless mother, advanced gracefully towards the ladies, and begged of them to sit down. Her highness, opening her lips for the first time, said, "*With all my heart.*"

Need I describe to the reader the scene that ensued? Need I inform him, that hope and expectation sat panting in the father's eye; that sensibility and pity wandered o'er the royal features, and diffused over all her countenance, a graceful sorrow and dejection?—This scene would have afforded the most luxurious feast to a feeling soul: It is such, I will not injure it by my pen, but resign it to be conceived by the imagination.

The attending lady first broke silence, by disclosing their business. She said, that they had read his advertisement, and were desirous of receiving the information which it promised. The man thanked them for their humanity, and proceeded to relate his story.

His

His voice was good, and his style was simple; and he spoke with precision, fluency, and grace. But as I am not now writing *his* history, but an anecdote of the Princess Dowager of Wales, I will not relate his story after him. The reader must be contented at present with knowing, that he had been an ensign in a marching regiment, which was then in Germany; that knot of those military coxcombs, with which every regiment is crowded, had conceived a pique against him, for being braver and more sensible than themselves; that one of these hot-headed youths had sent him a challenge on a very frivolous pretence, which he refused to accept, from motives of duty and honour; that pretences were drawn from this circumstance, and combinations formed to insult and ruin him; that they represented him to the chief commander as a coward, a slanderer, and a bad officer; that his conduct was inquired into; and, overpowered by numbers, he was broke for crimes which he never committed; that he set out immediately with his little family for England, to lay his case before the secretary at war, and to implore justice: that, having no powerful friend to introduce him into the War-office, the secretary was too deeply engaged in the business of the War, to listen to the complaints of a friendless ensign: that this put a period to his hopes; that his wife was then seized with sickness; but being destitute of money to procure the necessary remedies, her distemper was soon communicated to the two children; and that, having spent his last sixpence, in a fit of agony and despair, he sent the above-mentioned advertisement to the newspapers; as the last resource which a gentleman's honour could stoop to. Though many pathetic circumstances are suppressed, this is the leading line of the story. He related it with a firm and manly countenance, and was a fine contrast to the soft and amiable sensibility which the ladies displayed in the course of it.

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It was a case of unfeigned distress, and even despair; and the Princess thought, that, in his present desperate situation, she could not yield him sincerer comfort than by informing him into what safe and powerful hands he had fallen. Putting ten guineas into his hands, she told him, "that the Princess of Wales, to whom he had now related his story, felt for him, and pitied him; and that she would procure justice to himself, his wife, and his infants." The astonished ensign had already dropt on one knee, to acknowledge her rank, her condescension, and her goodness; but, rushing to the door, she hurried down the stairs, and returned into her chair, leaving the ensign wrapt in wonder and gratitude.

Let those enjoy these moments who can feel them. The officer made his little mansion echo with her name; he repeated it with rapture, and recommended it to Heaven; and never were prayers more sincere—While the princess returned to her house, satisfied that she had began a good work, which she resolved to bring to a happy conclusion.

The issue of this is obvious, that every one may guess it. The Princess applied to the Duke of Cumberland in the officer's behalf; and, after a week had passed, she sent for him to receive a lieutenant's commission, in a regiment which was soon to embark for Flanders. Thus provided, she enjoined him to prepare for the expedition and to leave his little family under her protection till his return. Though this charge was dear to him, he willingly resigned it to so faithful a guardian, and set off to join a regiment where he was recommended by royal patronage itself. He behaved with his usual bravery and prudence; and, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, returned to England; to his wife and to his children, with a major's commission. He lived at home happy and beloved; the same benevolent lady who first snatched him from ruin, still patronizing him. He afterwards sacrificed his life for his country.

country on the plains of Minden: a field which proved disgraceful to many people, but covered his grey hairs with honour and laurels.

More is not necessary. I have related enough of the old ensign's life, to display the tenderness, the benevolence, the generosity, of the great and amiable lady, whose memory I shall ever revere. It remains, now, only to inform the reader, that the son of the old ensign—who languished upon his knee, whom he gazed upon with despair, when the Princess first entered his wretched habitation—is now the writer of this little story; and he dedicates this sincere tribute to her memory, as a MONUMENT OF HER VIRTUES.

PICTURE OF A WESTPHALIA INN; AND INFORMATION FOR EPICURES.

[From the first Volume of Dr COGAN'S RHINE.]

“AS soon as we entered the village where we were to remain, the joyful tidings were announced by a crack of the whip, and an exclamation “*Das ist das Dorff!*”—This is the village.—But we were still to experience rockings and joltings, in a rough and stony road, through rain and wind, for the space of a tedious half hour, before our driver could exclaim, “*Da ist das Wirthshaus!*”—There is the inn!

“Although we were so desirous of shelter from the storm, yet our countenances were by no means brightened up when we beheld the mean appearance of our inn. We enquired if it were the best in the village, and were answered, “It is the only one, where you can receive any accommodations.” Our ideas had given it a much better form; and these were, in some measure, authorised by the specimen we had had of a post-house between Xanton and Dusseldorff.

“Our

"Our host, his fair spouse, and bare-footed maiden seemed equally strangers to the wholesome duties of ablution; nor did a peep into the sombre and dirty kitchen give us any great appetite for our future supper.

"After we had settled accounts with the driver, who was the representative of the stable-keeper of Duffeldorff, while he supported claims and privilege of his own, (in which double capacity he employed all the intrigues of a minister of state, to deceive; and we all the firmness of sound policy, to maintain our known and acknowledged rights), we were conducted to our apartment, or stube, opposite to the kitchen. Its clean and neat appearance, notwithstanding its simplicity, was somewhat encouraging. Its whitened walls, adorned with small pictures of saints,—an image of the Virgin, that was placed upon a large family chest, as the protectress of some old china, ranged in the front,—a crucifix, under an antique-framed mirror manifested the owner's dispositions both for devotion and ornament, while they gave us hopes that matters would not go very bad in such good company.

"Our repast was simple, but in abundance; and it was served up with attention and civility; a clean table-cloth, napkins, and plates, with burnished knives sharpened the appetite, which had lost its edge from a perspective of the kitchen. Our bed-chamber (the arrival of other company deprived us of separate rooms) partook of the same neatness and simplicity; and we awoke in the morning, much more refreshed, and better satisfied, than the first appearances had promised, the preceding evening.

"No horse,—or, to elevate the simile as much as possible, when I compare myself to a beast of burden,—no mettlesome courser, could feel more indignant terror on his spirits, upon being forced into the shop of a rude-handed farrier, than was felt by your humble servant, upon his being urged by necessity into this

Wirthshaus;

Wirthshaus; and for a similar reason,—from the apprehensions of rough treatment within. I recollected those miserable inns in Westphalia,

If inns they could be called that inns were not—

into which my waggon-shaken bones entered in hopes of rest and refreshment, but returned without either.

These are termed Scheueren, or barns, where rationals and irrationals, men, women, and children, with all their live stock, dwell under one roof, and in the same apartment. The family occupy the extreme part of the building, at the greatest distance from the door, which is mostly at the gable-end; horses, milch cows, and oxen, are ranged on the right and left, towards the entrance; hogs and poultry take possession of the middle space. In consequence of this disposition, the hearth, or fire-place is very remote from the door; and the smoke, which is mostly of oak-wood, finding no chimney, or immediate vent, collecting in ample ringlets in the upper regions, is diffused in copious streams over the whole building, and its superabundance escapes at the barn door. At once to form a beneficial stream, and to facilitate its passage, a large reflecting-board is placed perpendicularly above the fire place, at such a due height, that it prevents the smoke from collecting among the beams and rafters, by diffusing each column, as it rises, over the middle regions. By condescending to compare myself to a quadruped, surely I have purchased a right to compare this machine to the sounding-board of a pulpit, which it resembles in shape and size, and also in its manner of reverberating.

“Some of these Scheueren, or barns, have a secondary apartment, called a stube, or stoveroom, which is warmed by a stove, or furnace, placed contiguous to the wall, and generally heated from without, by an opening in the partition wall; so that the air in the apartment has no access to the fuel, but receives a

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close, sultry, and unwholesome heat, from the accumulation of ignited particles, which have no proper vent. These machines are called ovens; a generic term that we have appropriated to a particular species of furnace, to which the most common ones in Germany bear a close resemblance. The ovens of the rich and great are very elegant, consisting of cast-iron, highly ornamented with figures, in relief, or cased with valuable Saxon china. In large and spacious apartments, these ovens may be useful and necessary; but, in these small stoves, they yield an impure and suffocating heat. They appear to me the chief causes of those pulmonary complaints that are so frequent in Germany, as well as in England, where you study so much the luxury of warm apartments; while they are scarcely known in Holland, where the rooms are much more lofty, fires are less violent, and the inhabitants warmer clad; so that they are happily exempt from the ill effects attending the sudden change of atmosphere.

"The filth, which must accumulate in great abundance in so large a family, is formed into a dung-hill planted immediately before the door. All the villages, therefore, as they abound with farmers, abound with these mountains; the infusion of which, in a rainy season, flows, in copious streams, along the streets, and necessitates those inhabitants that are above abject poverty to use boots. May we not trace the modern fashion, in your men of fashion, of wearing morning boots in clean streets, up to this source? As thus,—English officers, in their frequent German campaigns, were under a necessity of imitating the German officers, and perpetually encasing their legs *se defendendo*, until they acquired the habit; and, upon their return to their native soil, they gave the ton to those gentry who are so fond of following the example of the military, in every thing but in exposing their lives for the good of their country. I propose this, merely as a conjecture

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conjecture *en passant*.—What I am about to advance, is much more important, and is founded on a minute attention to cause and effect, for which I claim a double portion of honour.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

“Although it is my physical and metaphysical creed, that every discovery, and every speculation, has been or will be useful, yet I will maintain, that the above axiom is, in itself, as applicable to investigating the superior flavour of a Westphalia ham, as the creation of worlds; nay, in my opinion, I have made the better choice, if utility be the prime object of our study. Besides, it will certainly be much more in our power to be smokers of the one than builders of the other; for, did we know the principles of world-making ever so well, it would be extremely difficult for us to gather together a sufficient quantity of materials, or to find a single spot of terra firma, on which to commence our operations; whereas, smoking of hams is a process equal to the capacity of every one who is capable of eating them, and who will have reason to lament his ignorance, as often as his best endeavours are not rewarded with the requisite flavour.

“The superior excellence of a Westphalia ham to every other,—that Epicurean *gout* which gives them a decided preference,—is, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the construction of these Scheueren, and to their being without chimneys. The hams are suspended in the thickest part of this stream, or current of smoke, a few yards from the board by which it has been repelled:—Thus they are constantly exposed to a suffusion of an acrid anti-putrescent principle; for, it is well known, that the smoke of oak-wood is more penetrating and anti-putrescent than that of any other fuel; and this principle is constantly operating, without being applied in that degree of heat which produces

duces rancidity, as is the case with all your chimneys smoked hams.

This I take to be the immediate, or the proximate cause of more excellent fumigation. But I imagine also, that there are pre-disposing causes, respecting the subject smoked, which operate more frequently in this country, than in any other ham-creating region.

"The swine are permitted to wander at large, and to frequent woods that abound with acorns; and they fatten, while they are enjoying all the benefits of air and motion, which render their flesh firm, healthy, and nutritive; nor is the covering of fat so excessive and oleaginous as when the animals are supported upon very scanty fare, the greater part of their lives, and gorged with a superabundance, the small remainder. This cause operates *durante vita*; another takes place *post obitum*. The hams are not exposed to this suffusion of smoke, until, by being placed in a warm and moist situation, they have acquired that degree of softness which precedes putrefaction. Then they are duly salted, and exposed to the current. Put these rules into practice, my good sir,—and I hope, some time or other, to enjoy the benefit of my lecture.

"In every one of these Westphalia barns, you may see an incredible quantity of bacon, hams, breasts and hind-quarters of ducks and geese, exposed to the beneficial current, partly for domestic consumption, and partly for sale.

"I was surprised in almost every village through which I passed, at the number and size of the flocks of geese and ducks, as well as the quantity of other poultry, that crowded the streets, so as frequently to obstruct the wheels of my carriage. Such an enviable abundance of provisions, and the consequent abundance of down, and other feathers, is the natural result of a number of small farms, which support large families, and render not merely the necessaries, but the delicacies of life, plentiful and cheap. There is

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scarcely an infant in a cottage, notwithstanding their apparent poverty, that does not sleep, in the winter season, between two feather beds; nor is there the least danger that any individual being should starve with hunger. It is true, "evil communication corrupts good manners:" the owners of these Scheueren are nearly as dirty as their chief stock in trade. Their style of cookery is also disgusting, and their bread is wretched.

"The abundance of feathers proceeds, in part, from the universal custom of plucking the down from the breast, and from under the wings, twice a year. This is a painful operation to the patient, and apparently cruel in the agent: nor can it be justified upon any other principle, than as being the *conditio sine qua non*, of their existence, and the care taken of them. There seems to be a tacit convention between the two species of bipeds, rational and irrational, by virtue of which, geese and ducks consent to be thus painfully twitched twice a year, and to be eaten at the close of life, upon condition of being well fed during the whole circle of their existence, with the most fattening dainties."

As M. D'IVERNOIS CELEBRATED WORK ON ASSIGNATS, which Mr Pitt referred to with such encomiums lately in the House of Commons, engrosses so much of the Public attention, we hope the following seemingly candid and satisfactory Account of it will be acceptable to our Readers.

(Extracted from the Monthly Review for Oct. 1795.)

EVEN those who differ from M. d'Ivernois in politics must acknowledge that he possesses industry and perseverance; that he watches with indefatigable attention

attention the movements of the convention, particularly in its financial operations; and that he states them with fidelity from the documents laid before that assembly. We must observe, however, that there is an essential difference between the authorities which he quotes on the occasion. The reports from the various committees, which are made the ground-work of legislative acts, may well be considered as conclusive evidence when their authenticity is not questioned:—but the speeches of members are undoubtedly of a very different nature: they are at best only the opinions of individuals, and are entitled to credit and importance merely according to the circumstances under which they are delivered. In England, it often happens that a ministerial member of parliament represents, in debate, the situation of the country as most flourishing: but then, to destroy the effect of this representation, an opposition member maintains that the nation is within an inch of ruin. The man who takes the speech of either for his premises will most probably draw very erroneous conclusions. We must allow, however, that, in France, where ministerial and opposition parties are not yet quite so systematic as with us, the speeches of the members of the convention may be supposed to be less influenced by the consideration of self, and may therefore be thought to carry more weight. The statements of such of them as are on mission in the departments, or returned to the assembly to give an account of their administration, come under the description of state papers, and, when they stand uncontradicted in the convention, may be cited as authorities: but to the loose opinions of private members, we think, the same degree of importance ought by no means to be attached.

Having made these preliminary observations, which will be found to be applicable to M. d'Ivernois' performance, we proceed to state that the work consists of two chapters, one only of which is new to our readers,

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readers, viz. the second, the first having already appeared in the author's answer to Madame de Stael's "Thoughts on Peace." In that answer, Mr d'I. has devoted a chapter to the consideration of the state of the French finances: it seems that it found its way into France, and not a little mortified the ruling men in the convention; for *Thibault*, having been commissioned by the committee of finances to make a report on the state of the revenues and expenditure of the republic, presented it on the 30th of June last, and prefaced it with several angry observations on the pamphlet published by M. d'I; who, he boldly asserted, was paid by Mr Pitt to write down the assignats. To a charge of such a nature, the author says he will not stoop to make any reply. 'Neither will I, (says he,) take any notice of the appellation of *French emigrant*, so gratuitously bestowed on me by the committee: but it shall be otherwise with the challenge which it threw out to me by the mouth of its chairman, "*to continue to follow all its steps, and watch all its actions.*" I accept the challenge without hesitation; and I am now going to follow its steps; that is to say, to collect its own declarations, and contrast them with each other.'

The succeeding paragraph will shew how sanguine our author is in his opinion of the approaching downfall of the paper money of France, and, with it, of the downfall of the republic, which has hitherto been maintained by it.

'I engage (says he) with the less reluctance in this undertaking, as I strongly suspect that it will not be of long duration; that the revolutionary money, and the committee that coins it, will soon disappear; and that I may already congratulate France on the committee's having, of itself, by smothering so expeditiously the hydra of assignats—*given the last blow to the last head of the rebellion.*'

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The world will probably think the author extremely rash, if not more than rash, for entertaining so sanguine a hope of the dissolution of the republic: but still we must confess that we were staggered by his facts, taken chiefly from the acts of the convention, which appear to warrant the inferences which he draws from them. For our part, we find it no easy task for any man to prove the probability of the downfall of a republic that is on every side either intimidating its enemies into supplications for peace, or advancing with gigantic steps into the territories of those who still attempt to make head against it: but still we must own that it will appear, to an impartial reader of the work before us, a no less difficult task for any man to point out how, with its paper money, the chief means of its support, so prodigiously depreciated and still daily falling, the republic can be able to stand its ground, and preserve itself from destruction. This however is an age of prodigies, and wonders, by having lost their ordinary effect of exciting surprise, have ceased to be wonders.

The author reprints chap. 1st, that the 2d may be more intelligible. To the assertions made in the former, he subjoins in the latter the proofs, all taken from the vouchers furnished by his adversaries. His first assertion was—"that the whole power or force of the republic rested exclusively on its assignats." He supports this by the following declaration made in the convention, on the 7th of April last, by one of its members, *Dupuis*:

'The plate for striking off assignats was found to be infinitely more commodious than a book of rates or assessments; and from that moment the constituent assembly, no longer calculating nor setting bounds to the public expenses, transmitted this fruitful plate to the legislative assembly, who handed it over to us. These assemblies at the same time transferred to us the burden of the public debt, greatly increased and infinitely heavier than they found it; they also left us a legacy,

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the present war, with all its expences, and responsibility for their errors. Our predecessors, in creating new money, thought only of the means of *beginning* the revolution, and not of those of *finishing* it.

Here M. d'I. observes, that it is now five months since the convention found itself reduced to the necessity of devising some other means of terminating the revolution, than the emission of assignats.

Our author's second assertion was that, "by means of the assignats, all the private interests of individuals had been gained over to, by being taken into the pay of the republic; that it was by hiring and employing in civil functions a million of men, in other words, a million of priests of this new religion, that they succeeded in extending it all over France." His proof of this assertion he takes from *Jobannot*; who, on the 4th of April last, addressing the convention in the name of the committee of finances, used these memorable expressions: "The revolutionary movement has led us to give salaries to a greater number of individuals than would suffice for, or than are employed in, the administration of all the states in Europe." This declaration is illustrated by another, made in the convention on the 5th of May, by *Dubois-Grance*, who said that "the commission of trade alone had 35,000 persons in its service;" and still more by what was advanced on the 7th of July by *Defermont*, who stated that "the expences of the administrations of the districts exceeded the amount of the whole produce of the soil."

The author's third assertion, after having expatiated on the depreciation of the assignats, was that "it was probable they would continue to fall 50 per cent. every two months." The proof of this, which was said in the month of March last, when they were worth ten per cent. of their nominal value, is that at the end of May they were worth no more than five per cent.; and that at this moment they are fallen to two and a half

half per cent. To strengthen himself on this ground, M. d'I. quotes a letter published on the 14th of August in a paper called *Le Batave*, from the person employed in superintending the supplies of provisions for the troops in the department of the North, who thus expresses himself: "Nothing can give you an adequate idea of the discredit into which our paper money is fallen; in this country it is considered as downright illusory; at Ghent they would demand for a plain supper for myself, my servant, and two horses, 1125 livres in assignats, paid before hand, or 18 livres in money." The *Courier Francoois* of the 20th of August says—"Our assignats are falling into the most alarming discredit; in many places they are taken for no more than the fortieth part of their nominal value. In West Flanders, Brabant, &c. &c. they have no value at all in trade, which is there carried on solely with hard cash. If the convention does not take some steps for supporting the credit of assignats, we shall soon be charged, as formerly in America, 1800 livres for an omelet." To come to a still more authentic and less exceptionable piece of information; Roux, a member of the convention, informed the assembly that "the watermen, at a particular passage over the Seine, who last year asked no more than 100 livres for taking a large boat across the river, and which did not require more than two hours' work, now demand 40,000 livres!" It is said that the convention, on hearing this fact, rose with indignation. It was not, however, less a fact for that movement.

Our author's fourth assertion was a sort of prediction, adverting to the decree of the 13th of January last for doubling the daily stipend of the members of the convention; he said "it would not be surprising if it should not be long able to avoid doubling also the pay of its fourteen armies." This kind of prediction has been more than fulfilled; for it seems that the just complaints of the troops, and the frequent desertions

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among them, obliged the convention to pass a decree on the 23d of July, for granting to every private and non-commissioned officer two sous per day, to be paid in specie. Now it seems, if we may take our author's calculation, that two sous in money are equal to eighty sous in paper; it follows, then, that this increase has raised the original pay of fifteen sous in paper, not merely to twice, but to *six* times what it was before. M. d'I. here makes this remark: 'If it be true, as the convention boasts, that it has a *million* of men in arms, this increase of pay would amount to three millions of livres in specie per month:—but, as I have good reasons for thinking that its *effective* force does not now exceed 500,000 men, I will reduce the amount of this new expence to 1,500,000 livres in specie per month. It will remain to be shewn where the convention will find the money necessary for carrying this decree into execution, and for what length of time it will be possible to execute it.' He infers, from the following circumstance, that from the scarcity of bullion great difficulty will occur in it: Within eight days after this decree was passed, the committee of finances proposed another, for immediately sending to the mint all the gold, silver, and trinkets, not excepting those that are encased, at present in the treasury or other places belonging to the nation. He farther remarks that the officers of the army are, if possible, in a worse condition than the privates; and that the convention must make some additional allowance, which must of course greatly increase the public expenditure.

The fifth assertion of M. d'I. was that "a national bankruptcy had actually begun." His proofs are, 1st, the following article extracted from the *Courier National*, 24th of May:

"The spectacle which France at this moment exhibits is dreadful. Government is in a state of bankruptcy with respect to its creditors: those who are indebted to the public are in a similar state with respect to

to government; and all the citizens are in the same way with respect to each other. This is the necessary consequence of uncertainty, and arbitrary power, the natural effect of the frequent and exaggerated emission of assignats, and of those measures which have lessened the quantity of specie in circulation, and made the rest disappear."

Another proof our author takes from a speech delivered in the convention by *Jean Bon St Andre*, who thus addressed his colleagues:

"What would you say to a younger son of a family who should come to you and hold this language? My father, who died before the revolution, left me a twelfth part of his fortune, which I have ever since suffered to remain in the hands of my eldest brother. He now wants to discharge his estate of the incumbrance by paying me off: but, as assignats are now in value when compared with money, as fifteen to one, it would follow that, were I to be now paid, I should not inherit above the 180th part of my father's fortune, though it was his intention that I should have full twelfth of it. The case that I have put is precisely the same between landlords and tenants."

Another striking proof is taken from a report of the committee of legislation on the 13th of July, in the words:

"What has singularly struck your committee is the robbery which several husbands blush not to exercise on their wives. It is thus done. A wife has brought her husband a real estate worth 30,000 livres. The man, availing himself of, or rather abusing a law (which, from the too great latitude given to it, has become too favourable perhaps to the caprices of the passions, the suggestions of inconstancy, and to the shameful calculations of corruption and concupiscence) applies for and obtains a *divorce*. If the wife be entitled only to receive the estimated principal of the fortune which she brought him in marriage, he can no

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The convention, by way of providing a remedy, immediately, says our author, repealed several of its laws respecting divorces, ordered a revision of all the others, and suspended the redemption in assignats of all annuities created before the first of January 1792: "Now let me ask, whether decreeing the provisional suspension of reimbursements or redemption in assignats is not expressly decreeing that the revolutionary money is of no value, or, in other words, is it not decreeing the bankruptcy of the revolution?" Our author observes that the arguments used by *Saint-Andre* and the committee, when one livre in specie was equal to fifteen in paper, would have much more force now, when one livre in specie is worth forty in paper.

Assertion VI. that, towards making good the deficiencies between receipts and expenditure, there would be in circulation at the end of the year a new mass of assignats for about *five thousand millions of livres*. He is now not only confirmed in this by what was said by *Bourdon* of the Oise, on the 18th of May, but convinced that the emission must be to a much greater amount; for that the sum, which he had then stated as likely to last to the end of the year, has already been actually expended. *Bourdon's* words are—"Last month our expences amounted to 800 millions; this month they will reach 1000 millions; next month they will be 1500 millions, and so on." No one, it seems, could believe *Bourdon* at the time: but it has since appeared that he had really under-rated the public ex-

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pence; his estimate for the month of July was 1500 millions: but this sum fell short by 300 millions of the actual expenditure for that month, over and above the income for the same; and the convention was obliged to order an emission of 1800 millions of assignats, to make good the difference between the receipts and expences of July.

Having gone through the proofs of his six assertions, the author next directs the attention of his readers to the five extraordinary remedies, adopted for relieving the public from the immense pressure and consequent depreciation of assignats. He does not set down, in the list of these remedies, the loan opened by the decree of the 14th of July of one thousand millions of assignats; for which annuities, at the rate of three per cent. and not to be redeemable, are offered. He doubts whether the loan will ever be filled: but he observes that, if it were on such terms that the twelve thousand millions of livres in assignats now in circulation were to be taken out of it, France would find herself loaded, in addition to her former debt, with the payment of 360 millions of interest on her new debt: 'that is to say,' remarks M. d'I. 'that by drying up the source of her former revenues, which were not able to meet that old debt, under the weight of which the monarchy had sunk, the republic would have found out the secret of super-adding to it, in the short space of three years, another debt beyond comparison greater than that of Great Britain.' The first of the five remedies was to cry down all assignats bearing an impression of the king's head, called royal assignats. This measure, however, having been considered by many as an act of bankruptcy, and having been thought to have occasioned the insurrection of the 22d of May, was abandoned, or so modified as to remove the ground of complaint; for it was declared, that the royal assignats should be received as money when offered for the purchase of confiscated estates; and that those who

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pleased might exchange them at Paris for republican assignats, by applying to the proper officer. Speaking of the insurrection of the 22d of May, he observes that the public writers begin to treat the *sovereign* people with much less ceremony than formerly; and, in support of his observation, he quotes the following short sentiment from the editor of the *Courier Universel*, in his account of the murder of one of the members in the body of the convention:—"After such crimes, all that is left for an honest man to do, is to withdraw, and implore the God of heaven and earth to arm himself at length with his thunder to exterminate so abominable a people."

The second remedy was the decree of the 29th of May, authorizing any citizen to cause to be adjudged to him any parcel of national estate on sale, and without having it set up to auction; on condition, however, that, within the space of three months, he should pay seventy-five times the rent which it produced in 1790. *Balland* said, this decree would take *six thousand millions* of livres in assignats out of circulation: but *Reubell* opposed it as pregnant with ruin to the republic, which would lose 600 per cent. by it: it was however carried, then suspended, then confirmed with a modification, which directs that in case one purchaser should offer 75 years' purchase, and others should declare themselves ready to give more, then it should be put up to auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder. To shew the immense dilapidation with which such a measure as this would be attended, and how ill qualified its abettors were to manage the finances of a country, M. d'I. makes these observations:

'It is sufficient to remark that, as 75 livres in assignats are not worth two livres in specie, and that with less than 2000 livres in cash 75000 livres in assignats may be procured, a man might at this price cause to be adjudged to him any estate which, before the revolution, produced a thousand livres a year paid in money.

ney. That is to say, that the convention is already reduced so low, as to offer the choice of the best estate belonging to the nation, not for twenty years' purchase, (the rate to which I said in the preceding chapter they would fall,) but at *two years'* purchase of their real value; and even at *one year's* purchase, if it be true, as *Johannot* contends, that in 1790 the reserved rents on the leases then made were full one half under the real value of the estates.'

The author has fallen into an inaccuracy, in speaking of the remedies adopted by the convention for checking the depreciation of assignats; he says at first (page 47) that they were *five* in number: but we were not able to find the third. Immediately after the second comes the fourth, then the fifth, and the sixth, though he mentioned but five at first. The fourth, as we find it here, is called "the scale of proportions," and was established for the purpose of settling what the public debtors should, when paying their debts, add to their payments, by way of countervailing the depreciation of assignats since their debts were contracted: this relates principally to those who have purchased national estates, and have twelve years allowed for the final payment. It was decreed on the 21st of June, that, for every 500 millions in assignats that have been issued, since the quantity in circulation amounted to 2000 millions, the assignats taken in payment at the treasury should be estimated at 25 per cent. below their nominal value. The author thus explains the decree: 'As there were, when it was passed, about twelve thousand millions of livres in circulation, whoever owed 1000 livres at that period, by the decree, must now have 6000 livres in assignats to discharge that debt.' The fatal consequences of this decree, to a great variety of people, are here very ably pointed out.

The fifth (and on which the convention appears to have the greatest reliance,) is the decree passed July 20, on the motion of *Dubois-Grance*, by which it is declared

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red that the land tax for this year, payable as well by the farmers as by the owners of the land, shall be paid one half in assignats at their nominal value, the other half in corn, to be taken at the price which corn fetched in money in 1790. Against this decree our author inveighs with the greatest warmth; he says that it revives, under another name, the odious law of the *maximum*, so justly detested by all France. We cannot pretend to follow him through all his reasonings on this subject, which are extremely forcible; but, that our readers may have some idea of the prodigious magnitude and extent of the operation of this decree, we will translate a passage from the speech of *Dubois-Grance*, when he was advising the convention to adopt it:

“This decree,” says he, “once passed, not a single assignat issues from the treasury for the subsistence of Paris or of the army. Your expences are infinitely diminished; for what used to cost you 3000 millions of livres a year, will in future cost you only 57 millions; besides, 98 millions will find their way into the treasury, arising from the sale of your wheat in Paris and the neighbouring communes. Remain 59 millions net* for feeding two millions of people, and 250,000 horses.”

On this passage M. d'I. observes:

‘Here is a calculation much more gratifying to the citizens of Paris, than those who live in the country. What ought such of the latter as read the debates of the convention to say, at finding that this assembly has imposed on them the payment of *tythes*, to feed the city of Paris that rules over and commands them, and to prolong the war that ruins them? I very much doubt whether *Vernier*, who supported the measure, has sufficiently justified it in their eyes, by assuring them on the 15th of July, that it would make the mind of government easy with respect to the situation of Paris.’

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To shew how heavily this tax will bear on the husbandmen, the author supposes that an individual of that class is rated so as to be liable to pay 200 livres; the half to be paid in assignats he does not consider as a hardship: but the other, which is to be paid in corn, he sets down as a most oppressive act. The value of assignats at present, compared with the value of specie in 1790, he states to be as forty or perhaps fifty to one; so that, on the ground of this estimate, the husbandman would have to pay this year, on the whole, not 200 livres, but 4,100.

The sixth and last remedy consists in the severe decree against stock-jobbing:

‘The committee of public safety,’ he says, ‘announced to the convention on the 15th of July, as a national victory, the glad tidings that, within the space of a *single decade*, near 400 stock-jobbers had been taken into custody. The intelligence was received with the loudest applause: the measure was considered as a signal act of justice, by which assignats would be restored to their just value, and trade would recover that liberty without which it cannot exist. The highest praises were bestowed by the legislators on this new declaration of civil war.’

The government of the convention the author describes as owing its *strength* to its *weakness*; as being able to continue in power because it has not dared to enforce the payment of taxes; instead of which it has scandalously seized on and dissipated the national capital. *Vernier* on the 12th of June ventured to acknowledge that there was due to the treasury, of unpaid taxes, the immense sum of *twelve hundred millions of livres*. *M. d'I.* boldly asserts that the whole value of direct taxes paid in a year is not equal to 100,000 Louis d'ors; that is to say, to about the 164th part of the revenue of Great Britain, (he might have said the 180th,) and that the revenue of a whole year

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year does not suffice for the expence of a day under the rule of these republican leaders.

After having given such a description of the state of the assignats as we have laid before our readers, the author says it was by means of this paper-money that France had been enabled hitherto to maintain and keep in pay 14 armies, consisting of more than 1200 battalions, 500 squadrons, and 60,000 artillery-men; that the provinces which they conquered, and which they conquered only because they invaded them with forces twice as numerous as those that defended them, at first received these assignats with open arms, but that now they reject them as of no value; that the depreciation which they suffer at home shews that even the people of France view them in no better light; that the charm by which these astonishing armies have been kept together is consequently dissolving fast, and that with the illusion will pass away the power of the convention.

Having stated that the taxes paid now to the republican treasury, or the whole of the republican revenues arising from taxes, do not exceed the value of 100,000 Louis d'ors, he by way of contrast gives an account of part of the revenue raised with the greatest facility under the monarchy, and then paid in hard cash, but now completely lost to the country.

Effective revenue arising from the West India			
trade, now suspended,	—	—	235
Ditto arising from the manufactures of Lyons,			
now completely annihilated,	—	—	90
Ditto from the Levant trade, now interrupted,			30
			355

} millions of livres,

Thus, without reckoning the ruin of their fisheries, and of many other valuable branches of industry, have the French lost an *annual* income of 355 millions of livres, or upwards of 15,530,000*l.* sterling. The author gives the heads of a speech, such as he thinks an honest member of the convention ought to address to his

his colleagues on the state of the nation. He makes the speaker propose, as absolutely necessary to the salvation of France, that all the sales of national property made during their administration should be declared null and void, as fraudulent in the extreme*. Another measure which is thus to be proposed, as equally necessary with the former, is an immediate restoration of the forfeited estates to the emigrants their lawful owners, retaining nothing but what were heretofore called *national domaines*, and not selling nor otherwise alienating any of them till after the peace. M. d'I having proved, from the mouths of many of the leading members, or at least endeavoured to prove, that the present system cannot last, he concludes by observing that the objects, which ought first and principally to engage the attention of the assembly that is to succeed the convention, are the restoration of the morals of the nation, the establishment of a just, but strong and severe government, and the termination of the war by a lasting peace. All this, he says, ought to be accomplished before any attempt is made to restore the finances. He asserts that the new legislators cannot form a just, strong, and severe government, without going back to monarchy; that they cannot revive the morality of the nation, without causing restitution to be made of the estates taken from the rightful owners by confiscations, 'which they know to have been downright *robberies*;' and that it would be impossible for them to obtain a lasting peace otherwise than by restoring all their conquests. He then repeats his assertions, that, as the invention of assignats had brought on the war, so their annihilation would produce peace; and that the republic would perish by the same means which had destroyed the monarchy, viz. the *finances*.

* We do not find that he makes any provision for the restitution of the money paid by the purchasers of such sales: how can he reconcile this omission to principles of justice?

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Of M. d'Ivernois's principles and talents we will say nothing more, both being already so well known, than that, though a native of the *republic* of Geneva, he is a determined advocate for a *limited monarchy*; and that he possesses abilities not only to make a good cause triumph in the eye of reason, but to make even the bad appear the better cause in the eye of the million. His great object, however, seems to be the peace and happiness of mankind; which, he thinks, would be best promoted by the restoration of monarchy in France. It is our sincere wish that the government, whatever may be its form, by which these great objects may be best attained, may speedily be established in that country; and that thus, all grounds for war being removed, Europe may soon be restored to the blessings of peace.

We must take the liberty of observing, at parting, that M. d'I. seems fond of swelling his publications, by reprinting in one what he has already given to the world in another; for instance, the first chapter in the work before us. To shew that he has not yet done, he calls us in an address which he puts into the mouth of his editors, 'that these two chapters are part of a collection which they expect to give to the public in the course of the present month, and which will unite the two works, *le Tableau de la Revolution Francoise a Geneve*, and *les Reflexions sur la Guerre*.' We also learn from the same quarter, that the author intends to favour the public, in that collection, with an examination of the plan of the new French constitution.

SPEECH

SPEECH OF ADAHOONZOU, KING OF DAHOMY, TO
MR ABSON, ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE
TRADE.

[From Dalzel's History of Dahomy.]

I ADMIRE the reasoning of the white men; but, with all their sense, it does not appear that they have thoroughly studied the nature of the blacks, whose disposition differs as much from that of the whites, as their colour. The same great Being formed both; and since it hath seemed convenient for him to distinguish mankind by opposite complexions, it is a fair conclusion to presume that there may be as great a disagreement in the qualities of their minds; there is likewise a remarkable difference between the countries which we inhabit. You, Englishmen, for instance, as I have been informed, are surrounded by the ocean, and by this situation seem intended to hold communication with the whole world, which you do by means of your ships; whilst we Dahomans, being placed on a large continent, and hemmed in amidst a variety of other people, of the same complexion, but speaking different languages, are obliged, by the sharpness of our swords, to defend ourselves from their incursions, and punish the depredations they make on us. Such conduct in them is productive of incessant wars. You countrymen, therefore, who alledge that we go to war for the purpose of supplying your ships with slaves are grossly mistaken.

You think you can work a reformation, as you call it, in the manners of the blacks; but you ought to consider the disproportion between the magnitude of the two countries; and then you will soon be convinced of the difficulties that must be surmounted, to change the system of such a vast country as this. We know you are a brave people, and that you might

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bring over a great many of the blacks to your opinions, by the points of your bayonets; but to effect this, a great many must be put to death, and numerous cruelties must be committed, which we do not find to have been the practice of the whites: besides, that this would militate against the very principle which is professed by those who wish to bring about a reformation.

In the name of my ancestors and myself I aver, that no Dahoman ever embarked in war merely for the sake of procuring wherewithal to purchase your commodities. I, who have not been long master of this country, have, without thinking of the market, killed many thousands, and I shall kill many thousands more. When policy or justice requires that men be put to death, neither silk, nor coral, nor brandy, nor cowries, can be accepted as substitutes for the blood that ought to be spilt for example sake: besides, if white men chuse to remain at home, and no longer visit this country for the same purpose that has usually brought them hither, will black men cease to make war? I answer, by no means; and if there be no ships to receive their captives, what will become of them? I answer for you, they will be put to death. Perhaps you may ask, how will the blacks be furnished with guns and powder? I reply by another question, had we not clubs, and bows, and arrows, before we knew white men? Did not you see me make *custom* [annual ceremony] for Weebaigah the third king of Dahomy? and did you not observe, on the day such ceremony was performing, that I carried a bow in my hand, and a quiver filled with arrows on my back? these were the emblems of the times, when, with such weapons, that brave ancestor fought and conquered all his neighbours. God made war for all the world; and every kingdom, large or small, has practised it more or less, though perhaps in a manner unlike, and upon different principles. Did Weebaigah sell slaves? No; his prisoners were all killed to a man. What else could

could he have done with them? Was he to let them remain in his country, to cut the throats of his subjects? This would have been wretched policy indeed, which, had it been adopted, the Dahoman name would have long ago been extinguished, instead of becoming, as it is at this day, the terror of surrounding nations. What hurts me most is, that some of your people have maliciously represented us in books, which never die, alledging, that we sell our wives and children, for the sake of procuring a few kegs of brandy. No; we are shamefully belied, and I hope you will contradict, from my mouth, the scandalous stories that have been propagated; and tell posterity that we have been abused. We do, indeed, sell to the white men a part of our prisoners, and we have a right so to do. Are not all prisoners at the disposal of their captors, and are we to blame, if we send delinquents to a far country? I have been told you do the same. If you want no more slaves from us, why cannot you be ingenuous, and tell the plain truth; saying, that the slaves you have already purchased are sufficient for the country for which you bought them; or that the artificers, who used to make fine things, are all dead, without having taught any body to make more; but for a parcel of men with long heads, to sit down in England, and frame laws for us, and pretend to dictate how we are to live, of whom they know nothing, never having been in a black man's country during the whole course of their lives, is to me somewhat extraordinary. No doubt they must have been biased by the report of some one who has had to do with us, who, for want of a due knowledge of the treatment of slaves, found that they died on his hands, and that his money was lost; and seeing others thrive by the traffic, he, envious of their good luck, has vilified both black and white traders.

You have seen me kill many men at the custom, and you have often observed delinquents at Grigwob

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and others of my provinces, tied, and sent up to me, I kill them, but do I ever insist on being paid for them? Some heads I order to be placed at my door, others to be strewed about the market place, that people may stumble upon them when they little expect such a sight. This gives a grandeur to my customs, far beyond the display of fine things which I buy; this makes my enemies fear me, and gives me such a name in the *Bush* *. Besides, if I should neglect this indispensable duty, would my ancestors suffer me to live? would they not trouble me day and night, and say, that I sent nobody to serve them; that I was only solicitous about my own name, and forgetful of my ancestors? White men are not acquainted with these circumstances; but I now tell you that you may hear, and know, and inform your countrymen, why customs are made, and will be made, as long as black men continue to possess their own country: the few that can be spared from this necessary celebration, we sell to the white men; and happy, no doubt, are such, when they find themselves on the path for Grigwee, to be disposed of to the Europeans: *We shall still drink water †, say they to themselves; white men will not kill us; and we may even avoid punishment by serving our new masters with fidelity.*"

ON THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENT.

(From Whitaker's celebrated Pamphlet.)

ON this everlasting pillar of truth, has God founded the government of man. The pillars of the earth *may* tremble, and sink under their load; but the pillar of government never can. God has fixed *those*

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for

* The country expression for the woods.

† Meaning, "We shall still live."

for a season only, but he has pitched *this* for an eternity. The world will pass away at its allotted hour, but man will not pass with it. The world will be thoroughly polluted with its sins, be purified by fire, and then be reduced into its original chaos again, that storehouse of unstained matter, which is kept filled probably for the formation of new worlds; while man will migrate to a superior region of existence, there incorporate with the angels, and there live with them in subjection to authority still. Man is therefore habituated equally to subjection, as he is to religion, here; that he may learn the habits of religion and subjection together, to qualify him for the devoutness and obedience, which will be necessary for his happiness on his translation to Heaven.

In this view of our race, from the steady, the solar light of God's own history; how must we stand amazed at all the theories of government, that were floating, like so many motes in the sun's beam, among the wretched children of heathenism! Ignorant of the true origin of man, as well as of the true nature of God, they fancied in their blindness to facts; that mankind were born originally in a large society together, when *we* know they were only a single pair; that all *those* were equal in nature and appointment, when *we* know one even of the two to have been made the superior of the other; and that government was therefore the posterior refinement of man, when *we* know it was the original institution of God. But how much more must we be amazed, at all these theories being adopted by Christians, and the darkness of heathenism courted in preference to the light of revelation! Yet such has been the case, even in *this* illuminated part of Christendom. We are even now so familiarized to the folly, of supposing with the heathens a government to be founded on the will of man, all men to have been originally in a state of independent inequality, and all to have agreed at last in erecting

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what God had neglected to erect for them, a form of polity; that we consider not a moment the sottishness thus imputed to God, the lie thus given to the history of God, and the contradiction thus made to the most obvious and most general of all incidents in our nature. In the mirror of the scriptures we see God acting a very different part, a part much more wise in itself, and much more beneficent in man. We there see him as he is, the Father and the Friend of man; even in man's *un* fallen state providing a government for him, as he had provided for the angels before; in his very first couple, securing the authority of one by requiring the obedience of the other; and, in their posterity afterwards, binding firmly by the strongest cement in the world, by the very weakness of the infant and the very vigor of the adult, by the very characters of child and parent, the obedience of *that* to *this*. In the mirror of life before us, we equally see man coming into the world, in the necessary subjection of a child to a parent; we also see man growing up to maturity in a natural reverence for *him*, to whom (under God) he owes his existence at first, from whom he has received the comforts of nourishment in infancy, and at whose hands he still expects the requisite provision or direction, for his settlement in life. Yet, as if all this was merely a vision, as if the scripture exhibited no such doctrines to our minds, as if reality presented no such facts to our eyes; we have seen, and we daily see, speculations advanced concerning government, all supposing it to be founded upon compact, to be wholly a late operation of man upon earth, to be entirely an improvement (may I write the words without irreverence?)—an improvement upon the bungling plan of GOD. We *may* wonder at the idolatry of the Papist, who, with the commandment against praying to any but GOD directly before his face, still continues to pray to other beings. But we *must* wonder at Protestants, at those best of Protestants, the members of

the church of England, at men in general professing to try every doctrine by the test of scripture; fabricating even systems of government, and preaching even principles of obedience, upon conceits purely heathenish, upon fancies directly opposed by scripture, and upon surmises contrary to the very transmission of mankind by generation. Man comes into the world, man has always come, in the obedience of a child to a parent, in the submission of a subject to a sovereign; and GOD would not suffer even one slight loop-hole of disobedience to escape him, in the mixt, the seemingly equal, authority of husband and wife. He closed up this very loop-hole, by placing the wife below the husband; and then made the children of both subject relatively to both, by the very necessities of their nature. He even added his *second* code of Revelation expressly, that "there is no power BUT OF GOD, the powers that be ARE ORDAINED OF GOD*." He thus declared, as with a voice from heaven, that every power, legal in its commencement, or not encroaching upon any legal right in its continuance, participates in the general appointment of Providence, shares in the general sanctions given by Providence to government, and is entitled in the name of Providence to the general obedience of its objects.

ON COMMONWEALTHS.

THEN rose republics. The first that made its appearance in the world, was at Athens. The keen genius of Attica, wanting to try an experiment upon the universal polity of man, to substitute a creature of its own reason for the fabrication of GOD's wisdom, and to violate the primogenial law of nature in favour of a fantastical theory; took advantage of the death of

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a self-devoted monarch, and, in a pretended fear of never having so good a monarch again, most ungratefully deprived his family of the crown, by venturing upon the bold innovation of erecting a republic. They thus inverted the pyramid of government, made it to stand upon its point, and reared its base in the air. The example however was afterwards followed, by all the states of Greece. They all gave free scope to their fancies, in modelling their governments. They cut them to this form, they carved them to that. But they still reduced them nearer and nearer, to an inefficient simplicity of power. They then considered them, as more or less perfect in their republican nature. Yet they could find none, that would give them the promised happiness. They were wretched under all. The grand principle of all, in supposing the power of government to be originally in the people, in believing the subjects to be virtually the sovereigns, in affirming the servants to be vitally the masters; propositions surely, however familiar to *our* ears at present, calculated only for the meridian of St Luke's Hospital; *this* precluded all possibility of settlement, changes succeeded to changes, all was distraction, confusion, and misery. Having thrown their little world of society off from that central pin of authority, upon which it had been founded by God himself; they could never find a rest for it again. The divine equipoise had been rashly destroyed by the hand of man, and man felt his folly in his sufferings. The imputed power of the people was like the water of the ocean, now breaking through all its bounds as the balance of the globe was gone, and now sweeping in an irresistible deluge over the land. Yet, with something like the infatuation of the Jews in receiving their false Messiahs, they still welcomed every pretender to the cause of liberty, they still hailed every factious man as a friend, and attached every reformer as a deliverer. These "declared," says Plutarch himself at a particular period of their Sicilian history,

“ that the end of their coming was to introduce liberty, and depose monarchs ; but *they did so tyrannize themselves*, that *the reign of the tyrants* seemed A GOLDEN AGE, compared with *the rule of these deliverers* ; which made the Sicilians to esteem *those more happy who had expired in slavery*, than they who survived to see SUCH A FREEDOM.” Nay, their feelings had been so severely wounded by this popular kind of tyranny, that when Timoleon had recovered their capital from its oppressions, he found the market-place rankly overgrown with grass, horses actually feeding upon it, and the grooms lying upon the ground to attend them ; that he therefore invited the emigrants to come back, and reinhabit their desolate city ; that few however came, “ so much,” adds the historian in a strain remarkably apposite to modern times, “ did they DREAD and ABHOR the very NAME of those COMMUNITIES, and MUNICIPALITIES, and TRIBUNALS, which had PRODUCED THE GREATEST PART OF THEIR TYRANTS.”

ON THE NATURE OF THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT.

(From Campbell's Journey over Land to India.)

THE Turkish government is grossly misrepresented. Were our opinions to be directed by the general belief of Europeans we should suppose that the life and property of every being in that vast empire were irremediably at the mercy of the Grand Seignior—and that, without laws to protect, or any intermediate power whatever to shield them, they were entirely subject to the capricious will of an inexorable tyrant, who, stimulated by cruelty, sharpened by avarice, and unrestrained by any law human or divine, did every thing to oppress his subjects, and carry destruction among mankind. I firmly believe, that, from the combination

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combination of ideas arising from those prejudices, there are few christians who think or hear of the Grand Turk, that do not, by an involuntary act of the mind, instantly think of blood and murder, strangling with bow-strings, and slicing off heads with cimeters.

As there is no part of your education more near my heart than the eradicating illiberal prejudices from your mind, and fortifying you against their assaults; I find it impossible to refrain from giving you my opinion of the Turkish government, which I have been at some pains to collect, as well from oral information as from the best authors; and which, though very far from what a generous and universally philanthropic disposition would wish them to have, is very different from that which is generally attributed to them, and unquestionably far more limited in its powers than the governments of several christian countries I could mention.

The constitution of that country is laid down expressly in the Koran. The Emperor of Turkey (commonly called the Grand Signior) is a descendant of Mahomet, who pretended he had the Koran from heaven; and he is as much bound by the institutes of that book as any subject in his realm—is liable to deposition as they to punishment for breach of them, and indeed has been more than once deposed, and the next in succession raised to the throne. Thus far, it is obvious, his power is limited and under controul. But that is not all—it is equally certain that the Turkish government is partly republican; for, though the people at large have no share in the legislation, and are excluded by the Koran from it (which Koran has established and precisely ascertained their rights, privileges, and personal security), yet there is an intermediate power which, when roused to exertion, is stronger than the Emperor's, and stands as a bulwark between the extremes of despotism and them. This body is THE ULAMA, composed of all the members of the church

church and the law, superior to any nobility, jealousy of their rights and privileges, and partly taken from the people, not by election: but by profession and talents.—In this body are comprised the Moulahs, the hereditary and perpetual guardians of the religion and laws of the empire: they derive their authority as much as the Emperor from the Koran, and, when necessary, act with all the firmness resulting from a conviction of that authority; which they often demonstrate by opposing his measures, not only with impunity, but with success. Their persons are sacred; and they can, by means of the unbounded respect in which they are held, rouse the people to arms, and proceed to depose. But, what is much more, the Emperor cannot be deposed without their concurrence.

NEW MODE OF TRAVELLING FOR LADIES.

ONE morning I was awakened before day-break with a bustle in the caravanera where we lodged. I conjectured that the Tartar was preparing to get forward, and rose in order to lose no time. I was so far right in my conjectures: the horses were ready, and I came out to mount, and was very much surprised to see several horses before me loaded with something which stood erect from their backs, and which I had barely light to discern were not men. I concluded that they were bales of merchandize packed in a peculiar form, and asked no questions till full day-light disclosed to me that they were human creatures tied up in sacks and fastened astride on the horses' backs. There was a strange union of horror and oddity in the conception that struck me at once with a mixed emotion of indignation, pity, and mirth.—The former however got the better, and I asked my servant with some warmth what it meant.—He said that the sacks contained some

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young women whom the Tartar bought.—“Good God!” said I, “is it possible that he can have bought wretched females to treat them with so little tenderness?” “He has bought them,” returned my servant, “in the way of traffic, not for pleasure.”

“Suppose he has,” said I, “suppose even they were men, not to mention young women, how can he imagine that they will survive this? Tied up and sweltered in a sack—fastened cross-legs on a horse, and driven at such an amazing rate (for by this time we had set forward, and another Tartar was whipping the horses up all the time, and driving them on)—how is it possible they can survive? They must be smothered—they must be shattered to pieces—they must be stripped, excoriated, and tortured to death!”

“If I might presume to advise,” said he, “I would say that you had better make no remarks upon it; it would only get them perhaps worse treated, and raise anger against you.”

To conclude, I took his advice, and kept my mind to myself. The unfortunate women were carried fifty miles, at the end of which their tender-hearted purchaser disposed of them in some way of keeping till his return; when I suppose they were to be carried back in sacks astride upon horses, all the way to Aleppo, there to be sold to the highest bidder.

ACCOUNT OF MAHOMEDAN MONKS.

AS we rode along we overtook several times straggling callenders, a kind of Mahomedan monks, who profess poverty and great sanctity; they were dressed all in rags, covered with filth, carried a gourd, by way of bottle, for water—I presume sometimes for wine too—and bore in their hands a long pole decorated with rags, and pieces of cloth of various colours.

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They are supposed by the vulgar to have supernatural powers: but Hassan, who seemed to have caught all his ideas from his betters, expressed no sort of opinion of them; he *salam'd* to them *, and gave them money, however. It was extraordinary enough, that they were all in one story—all were going on a pilgrimage to Mecca,—or, as they call it, *Hadje*.

As soon as ever we got out of their sight and hearing, Hassan shook his head, and repeated “*Hadje! Hadje!*” several times doubtingly, and grinned, as he was accustomed to do when he was displeased, without being able to manifest anger. “*Hadje!*” he would cry, “*Hadje, Hadje!*” I asked him what he meant, and he said, that these fellows were no more going to Mecca than I was. “I have a thousand and a thousand times,” said he, “met callenders on the road, and always found them facing towards Mecca. If I am going southwards, I always overtake them; if northward, I meet them; and all the time they are going wherever their business carries them. I overtook,” continued he, “one of them one day, and I gave him alms and passed him by; he was coming, he said, after me, towards Mecca: but I halted on purpose for a day, and he never passed; and a merchant arriving at the same caravansera informed me, he had met the same fellow four leagues farther northward, who had answered him with the same story, and still had his face towards the south.”

Fifty years ago, no man in Turkey would have dared to hold this language; but every day's experience evinces that the light of reason spreads its rays fast through the world—even through Turkey; and furnishes a well founded hope, that in another half century every monkish impostor (I mean real impostors, whether they be Mahomedan monks, or Christian monks, will be chased from society, and forced to apply to honest means for subsistence.)

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DESCRIPTION OF THE CEREMONY OF A GENTOO WOMAN, BEING BURNED ALIVE ON THE SAME PILE WITH HER HUSBAND.

THE place fixed upon for this tragic scene, was a small islet on the bank of one of the branches of the river Cavery, about a mile to the northward of the fort of Tanjore.

When I came to the spot, I found the victim, who appeared to be not above sixteen, sitting on the ground, dressed in the Gentoo manner, with a white cloth wrapped round her, some white flowers like jessamins hanging round her neck, and some of them hanging from her hair. There were about twenty women sitting on their hams round her, holding a white handkerchief, extended horizontally over her head, to shade her from the sun, which was excessively hot, it being then about noon.

At about twenty yards from where she was sitting, and facing her, there were several Bramins busy in constructing a pile with billets of fire wood: the pile was about eight feet long and four broad. They first began by driving some upright stakes into the ground, and then built up the middle to about the height of three feet and a half with billets of wood.

The dead husband, who, from his appearance, seemed to be about sixty years of age, was lying close by, stretched out on a bier made of bamboo canes. Four Bramins walked in procession three times round the dead body, first in a direction contrary to the sun, and afterwards other three times in a direction with the sun, all the while muttering incantations; and at each round or circuit they made, they untwisted, and immediately again twisted up the small long lock of hair which is left unshaven at the back of their heads.

Some other Bramins were in the mean time employed in sprinkling water out of a green leaf, rolled up like a cup, upon a small heap of cakes of dry cow dung

dung, with which the pile was afterwards to be set on fire.

An old Bramin sat at the north-east corner of the pile upon his hams, with a pair of spectacles on, reading, I suppose, the Shaster, or their Scriptures, from a book composed of Cajan leaves.

Having been present now nearly an hour, I inquired when they meant to set the pile on fire: they answered in about two hours. As this spectacle was most melancholy, and naturally struck me with horror, and as I had only gone there to assure myself of the *truth of such sacrifices being made*, I went away towards the fort. After I was gone about five hundred yards, they sent some one to tell me they would burn immediately; on which I returned, and found the woman had been moved from where she was sitting to the river, where the Bramins were bathing her. On taking her out of the water they put some money in her hand, which she dipped in the river, and divided among the Bramins: she had then a yellow cloth rolled partially round her. They put some red colour, about the size of a sixpence, on the centre of her forehead, and rubbed something that appeared to me to be clay. She was then led to the pile, round which she walked three times as the sun goes: she then mounted it at the north-east corner, without any assistance; and sat herself down on the right side of her husband, who had been previously laid upon the pile. She then unscrewed the pins which fastened the jewels or silver rings on her arms: after she had taken them off, she shut them, and screwed in the pins again, and gave one to each of two women who were standing: she unscrewed her ear-rings and other toys with great composure, and divided them among the women who were with her. There seemed to be some little squabble about the distribution of her jewels, which she settled with great precision; and then, falling gently backwards, pulled a fold of yellow cloth over her face, turned

turned her breast towards her husband's side, and laid her right arm over his breast; and in this posture she remained without moving.

Just before she lay down, the Bramins put some rice in her lap, and also some into the mouth and on the long grey beard of her husband: they then sprinkled some water on the head, breast and feet of both, and tied them gently together round the middle with a slender bit of rope: they then raised as it were a little wall of wood length-ways on two sides of the pile, so as to raise it above the level of the bodies; and then put cross pieces so as to prevent the billets of wood from pressing on them: they then poured on the pile, above where the woman lay, a potful of something that appeared to me to be oil; after this they heaped on more wood, to the height of about four feet above where the bodies were built in; so that all I now saw was a stack of fire wood.

One of the Bramins, I observed, stood at the end of the pile next the woman's head—was calling to her through the interstices of the wood, and laughed several times during the conversation. Lastly, they overspread the pile with wet straw, and tied it on with ropes.

A Bramin then took a handful of straw, which he set on fire at the little heap of burning cakes of cow dung; and, standing to windward of the pile, he let the wind drive the flame from the straw till it caught the pile. Fortunately, at this instant, the wind rose much higher than it had been any part of the day, and in an instant the flames pervaded the whole pile, and it burnt with great fury. I listened a few seconds, but could not distinguish any shrieks, which might perhaps be owing to my being then to windward. In a very few minutes the pile became a heap of ashes.

During the whole time of this process, which lasted from first to last above two hours before we lost sight of the woman by her being built up in the middle of

the pile, I kept my eyes almost constantly upon her; and I declare to God that I could not perceive, either in her countenance or limbs, the least trace of either horror, fear, or even hesitation: her countenance was perfectly composed and placid; and she was not, I am positive, either intoxicated or stupified. From several circumstances, I thought the Bramins exulted in this hellish sacrifice, and did not seem at all displeased that Europeans should be witnesses of it.

AN ACCOUNT OF MADAME DU BARRE, MISTRESS
OF LOUIS XV.

THE memoirs of the life of a French courtesan, would be ill deserving of notice, were they to consist merely of a detail of successful intrigues; but in the life of madame du Barre we have it strongly exemplified; that vice and intrigue, however successful for a time, lead to infamy and disgrace; and that retribution sometimes takes place even in this world, long after the wickedness, which deserved punishment, appeared to be forgot.

Madame du Barre was fond of being thought descended from an ancient noble family in Ireland, some of whom fled to France during the troubles in that island; and this report was industriously propagated by her creatures; but the truth is, her descent, and even her birth, are too obscure to be traced with any certainty, and no noble family in Ireland, or elsewhere ever contended for the honour of her alliance, even when she enjoyed the plenitude of her power. It is notorious, that, from the earliest age of womanhood, which is attained very young in France, she was known in Paris under the denomination of "une fille de joye," a girl of the town; and from the following bon mot of the duke d'Enguin, it may be supposed in a very humble

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ble station. Soon after her advancement at court, that nobleman was asked if he knew her: 'Oui,' says he, 'je l'ai connue a un *écu*, a present elle est a un *Louis*:' a pun which will not easily bear translating; 'I have known her at a crown, now she is at a Louis.' Du-mouriez, in his memoirs, just published, speaks of her with great contempt as a strumpet, whose favours any might have shared, who had money to supply her avarice, which was extreme.

In the early part of her youth she was esteemed uncommonly beautiful; but at the period when she was fixed upon to fascinate the voluptuous monarch of France, the charms of her person had greatly suffered by the depredations of time, and the course of life, to which she had been accustomed from fourteen to thirty years of age. The lilies and roses, implanted by the benevolent hand of nature on her lovely features, had faded long before under the pernicious breath of vice, and art now supplied the defect from the repositories of the perfumer. The remaining lustre of a fine eye, joined to exact symmetry of shape, and an inexpressibly engaging air of address, were, however, sufficient external graces to engage the king's attention at the first interview, placed, as she purposely was, in a situation where she could not fail of attracting his notice, and thoroughly instructed in the part she was to act, if his majesty accosted her.

It was customary for the king, in his hunting parties, to separate from the court, and, attended only by one or two noblemen, to ride about the parks to view the company gathered upon these occasions. Madame du Barre took her station in a private recess, where there was no danger of interruption, and the duke d'Aguillon, who had concerted the whole scheme, conducted the king to the spot: the interview produced an assignation, and, at a private *petit souper*, the conquest was completed by the vivacity of her conversation, the apparent amiableness of her temper, and

elegance of taste, which the king discovered in her from which he promised himself a revival of that variety of enchanting amusements, contrived by his former mistress La Pompadour, to banish the melancholy horrors to which he was frequently exposed, and to which his imbecility as a king, and his profligacy as a man, greatly contributed, if they were not the original and only cause.

A treaty was soon set on foot, which ended in her establishment at Versailles, on her own terms; one of them was a title, and the king granted it, notwithstanding the strong representations of the duke de Choiseul, his minister, against this imprudent step. Having gained this point, the *countess du Barre* kept no bounds, but, with unexampled arrogance, expected to be visited by the dauphin and dauphiness, the late king and queen of France. The dauphin, after some warm altercations with his grandfather, was obliged to submit; but the dauphiness, with a noble greatness of soul, addressed the king, upon this occasion, nearly in the following terms; 'Sire; if I had been born your subject, I must have obeyed; but, as the daughter and sister of an emperor, your majesty will excuse me.' The ladies of the court, however, could not obtain any indulgence; they were obliged to shew every mark of respect to the new favourite, and one example of resistance frightened them into constrained compliance.

The duchess de Grammont, first lady of honour to the deceased queen of Louis XV. being in a box at the opera, the countess du Barre came in, and attempted to place herself by the duchess; upon which, consulting her own dignity, and her veneration for the memory of her late royal mistress, now openly insulted in the eyes of the spectators, she desired the countess to retire, and, on her refusal, the duchess, politely curtesying to the people, who expressed universal applause, left the box and went into another. Du Barre, mortified

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mortified at a scene she was ill prepared for, carried her complaints to the king. That wretched driveller, whose crimes Providence permitted to be punished in his innocent grandson, immediately sent a lettre-de-cachet to the duchess, banishing her to her country-seat, at a great distance from Paris, during the king's pleasure. But how will the world be astonished to hear, that Du Barre, in the first years of her promotion, enjoyed a plenitude of power, unknown to La Pompadour, and which, with all her talents, she never durst attempt! Strange to relate, she solicited and obtained a power to draw on the treasury under her own signature. As soon as the news of this extraordinary instance of royal imbecility reached the ears of the duke de Choiseul, it is said, he passionately exclaimed, 'C'en est fait de moi. It is all over with me.' But that his adversaries might not have an easy victory to boast of, notwithstanding this presage of his disgrace, he put every stratagem in force to ruin their protectrix; and, among the rest, he attempted to supplant the countess by introducing a rival. This was the widow of an officer, who brought a petition to the minister, but finding her very handsome and sprightly, the duke referred her to the king, and gave her an opportunity of presenting her person and her petition; but the former produced only a slight, if any effect; and the plan totally miscarried, but not without being made known to the countess, who entered more deeply into the politics of the times, with a determined resolution to remove the two Choiseuls; and in this she succeeded to the great dishonour of the king, and to the regret of all the true friends of France. In the year 1771, while the necessary preparations were making in England to repel force by force, in case a negotiation for satisfaction should prove ineffectual, it is confidently asserted, that the court of Spain actually intended to break with England, if France had been ready to second her; and that the Spanish

ministry applied to the court of Versailles to know her intentions; to which De Choiseul returned for answer, without the king's knowledge, 'That the king, his master, would be always ready to support the honour of the house of Bourbon, and to fulfil the solemn engagements he had entered into by the family compact.' A dispatch to this purport, which had been forwarded to the French ambassador at Madrid, was copied by a secretary in the interest of the duke d'Aguillon, and transmitted home: this epistle was, by the chancellor, put into the hands of the countess du Barre, with instructions to show it to the king in one of his gloomy hours, and to paint to him, in the strongest colours, all the horrors of war, to be commenced at a time when the finances were in great disorder, the whole kingdom in a ferment concerning the parliaments, and the poor almost starved for want of bread. At the same time, the duke d'Aguillon industriously circulated a general rumour without doors, that de Choiseul was going to involve the nation in a war with England on account of a miserable island (Falkland's) in South America. The people caught the alarm, and, to testify their inclination to peace, the general cry at Paris was, 'Point de guerre! Point de Choiseul!—No war, no Choiseul.'

The dismissal of the minister was soon after resolved upon by the king, and took place in the beginning of January 1771. His majesty in the *lettre-de-cachet* (which ordered him to resign his employments, and to retire to his seat at Chauteloux) expressed in strong terms his disapprobation of his conduct of late; but he was scarcely gone into exile, when the eyes of all Paris were opened, and it was now plainly discovered, that he was sacrificed to the resentment of the countess, to the ambition of the duke d'Aguillon, and to the deep-laid scheme of the chancellor, to subvert the ancient constitution of the kingdom. It was publicly known, likewise, that the dispatch which had raised

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fed such a clamour against him contained instructions to the French ambassador, to dissuade the court of Madrid from breaking with England; though it was added, that France was bound in honour to support the interests of every branch of the house of Bourbon; but the former part of the letter was artfully suppressed. Such are the intrigues by which nations are sometimes involved in the most destructive wars, which they carry on with eagerness and spirit, little thinking that they are seconding the views of perhaps a contemptible mistress, or favourite individual.

The dismissal of De Choiseul was followed by a revival of the most arbitrary proceedings against the parliament of Paris, who continued their deputations, and desired the king either to withdraw his edict, and permit the law to take its course with the duke d'Aguillon, or to accept their employments and their lives, which they are willing to sacrifice to the preservation of the constitution. The affair ended in the members being banished, by the influence of the countess, to different villages; and a new tribunal was constituted, vested with the same powers as the late parliament, though the princes of the blood, and several other peers of France, protested against those unconstitutional proceedings. The king soon after made the duke d'Aguillon prime minister, who conducted himself with great inveteracy against all who had made complaints of him and the countess. When the king was seized with his last sickness, the brother of Du Barre had obtained a considerable post in the army; he resigned it as soon as the monarch's death was known; and, just before that period, the unhappy woman, who had lost him the esteem of his subjects, was removed from the palace, and took refuge in a convent near Paris.

She was not so haughty and ambitious, says Dr Moore, as her predecessor, the marchioness de La Pompadour. He thinks she intermeddled less with
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the affairs of state, but he must have forgot the events which we have just related. He adds, however, with more certainty, that with all her good humour and gayety, she found it impossible to ward off entirely the tedium to which a vacant mind is peculiarly exposed. Although no man was ever more oppressed with mental indolence than Louis XV. he was fond to excess of bodily exercise, and passed great part of his time in hunting, from which he derived the double advantage of repelling the intrusions of reflection, and obtaining sleep. The wretched monarch was relieved from the burden of existence, by a disease (the smallpox) which he had taken great pains to avoid through the whole of his past life, and which he caught wantonly in his old age. He died a memorable proof, that the united advantages of external gracefulness, riches, high birth, quickness of apprehension, and even benevolence, cannot preclude tedium or misery, and secure public esteem to those whose minds are incapable of laudable exertion. The death of this prince, who at the beginning of his reign had received the appellation of *Louis the Well Beloved*, was heard at Paris, with satisfaction, rather than sorrow. It had been the custom, in time of public danger, to make a procession of the shrine of St Genevieve, the patroness of that city, in hopes that by the saint's intercession the threatened calamity might be averted. This ceremony was performed during the last illness of Louis XV. He expired notwithstanding. When his death was announced in a certain company, one observed that the procession of the shrine seemed to have lost its efficacy. 'What happier effect could it have produced,' said another, 'Is he not dead *?'

After the death of Louis XV. Du Barre remained unmolested in her retirement by the new king, but she never appeared in public, as she well knew that her

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* Moore's View of the Cause, &c. of the French Revolution.

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ascendancy over Louis XV. was very apparent, and that the late unprosperous situation of affairs was entirely attributed to her intrigues with the duke d'Anguillon and the chancellor.

From that time, she attracted no public attention, till a few years ago she came to England, in consequence of having some jewels stolen by persons who had taken refuge here. For the account of her death, we are indebted to Miss Williams, in whose words we shall give it! 'Madame du Barre had been induced to leave England, where she passed some time after the revolution, and returned to France, in order to secure her property; and, soon after the 31st of May, was led from her beautiful pavillion at Lucienne, to a prison in Paris, by one of the agents of *terrorisism*, who I am sorry to add, was an Englishman. The prisons, to use a French mode of expression, in a short time became the antichambers of the scaffold; and madame du Barre's mind was impressed strongly with a presage of her fate. Whenever the door of her chamber in the prison opened, she was seized with violent trembling, and sometimes with fainting fits. At length, the fatal summons to the revolutionary tribunal arrived. The chief evidence against her was a negro-slave, whom she had reared from an infant, and to whom she was so much attached, that he was generally to be found in her apartments; and, one day, Louis XV. sportively created him governor of Lucienne, with a pension of six hundred livres a year, which this viper, who stung the bosom that cherished him, still enjoys. One of the most flagrant testimonies which were produced of madame du Barre's counter-revolutionary principles was Mr Pitt's picture, which she said had been given to her the night before her departure from London, by lord Thurlow. This unfortunate woman was condemned to die; and a person of my acquaintance, who was at that time a prisoner in the Conciergerie, told me, that she was deluded with the promise
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of pardon, provided she would discover the spot where she acknowledged that some treasures were concealed; but no sooner were they found, than she was ordered to execution. During her passage thither (Dec. 8, 1793) she appeared almost dead, and leaned her head upon the shoulder of the executioner. But when she reached the square of the Revolution, the sight of the instrument of death rallied her sinking spirits, and called forth the most cruel agonies of reluctant nature. She rent the air with her shrieks, and was deaf to the expostulations of Noil, a deputy of the Gironde, who perished at the same time, and who encouraged her to resign herself to a fate which was inevitable. Her convulsed frame acquired extraordinary strength: she struggled with her executioners, and, after a conflict at which humanity shudders, was forced to undergo the fatal stroke, and released from frantic desperation.

On this conclusion of her life, we may remark, that it ought not to affect any one with wonder or surprise. The offences for which she was condemned were certainly mere frauds to get possession of her property, and in that respect she died as innocently as any of the victims of the savage government which then prevailed. But the manner of her death cannot but recal the remembrance of a life spent in wickedness, luxury, and contemptible ambition, which left no consolation to animate her in her dying moments. She could make no appeal to the pity or humanity of the spectators. She had contributed to bring the nation to ruin, and the throne to its total overthrow; and her private life was such as she could derive no comfort from, when she stood most in need of it. It cannot ever be surprising that those who have despised every moral and religious sentiment, should meet death with the fear and amazement of a guilty conscience.

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SINGULAR INCIDENTS, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS;

From the Year 1513 to the Year 1548.

IN 1513, died the powerful baron and active soldier of his age, Gerald Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare. He had been, during thirty-three years (at different times) chief governor of Ireland, and was too potent to be set aside, otherwise his strong attachment to the house of York would probably have been his ruin. The untameable spirit of the earl sometimes involved him in trouble, from which he was extricated by a lucky bluntness; as once, when charged before Henry VIII. with setting fire to the cathedral of Cashel; 'I own it,' said the earl, 'but I never would have done it, had I not believed that the archbishop was in it.' The king laughed, and pardoned the ludicrous culprit. The bishop of Meath was his bitterest foe. He accused him to Henry of diverse misdeeds, and closed his accusation with, 'Thus, my liege, you see that all Ireland cannot rule the earl.' 'I then,' said the perverse monarch, 'the earl shall rule all Ireland,' and instantly made him lord deputy. The English loved the earl because he was brave and generous, and because his good humour equalled his valour. Once, when he was in a furious paroxysm, a domestic who knew his temper whispered in his ear, 'My lord, yonder fellow has betted with me a fine horse; that I dare not take a hair from your lordship's beard; I pray, my lord, win me that wager.' The earl's features relaxed, and he said to the petitioner, 'Take the hair then, but shouldest thou exceed thy demand, my fist shall meet thy head.' This earl was ordered to discontinue his motto, 'Crom a Boo,' as it caused feuds between noble Irish families.—*Collins. MSS. relative to the Fitz-geralds, &c.*

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In the same year, the corporation of surgeons (consisting of twelve, a number then, as it appears, thought equal to the care of the metropolis) petitioned parliament to be exempted from bearing arms, or serving on juries and parishes, and succeeded in their request.—*Pub. Acts.*

In the same year, the apprentices of London, thinking that the inhabitants of Islington, Hoxton, and Shoreditch, had too much lessened their usual places of exercise and recreation, by inclosing their grounds, determined to right themselves, and, on a signal given by a man in disguise, who ran through the streets crying, ‘Spades! Spades!’ they rushed in a body, with proper instruments, to the devoted parishes, and levelled every fence. The lord-mayor of London was sharply reprimanded for suffering this illegal proceeding, and warned to take better care in future.—*Herbert.*

In the year 1522, Pietro Torregiano, a great sculptor, (who had resided long in England, and who, with the turbulence of Henry’s temper, had also adopted his religion) starved himself to death in the prison of the Seville inquisition, to which he had been sent for maiming an image that he had formed of the blessed Virgin Mary. Henry had given him vast presents, of which he used to boast, and, as a brother-artist says, ‘Ogni giorno ragionava delle sue bravure, con quelle bestie di quelli Inglesi.’ He valued himself also on having once struck the great Michael Angelo, with so good a will that he felt the bone of his nose yield to the pressure of his knuckles. The superb tomb of Henry VII, that of Margaret of Richmond, in Westminster-abbey, and that of Dr Young, in the Roll’s chapel, are done by Torregiano.—*Walpole’s Anecdotes, &c.*

In 1523, died William Lily, an industrious and useful scholar. He was born at Odiam, Hants, in 1466, and bred at Magdalen college, Oxon. Thence, prompted by the bigotry of his age, he went on a pilgrimage

to the Holy Land. To Lily, this wild expedition was the source of science; residing five years in Rhodes, he became, by the assistance of some learned refugees from the capital of the Turks, a complete master of the Greek tongue; and, by studying the Roman classics under two eminent professors in Italy, he gained a perfect knowledge of the Latin. He now returned to London, where a school, in which he taught rhetoric, poetry, and the languages, soon attained to great fame. In 1511, Lily was appointed by his friend and patron, dean Colet, the first master of St Paul's school, which he had just then built and endowed; where he presided during the rest of his life with great reputation. He fell a martyr to the plague. In the composition of his well known Latin grammar, he was assisted by Erasmus, dean Colet, and Thomas Robinson, all celebrated linguists, and the haughty Wolsey condescended to write a recommendatory preface. —*Leland. Bale, &c. apud Henry.*

In the same year, deceased Thomas Lynacre, or Linacer, one of the most polite scholars of the age. He was well descended, born in 1460, at Canterbury, and bred at All Soul's college, Oxford, whence he travelled to Italy. At Bologna he studied under Angelo Politian, whom he is said to have surpassed in pure latinity. At Florence, he was much regarded by the duke Lorenzo, and became perfect in Greek by the assistance of Demetrius Chalcondylas, a Constantinopolitan fugitive. He studied philosophy at Rome under Hermolaus Barbarus; and on his return to England was successively appointed physician to Henry VII and VIII, prince Edward, and the princess Mary. He translated many difficult pieces from the Greek of Galen; gave lectures on medicine at Oxford, to which university he was a benefactor, and founded the College of Physicians in London. Not long before his decease he took holy orders; for this several reasons are given, but none satisfactory. Sir John Cheke says,

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that a little before his death Lynacre began to read the New Testament; but, struck with the purity of its precepts, he hurled it away in a passion, crying, 'Either this is not the gospel, or we are not Christians!'—*Aikin*.

The damask rose is said to have been introduced to England by this eminent physician, not long before his decease.

In 1523, the astrologers having prophesied incessant rains and fearful floods, the abbot of St Bartholomews, in Smithfield, built a house on Harrow-the-Hill, and stored it with provisions. Many persons followed his example and repaired to high places. However, no extraordinary floods appearing, the disappointed soothsayers pacified the people by owning themselves mistaken just one hundred years in the calculation.—*Hall*.

In 1527, the first Scottish martyr to the doctrines of reformation was brought to the stake. Mr Patrick Hamilton, noble by birth and allied to royalty as being nephew to the earl of Arran. During his travels in Germany he imbibed the opinions of Luther so deeply, that he could not, on his return to Scotland, resist the temptation of publicly expressing his aversion to popery. In consequence he was tried and condemned as a heretic; and his execution was accompanied with peculiar circumstances of cruelty. He was only in the twenty-third year of his age, and had the compassion of every spectator.—*Hall. Hakluyt*.

Very soon after this, friar Alexander Seaton, the king's confessor, having preached several sermons on the necessity of repentance and a holy life, and not having mentioned pilgrimages, prayers to saints, &c. as more efficacious, was reprimanded by the archbishop of St Andrew's, and charged with having styled the non-preaching prelates 'Dumb dogs.' The friar replied, with sharpness, and ridiculed his accusers for confounding him with Isaiah and St Paul, who had been quoted by him, and were alone to answer for the

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harsh expressions; finding however that the king looked on him with unusual coolness, he repaired privately to England, where he found protection in the family of the duchess of Suffolk.—*Spottiswood.*

In February 1528, the Londoners were amused by a battle between a Dutch and a French vessel, fought close to London-bridge, to which the former had actually pursued the latter. Walsingham, lieutenant of the Tower, boarded and seized both the combatants, and the matter was left to the council to determine.—*Holinshed.*

In 1530, Mr William Hawkins (father to the great navigator Sir John Hawkins) fitted out a stout ship, the Paul of Plymouth, and sailing to the coast of Guinea and Brasil, began a practice which, although it has been since very profitable to his country, has covered it with disgrace; that of seizing the unfortunate natives of Africa and transporting them to foreign shores, there to end their days in slavery.

In 1531, the wandering bands, styled, 'Gypsies,' were so numerous and noxious in England, that an act was passed to banish them from the realm on pain of imprisonment and confiscation of goods.

The earl of Arran, regent of Scotland, a few years afterward, took a different method to get rid of these hated vagabonds, by ordering all sheriffs and other magistrates to assist John Faw, 'Lord and Earl of Little Egypt,' to collect together his subjects, the gypsies (many of whom had rebelled against Faw, under the guidance of one Sebastian Lalow) that he might carry them back to their own country, as he had engaged to do.—*Pub. Acts.*

This year 1531, two priests and a lawyer suffered death by fire in Smithfield, on account of some disturbances between the superior and inferior clergy. And a cook, named Richard Rous, was boiled to death in the same place, by an *ex post facto* law, for poisoning

seventeen persons in the bishop of Rochester's family.
—*Stow, &c.*

In 1532, died an elegant but unfortunate scholar, Richard Paice; who, from a low extraction in Worcester-shire, had, by his great talents, under the successive patronage of the prelates Langton and Bainbridge, become dean of St Paul's, secretary to the king, and frequently his envoy to foreign parts. He had prepared himself for these great employments by long study, and by a particular attention to languages at Padua, and other Italian universities. From an embassy to Venice, he returned to England sick but laden with kind recommendations from the doge. Soon after his arrival at London he fell into disgrace with cardinal Wolsey; soon he sank beneath the frown of that capricious protector; was sent to the Tower, and in 1532, died raving mad. He was an almost universal linguist, and wrote many curious treatises; one of which is entitled, 'De fructu quæ ex doctrina percipitur:' 'Of the profit which may accrue from learning.'—*Bale. Pitts.*

In 1532, the body of William Tracie, a gentleman of Gloucester-shire, (who had spoken lightly in his last will of prayers to saints, masses for the good of the soul, &c.) was disinterred and burnt, as belonging to a heretic. This brutal transaction displeased the king; he summoned Dr Parker, chancellor of Worcester, who had managed the prosecution; and finding that no writ, 'de heretico comburendo,' had been applied for, made the zealous priest pay 300*l.* for his delinquency.—*Fox.*

In 1532, St James' palace was built by Henry, (it had been an hospital for fourteen leprous maidens) he added to it the remains of York palace, Whitehall, and inclosed the whole (now St James' park) with a wall.—*Hall.*

In 1535, Henry made his courtiers cut their hair short, and did so himself. He also brought into fashion the
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wearing of beards, and the knotting (probably curling) of them.

In June 1540, Sir Edmund Knevet, was adjudged to lose his right hand for striking 'Moster Clere, of Norfolk,' servant to the Lord Surry, within the limits of the court. All was prepared, 'The seryeant of the wood-yard, with his mallet and a blocke, the maister cooke with his knife, the seryeant of the larder to set the knife right on the joint, the seryeant farrier with the searing irons, the seryeant of the poultrie with a cocke, which cocke should have his head smitten off on the same blocke, and with the same knife,' &c. and poor Sir Edmund only requested, that the king would take his *left* and spare his *right* hand, as *that* might, 'yet doo good service to his grace,' when happily he received, on a sudden, his full pardon for limb and goods.—*Holingshed.*

It is said that the earliest law enacted in any country, for the promotion of anatomical knowledge, was one that passed in 1540. It allowed the united companies of Barbers and Surgeons to have yearly the bodies of four criminals to dissect.—*Barrington on Statutes.*

In 1541, died of a fever, (which he caught by too earnestly attending in sultry weather on an ambassador of the emperor) Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder. An elegant poet and a highly-accomplished gentleman. He was born of an honourable family in Kent, at Allington Castle, which he is said (by Fuller) to have repaired and beautified. Camden says he was 'splendide doctus.' Wood calls him, 'the delight of the muses of mankind;' Ascham, Leland, and Sir Thomas Chaloner, are loud in his praise; and Henry earl of Surrey held him as his friend and wrote his epitaph. He had at times great weight with his capricious king, and sometimes he felt his resentment.

Henry delighted in Wyatt's conversation. An apologue of his about 'curs baiting a butcher's dog,' is

said to have caused the fall of Wolsey. Again, when Clement delayed the divorce of Henry and Catherine, 'Lord!' said Sir Thomas, 'that a man cannot repent him of his sins without the pope's leave!' The king heard him, it is said, and determined on the separation from papal authority. When Henry hesitated as to seizing the church lands, he was encouraged by a bon-mot of Wyatt: 'Butter,' said he, 'the rook's nests, and they will not trouble you.' Referring to a distribution of abbey-lands among the nobility. Though attached to the reformation, he was once tried for corresponding with cardinal Pole, immediately after which he was made Sheriff of Kent, and rewarded for his gallantry against the rebels of that country. On the whole, his family, though brave and well-meaning, were unfortunate. His father, Sir Henry, would have been starved in the Tower, had not a cat, with uncommon fidelity, brought him a pigeon; Sir Thomas the elder was tried for his life; and Sir Thomas the younger was executed for treason in the reign of Mary. —*Walpole's Misc. Antiquities.*

Early in 1542, Henry was proclaimed king of Ireland. Soon afterward he sent to the Tower a release for Sir Arthur Plantagenet, (Lord Lisle, natural son to Edward IV.) accompanied by a diamond ring, as a token of returning favour. But the prisoner, unable to bear this reverse of fortune, expired through too much joy. He had been confined on account of a groundless charge concerning Calais. —*Helingshed.*

In 1542-3, a statute passed to prevent the translation of the Bible by Tindal from being read by 'women, artificers, prentices, journeymen, serving men of the degree of yeomen or under.' 'Noble women or gentlewomen,' might read the Bible 'alone, but not to others.' 'The chancellor, the captains of the warres, the king's justices and recorders of townes,' were allowed not only to read but expound. It seems that the magistrates were then used to begin their charges

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charges by a text of scripture; and that the 'Captains of the warres,' (nearly the same in rank as our colonels) were accustomed to preach and expound to their soldiers, as there were no regimental chaplains.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER OF TREATING BEES IN PORTUGAL.

(From Murphy's Travels in Portugal.)

TO form a colony of bees, a spot of ground is chosen for the hives, exposed toward the south or south-east, well sheltered from the northern blasts, and surrounded with shrubs and flowers; of the latter, the best is rose-mary. The richer the neighbouring grounds are, the better; for bees are said to range for food to the distance of a league from their homes. The situation being chosen, lanes must be cut through the shrubby thickets of five or six feet wide. The fences between the lanes should be about the same dimensions, and formed at intervals into small recesses, like bowers or niches, to receive the hives.

The figure of the hives used here in general are cylindrical; in height about twenty-seven inches by fourteen diameter. They are formed of the rind of the cork-tree, and covered with a pan of earthen-ware inverted, the edge of which projects over the hive like a cornice. The whole is fastened with pegs made of some hard and durable wood, and the joints stopped with peat. In the front of the cylinder, at the height of about eight inches, there is a small aperture where the bees enter. The inside is divided into three equal divisions, which are separated by cross sticks: here the bees form their combs or cells.

When the bees swarm, which is usually in the month of May or June, the hives are placed to receive them where

where they alight. If they descend on a tree, they are shaken off: the person who performs this operation must not be afraid of them, as they do not commonly sting unless they are irritated; it will be safer, however, to cover the head with a wire mask, and the hands with gloves.

Some bees are so wild, that they fly away in attempting to collect them, but they may be caught again in this manner: a sheet is placed by night on the ground contiguous to the swarm, and when they alight, the hive is placed over them, with the entrance stopped, then the whole is covered with a sheet, in which they are carried home. But they should not be placed near the hive whence they had originally departed.

When the time arrives for taking out the honey-combs, which is generally in the month of June, when the flowers begin to decay, it should be done in the heat of the day, as the greater part of the bees are then abroad, but not during a high wind, or at the commencement of a new or full moon. The hiver must have his face and hands defended, as above-mentioned, and accompanied by a person holding a chafing-dish, with a coal fire, covered with moist peat, to make the greater smoke: this smoke being infused among the bees from the top of the cylinder, they fly away, or remain intoxicated at the bottom, then the hive is taken to pieces, by drawing out the pins. The combs are cut out without destroying the bees, except two cells, which are left around the hive; lest the bees should feed on what remains, the incision is covered with pulverized clay; after this the hive is put together as before.

The combs should not be taken out but when they are full of honey; it is rarely good the first year the bees assemble. In the months of March and August the wax is taken out, which is lodged in the first division of the hive, after which the bees form other combs, and generate a young colony.

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The hiver should often visit the ground, and repair any accidents that have happened. If snakes frequent the place, they should not be killed, since they do not molest the bees, but destroy the toads and lizards, which are obnoxious to them.

When the hives are decayed, they are taken asunder and fumigated; then the bees forsake their habitations, and take shelter in an adjoining hive, previously prepared for that purpose. This should be performed in the spring, when the flowers begin to open and afford them succour. The same method may be used in taking out the honey; but if repeatedly practised, it will extinguish the colony.

As the bees, in returning from their excursions, are loaded and fatigued, there should be nothing near the hives to obstruct their descent, which is not in a perpendicular course, but in an oblique one.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF

BRAVERY AND LOYALTY.

AT the city of Coimbra, in 1246, an instance of bravery occurred, which deserves to be recorded, it strongly marks the bravery of the ancient Portuguese, and their fidelity to their lawful sovereign. A brave old soldier, named don Martin de Freitas, was appointed governor of the town by don Sancho the second. When his ambitious brother Alonzo, who was about to usurp his crown, had laid siege to it, Freitas, faithful to his trust, and superior to bribes or threats, encouraged the besieged to bury themselves in the ruins of the fortress, rather than yield to a man who would stifle the feelings of a brother, and violate the duty of a subject. Having sustained the siege twelve months, and finding his resources exhausted, he repaired secretly to Toledo, the last asylum of his unfortunate

nate sovereign; but, alas! the prince, weighed down with affliction, a few days before had paid the last debt to nature. The governor, however, was not satisfied till he fulfilled the solemn vow he made; namely, never to deliver up the keys committed to his trust, but to him from whom he received them. Accordingly he ordered his sepulchre to be opened, and put the keys of the city into the cold hand of his generous master. Having thus fulfilled his duty, he returned to Coimbra, which still held out by his order, and then surrendered to Alonzo.

Don Sancho is allowed by most historians to have been a just king, a brave commander, and an affectionate husband. His queen, dona Mecia, according to the superstition of the age, was said to have given him an enchanted draught, to incite his amour, which disturbed his intellects. The clergy, in conjunction with his brother Alonzo, earl of Bologna, were supposed to have been the propagators of this calumny, and the fomenters of the confusions which ensued; till at last the unfortunate prince was deposed by Pope Innocent IV. His beautiful queen was torn from him, conveyed away as a prisoner by one named Raymond Portocarero, and was never heard of more.

CHARACTERS AND ACTIONS

OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR GEORGE HORNE
BISHOP OF NORWICH.

IT will be hereafter a wicked man, when he is punished for his sins, as it was with Apollodorus when he dreamed that he was flead and boiled by the Scythians, and his *heart* spake to him out of the cauldron

auldron.—“Εγώ σοι ἵκταν αἰτία—I am the cause of these thy sufferings.”

Horticulture, as it was the primitive employment of man, so it is what great geniuses, after having passed through the busiest scenes in the political and military world, to retire with pleasure towards the close of their days.—See *Sir W. Temple's Garden of Epicurus*.

A truly great genius doth not think it beneath him to attend to little things. When Paulus Emilius, after his conquest of Macedon, entertained the principal men of Greece, he shewed that he understood the ordering and placing of his guests, and how every man should be received according to his rank and quality, so such an exact nicety, that the Greeks were surprized to find him so expert and careful even about trifles, and that a man engaged in so many weighty affairs should observe a decorum in such little matters. He told them, the same spirit was required in marshalling a banquet, as an army.—See *Plutarch*.

The same Paulus Emilius, when he had followed to the grave two of the best of sons, one a few days before his triumph, the other a few days after it, told a convention of the Romans, that, after such a tide of success, he had feared a reverse of fortune either to them or himself; that he now felt his mind perfectly at rest, as by the stroke falling on him and his family, he looked upon his country to be safe. There is a generosity and greatness of soul in this behaviour not easy to be paralleled, as it came from a heart, says Plutarch, truly sincere, and free from all artifice.

It is observed by Plutarch, that, “as that body is most strong and healthful, which can best support extreme cold and excessive heat, in the change of seasons; and that mind the strongest and firmest, which can best bear prosperity and adversity, and the change from one to the other; so the virtue of Emilius was eminently seen, in that his countenance and carriage were the same upon the loss of two beloved sons, as when he

he had atchieved his greatest victories and triumphs. How doth this example reproach and shame the weakness and inconstancy of Christians!

The old proverb, *Mocking is catching*, was remarkably exemplified in the great Mr Boyle; who, when young, by imitating stuttering children, acquired himself a habit of stuttering, of which he was never afterwards perfectly cured.

Lord Orrery—Dr Bentley's antagonist—was fond of two sorts of company. He either improved himself by conversing with men of real genius and learning, or else diverted himself with those in whose composition there was a mixture of the odd and ridiculous. The foibles of such he would touch and play off with delicacy and tenderness that prevented any offence from being taken even by the parties themselves, who enjoyed the humour, and joined in the laugh as heartily as the rest of the company.

The day after Charles V.—one of the wisest as well as the most fortunate of princes—had resigned all his kingdoms to his son Philip, he introduced, and recommended to his service, his faithful counsellor and secretary, with these remarkable words—"The present I make you to day, is a far more valuable one than that I made you yesterday."

I am ashamed to think, that a little business and few cares should indispose and hinder me in my religious exercises; when I read, that Frederick, King of Prussia, at a time when all his enemies were upon him, and his affairs seemed absolutely desperate, found leisure to write a kind of philosophical testament in French verse.—See *Age of Louis XV.* ii. 213.

Children should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed his hand in signing pardons, and delighted in conveying through his mouth, all the favours that he granted: a noble introduction to

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sovereignty, which is instituted for the happiness of mankind!—*Fortin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History.*

Cyrus had taken the wife of Tigranes, and asked him what he would give, to save her from servitude? He replied, all that he had in the world, and his own life into the bargain. Cyrus, upon this, very generously restored her, and pardoned what had passed. All were full of his praises upon this occasion; some commending the accomplishments of his mind, others those of his person. Tigranes asked his wife, whether she did not greatly admire him. "I never looked at him," said she. "Not look at him!" returned he. "Upon whom, then, did you look?"—"Upon him," replied she, "who offered his own life to redeem me from slavery." This charming example should be copied into our behaviour in the house of God; where we should behold and contemplate the beauties and perfections of that Blessed Person alone, who actually did give his life a ransom for us.—*Xenoph. Cyropæd. iii. 147.*

When Constantine was instigated by his courtiers to make examples of the Arians, who had insulted his statues, he silenced them by raising his hand to his face, and saying—"For mine own part, I do not feel myself hurt."

Would you see human vanity and misery at the highest? Behold the globe of the world carried in procession before the corpse of the Emperor Charles VII. who, during the short course of his wretched reign, could not keep possession of one small, unfortunate province.

Victor Amadeus, tired of business and of himself, capriciously abdicating his crown, and a year afterwards as capriciously repenting, and desiring to have again, displayed fully the weakness of human nature, and how difficult it is to gratify the heart, either with or without a throne.

Claude Lorrain studied his art in the open fields, where he frequently continued from the rising to the

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setting sun. He sketched whatever he thought beautiful or striking, and marked, in similar colours, every curious tinge of light on all kinds of objects. — These were afterwards improved into landscapes, universally allowed to be superior to those of all other artists who have painted in the same style. In like manner, Shakspeare and Ben Johnson travelled and associated with all sorts of people, to mark different *traits* in the characters and tempers of mankind, which were afterwards worked up into their inimitable plays. Every writer should follow these examples, and take down thoughts as they occur in reading or conversing, to be ready for use afterwards, when he sits down to compose.

The late Duke of Grafton, in hunting, was one day thrown into a ditch; at the same instant a horseman, calling out—"Lie still, my Lord!" leaped over his Grace, and pursued his sport. When the Duke's attendants came up, he enquired of them who that person was: and being told it was a young curate in the neighbourhood, his Grace replied—"He shall have the first good living that falls: had he stopped to take care of me, I would never have given him any thing as long as he had lived." Of so much consequence it is to hit the particular turn of a patron.

To the hasty correctors of the *sacred* text may be applied what an ingenious author has observed, when speaking of the critics on *classical* writers—"The learning of the ancients had been long ago obliterated, had every man thought himself at liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not understand."—*Adventurer* xi. 189, No. 58.

Obscurity of expression is elegantly called, by Mrs Montague, "that *mist* common to the *eye* and *more* of literature."—*Essay on Shakspeare*, P. 286.—which, in fact, proves it is not at it's high meridian.

Some make the discharge of the Christian ministry to consist in asserting the rights of the church, and the

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the dignity of their function; others, in a strenuous opposition to the prevailing sectaries, and a zealous attachment to the established church government; a third sort, in examining the speculative points and mystical parts of religion: few, in the mean time, considering either in what the true dignity of the ministerial character consists; or the only end for which government was at all established; or the practical influence, which can alone make speculative points worth our attention—the reformation of the lives of men, and the promotion of their truest happiness here and hereafter.—*Gilpin's Life*, p. 160.

It is observed of King, Bishop of London, in 1611, that he was so constant in preaching, after he was a bishop, that he never missed a Sunday, when his health permitted.—*Biograph. Diſt* from Fuller.

The morning after the Massacre of Paris, when the streets were covered with the bodies of slaughtered men, women, and children, before they were thrown into the Seine, the Catholics bethought themselves of a charitable device, which was, to strip them naked, in order to distribute their bloody clothes to the poor! —*Saint Foix, Histoire de l'Ordre du S. Esprit*.

To the soul confined in this material world, but aspiring to another and a better, apply the following lines—

“————— Pent in his cage
The imprison'd eagle sits, and beats his bars;
His eye is rais'd to heav'n. Tho' many a moon
Has seen him pine in sad captivity—

————— Still he thirsts to dip
His daring pinions in the fount of light.”

Poetical Epistle to Anſley, on the English Poets.

In treating of the human mind, and the management of it, the two great sources of illustration are agriculture and medicine.—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning*, vii. 3.—Our Saviour, therefore, so frequently applied

to them—as the prophets had done before—for the illustration of his doctrine.

Campagne, a celebrated painter, was given to understand, he might have any thing from Cardinal Richelieu, if he would leave the service of the Queen Mother—"Why," said he, "if the Cardinal could make me a better painter, the only thing I am ambitious of, it would be something; but since that is impossible, the only honour I beg of his Eminency is the continuance of his good graces."

It was a saying of Lord Clarendon's father, that he never knew a man to arrive to any degree of reputation in the world, who chose for his friends and companions persons in their qualities inferior, or in their parts not much superior to himself. And Huetius, I think, tells us, that as often as he heard of any one of very eminent character in the republic of letters, he never rested till, by some means or other, he had obtained an introduction to his acquaintance—and this from his earliest youth.

It happened, formerly, that a Rotterdam produced an Erasmus; and it happened, lately, as the General Evening Post—March 14, 1771—informs us, that a goose hatched four-and-twenty Canary birds. But these are events that do not happen every day.

"My Lord," said a prig of a Sheriff once to Judge Burnet, on the circuit, "there is a white bear in our town; your Lordship, be sure, will go and see him; shall I have the honour to attend your Lordship?"—"Why," replied the Judge, "I am afraid it cannot be: because, you know, Mr Sheriff, the bear and I both travel with trumpets; and it has never yet been settled, which should pay the first visit."

The same personage, when he was only plain Tom Burnet, took into his head to write a pamphlet, which did some execution, against the ministry. The great man complained to the bishop; who, sending for Tom—"What," says he, "could induce you to do such

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a thing? I make you a very handsome allowance. You could not write it for bread."—"No, Sir," said Tom. "What did you write it for, then, sirrah?"—"For drink, Sir."

When the Mexican Emperor, Gatimozin, was put upon the rack by the soldiers of Cortes, one of his nobles, who lay in tortures at the same time, complained piteously to his sovereign of the pain he endured. "Do you think," said Gatimozin, "that I lie upon roses?" The nobleman ceased moaning, and expired *in silence*.—When a Christian thinks his sufferings for sin, in sickness, pain, &c. intolerable, let him remember those of *his* Lord, endured patiently on that bed of sorrow, the cross, and he will think so no longer.

When Gatimozin, just taken, was brought into the presence of Cortes, he—Cortes—gave strict orders that the Mexican noblemen, taken with the Emperor, should be secured, and strictly looked to, lest they should escape. "Your care," said Gatimozin, "is needless; they will not fly; they are come to die at the feet of their sovereign!" Such should be the disposition and resolution of the disciples and soldiers of Christ.

Little circumstances convey the most characteristic ideas; but the choice of them may as often paint the genius of the writer, as of the person represented.—Well exemplified in the instance of the Dutchess of Marlborough.—See *Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. ii. 200.

Inscription—not perfectly Augustan—on the Earl of Shrewsbury's sword; *Sum Talboti, pro occidere inimicos*—I am Talbot's, for to slay his foes.

Wraxall, speaking of a cathedral, or abbey, in Livonia, demolished by the Russians, expresses himself thus—"Posterity will see the standard wave where the crucifix has stood, and the matin bell will be succeeded by the trumpet."—P. 278.

In former times, when Lord Keeper North applied close to his studies, and spent his days in his chamber, he was subject to the spleen, and apprehensive of many imaginary diseases; and by way of prevention, he went thick-clad, wore leather skull-caps, and inclined much to physic. But now, when he was made attorney-general, and business flowed in upon him, his complaints vanished, and his skull caps were destined to lie in a drawer, and receive his money.—*Life of Lord Keeper North.*

As men are preferred, their zeal and diligence often remit instead of increasing. Urban III. thus inscribed a letter to Archbishop of Baldwin—"Monacho ferventissimo, Abbati calido, Episcopo tepido, Archiepiscopo remisso."—Most fervent as a Monk, warm as an Abbot, lukewarm as a Bishop, cold as an Archbishop.—*Life of Baldwin in Biog. Britain.*

To *instruct*, and to *govern*, are two things; and a man may do the former well, who does the latter very indifferently. It is part of Dr Allestry's character, as drawn in his epitaph, "Episcopales infulas eadem industria evitavit, qua alii ambiunt; cui rectius visum ecclesiam defendere, instruere, ornare, quam regere."—He shunned the mitre as industriously as others seek it; he chose rather to defend, edify, and adorn, than govern the church.—*Biog. Britain.*

Bishop Andrews, when a lad at the University, used every year to visit his friends in London, and to stay a month with them. During that month, he constantly made it a rule to learn, by the help of a master, some language, or art, to which he was before a stranger. No time was lost.

When the same eminent person first became bishop of Winton, a distant relation, a blacksmith, applied to him, to be *made a gentleman*, i. e. to be ordained, and provided with a good benefice. No, said the Bishop, you shall have the best *forge* in the county—every *man in his own station and order.*

It was a subject whatever never failed for this reason or tract, stocks. Turned to alone with chamber, ed or un written in of the mo Jordanc his busine Being rep said he, i grow reb them to man had i manner of imitating takes. Grove neral ferm treated in siderable n ter reading as much r any thing sermon m such a per kept its g word, and ther questi Remark relative to t Jerusalem w

It was a good rule of Dr Hammond's always to have subject in hand; in which case he observed, that, whatever course of reading he happened to be in, he never failed of meeting with something to his purpose. For this reason, no sooner had he finished one sermon, or tract, but he immediately put another upon the stocks. Thus he was never idle, and all his studies turned to present account. He never walked out alone without a book, and one always lay open in his chamber, from which his servant read, while he dressed or undressed himself. His *Life by Fell*, though written in a style far from clear and agreeable, is one of the most improving books I ever read.

Jordano—Luca—the painter, was so engaged in his business, that he worked at it even on holidays. Being reproached for this by a brother artist—"Why," said he, if I was to let my pencils rest, they would grow rebellious, and I should not be able to bring them to order, without trampling on them." This man had so happy a memory, that he recollected the manner of all the great masters, and had the art of imitating them so well, as to occasion frequent mistakes.

Grove the Presbyterian, published, in 1728, a funeral sermon on the Fear of Death. The subject was treated in so masterly a manner, that a person of considerable rank in the learned world declared, that, after reading it, he could have laid down and died, with as much readiness and satisfaction, as he had ever done any thing in his life.—*Biog. Dict. art. Grove*.—The sermon must have been a good one to have wrought such a persuasion: but how the persuasion would have kept its ground, had the person been taken at his word, and ordered to prepare for instant death, is another question.

Remarkable is the following passage of Josephus, relative to the wickedness of his countrymen before Jerusalem was besieged by the Romans—"That time abounded

abounded with all manner of iniquity, so that none was left undone. Yea, though one endeavoured to invent some new villainy, yet could he invent none that was not then practised."

Sauveur, the French mathematician, when he was about to court his mistress, would not see her, till he had been with a notary, to have the conditions on which he intended to insist reduced into a written form; for the sight of her should not leave him enough master of himself. Like a true mathematician, he proceeded by rule and line, and made his calculations when his head was cool.

Alexander sent Phocion 100 talents—"Why to me more than others?"—"Because he looks upon you as the only just and virtuous man."—"Then let him suffer me to continue so."—Philip before had offered him a large sum. He was pressed to take it, if not for himself, yet for his children. "If my children," cried Phocion, "resemble me, the little spot of ground, with the produce of which I have hitherto lived, and which has raised me to the glory you mention, will be sufficient to maintain them. If it will not, I do not intend to leave them wealth, merely to stimulate and heighten their luxury."

FEMALE PORTRAITS*.

PRINCESS ROYAL.

NO, in goode soothe!—I am not one of those
To breathe out sighes for that vain creature Man

* From an ingenious Work entitled, 'Passages selected by distinguished Personages, on the great Literary Trial of Vortigern and Rowena, a Comi-Tragedy—Whether it be, or be not, from the immortal Pen of Shakspeare?'

THE GLEANER.

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To lorde it o'er me in an unknowne clime!
 Too soone the softe delusion of his tongue
 A changeful husband turns to wanton dames!
 Let others then in patient silence sit,
 And see each Ladie of their Courte carest,
 Or lowlie handmaide of their house preferr'd;
 But I'll ne'er pine, or fade in splendid sorrow,
 Compell'd to weare the semblance of delighte,
 While my swoln harte is rending with its grief!
 In peace domestique rather let me dwell
 Within the bosome of my native isle,
 For barter blessings of a Brittish growthe,
 For foreigne miserie in state array'd!

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

HEAVEN blefs her merrie harte! and keepe all sorrow
 from it!—She is the sweet-tuned fiddle of her
 father's Courte, where no true pastime can be known
 without her!—Each bower, and hall, she decks with
 each true grace, that you might sweare where'er she
 moves, perpetual Spring attends her!—Oh! blith-
 some *Princesses!* long may the mirth of innocence be
 mine, and thou the faire dispenser of its power, to
 turn aside those barbed shaftes, which fate full oft
 to the forge, wherewith to wounde the bosome of a
 King!

PRINCESS MARY.

AMID the princelie blossomes which adorne
 Old *Windsor's* happie shades, can Nature shewe
 A fairer flower to blefs each ravish'd sense?
 More bloominge as she teems in beautie's scale,
 Her minde with all the social graces stor'd
 Grows riper yet in sweete benevolence.—
 Heroic youthes, for chivalrie renown'd,
 When foreigne warfares shall no longer rage,

Turne

THE GLEANER.

Turne to this isle your royale course in peace;
 Here viewing well the lovelie treasure, saie,
 Is't fitting this faire forme should fade unseen,
 Like the pale lillie in sequester'd vale?

PRINCESS OF WALES.

——— SHE came

A lovelie stranger to a foreign clime,
 To seale her virgin vowes, and proudlie winne
 A People's homage! ———
 Rough was her passage o'er! for three long moonen
 The fretful elements conspired in wrathe
 To wrest her from her LORDE—but now arriv'd,
 Of this sweete, tender plante, O thou possessest,
 Keepe from its roote the briars thornie snare,
 And baneful creepinge ivie of a *Courte*:
 So may this fair exoticke blesse our soile,
 And bloome therein at peace!

DUTCHESS OF YORK.

——— THAT's her, the mirrore of her sexe;
 Reflecting graces that adorne her state!
 Viewe ye that eye uplifted, of purest blue?
 Not for her patiente selfe she askes a boone,
 But sighes for blessings wyde on all around her!

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

SAIE, how can earthe's gros meteors long abide,
 When heaven's owne planets topple from their height
 Yon lovelie orbe which now is on the wane,
 And but by shepherdes seene at twilight grey,
 Was once the morning starre that did arise
 Most radiantlie be gemmed!—A gazing worlde
 Confest its genial influence around!
 Wise men did jounie from the East to view't,

and bend in humble adoration of its power!
 At now 'tis falling from its circled heighte,
 To leave a darkened void 'mid beautie's sphere!

DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Soft, unsuspecting sisterhood of mine,
 Give you the hand of innocence bestow'd
 On wooing man—mark well, I praise,
 The temper of his minde!—Oh! wed ye not
 To brutal fullness, in Lordlie shape,
 To lowe vulgaritie disguised in state.
 Preceding this, incautiousslie I fell
 From all the virgin pleasures of my youth,
 To miseries almost confined to me,
 The titled shadowe of a *widowed WIFE*!

COUNTESS OF CHATHAM.

Aye! there's a creature femine, of whome
 The world may prouddie boast.—With store of charmes
 And blandishments that so bedeck the sexe,
 From the yielding of her gentle harte,
 The walk'd fair honour's hand-maid;—earlie shunn'd
 The flaunting scenes of *Courte* parade, to act
 The humbler duties of domestique life.
 Simple attired, as innocent in minde,
 With all the sweete benevolences graced,
 Her polish, 'came by habit so engrained,
 That Slander's biting file could never touch it!

COUNTESS WALDGRAVE.

—Far from the world retired,
 Plaintive widowhood she past her daies!
 The deeplie-graven image of her LORDE,
 Was treasured at her harte, and there faste bound
 The dear pledges of a well-tried love!

Each

Each fleetinge houre she call'd her little traine,
 Looked for some featured copie of their Sire,
 In sonde expectancie that she might trace
 A buddinge likenesse in each youthful minde,
 Sweet proxie of the noble worthe she lost !

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE :

A TALE.

MR JEFFRIES was a rich merchant who lived in the greatest splendour : he kept a vast many servants, and had several carriages. His house in London was spacious, and fitted up in the most costly manner nor was his country seat less magnificent. This gentleman had two sons : Lewis and Archibald. As soon as they were of proper age, they were put under the tuition of a worthy clergyman, who lived at some distance from the metropolis. As these children had been accustomed to a life of indolent indulgence, to do nothing for themselves, and to have servants constantly attending them, they were weak in body, and debilitated in mind. Their wishes, however absurd had always been gratified, and hence, though of much possessed, they were with nothing pleased. Their desires increased from the facility with which they were complied with, and only served to render them fretful and dissatisfied. What they had did not gratify them, and what they wished for, when obtained, pleased them no longer.

Such were the pupils Mr Briant received ; their pride was equal to their indolence, they constantly rang the bell for every trifle they wanted, and gave their orders in the most imperious manner. They complained of the fatigue they endured, because they were obliged

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to walk, instead of having a carriage always at their command.

Mr Briant, who was a man of sense and learning, and who knew much of life, was certain that with such dispositions his pupils could never be happy, notwithstanding the bounty which distinguished their lot.

To possess the means of happiness is not sufficient, unless we know how to apply them; and of this knowledge how many are ignorant! how rarely is plenty enjoyed by those who riot in profusion! how seldom are the sweets of rest tasted by such as have no employment! To subdue superfluous wishes, to learn to prefer what is really good, to what only appears so, is the way to be truly happy. We ought never to shrink even from labour and toil, if by it our virtue is strengthened, or the good of our fellow-creatures is promoted. To subdue every sordid and selfish inclination, and to oppose to them the pure precepts of benevolence and philanthropy, can alone raise any one above that equality, which is the natural inheritance of all.

It was the active, and arduous endeavour of Mr Briant, to erase from the minds of his pupils those pernicious maxims they had long been suffered to indulge; to lead them to nobler aims, than merely living at the expence of others, and passing their time in listless idleness. By degrees he inured them to exercise, and they often assisted him in cultivating a garden which belonged to his house. Eager to imitate what they saw, they were insensibly led to better habits; and their minds as well as their bodies were strengthened by them. They arose early in the morning, which, though at first they found difficult, use soon made agreeable. A delightful walk, or a story from Mr Briant, more than repaid them for every exertion. Their breakfast was rendered entertaining by a recapitulation of the events of the preceding day, and whenever they had performed any praise-worthy action, the

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warmest commendations recompensed their virtue. Their tempers also, which before were sour and morose, were now become pliant and obliging. When they returned in the holidays to their father's house, so great was the alteration a twelvemonth had made, that he could scarcely recognize them as his sons. They were healthy, active, good-tempered, and condescending. Fretfulness no longer made them disgusting, nor did they weary every one with the constant attendance they required. It is impossible to speak the delight of Mr Jeffries upon this occasion, and he gave the most liberal proofs of his gratitude to Mr Briant. At the expiration of their holidays, they returned to their improvements, and their useful avocations. Beside the studies and accomplishments deemed necessary for their rank, they were instructed by Mr Briant in the knowledge of agriculture, in all its various and useful branches. They were astonished to see by what numerous and extensive labours man is supplied with food; and in proportion as they saw how much they depended upon others, they became more affable and obliging. They would frequently go into the fields to see the plough open the bosom of the earth, the sower scatter the seeds, and the harrow finish the toil; they would watch the seed as it broke through the ground, and the green blade as it began to sprout. In the joyous time of harvest, they would assist the poor gleaners, and intreat Mr Briant to throw them a few handfuls from the rich sheaves. By this conduct they endeared themselves to every one, and there was scarcely a cottager in the village who had not cause to revere the name of Lewis and Archibald. Far from despising the menial, but useful offices of life, they felt the greatest pleasure in rendering themselves useful. They no longer sighed for a gilded coach, nor a numerous train of useless dependents.

Their progress in learning was equal to the improvements of their minds, and whatever advantages they might

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might derive from their rank, were far inferior to those their intrinsic merit bestowed.

At length, after finishing their studies at Oxford, they returned to their father, such sons as any father might delight to own. The splendour, the opulence which surrounded them, gave them frequent opportunities of being serviceable to their fellow-creatures; nor did they ever let such opportunities pass unheeded.

But, alas! how uncertain is every thing mortal! Mr Jeffries, whose success in life had hitherto been invincible, now experienced a cruel reverse. The sudden breaking out of war first involved him in difficulties, and a house, with whom he had very large connections, stopping payment, plunged him still deeper in ruin. The information of several ships which were freighted for him being captured, completed the blow; after all his debts were paid he found himself master of little more than 4000*l*. This, to a man who had been accustomed to spend such a sum as the yearly expenses of his household, was but a degree removed from poverty. In the first agony of grief and disappointment, he abandoned himself to despair, till the affectionate and dutiful attention of his sons recalled him to reason and reflection. They made use of every soothing argument they thought likely to comfort him, and added, as neither guilt nor imprudence had been the cause of his misfortunes, he could in no respect upbraid himself; but must endeavour more calmly to submit to the dispensations of heaven. 'We are young,' said they, 'healthy, and strong, and by our labour we will still support you in ease and plenty; long enough have you thus supported us. We have now an opportunity of shewing our gratitude; so sweet will be the offices, that the melancholy occasion which called it forth, shall be wholly forgotten.' The afflicted father made no answer, but folded them tenderly to his bosom. By the advice of his friends, and the concurring wishes of his own breast, he determined to

leave England, as he could not bear that the place which had witnessed his former grandeur, should behold his present abasement. He had unfortunately been accustomed to look on wealth as the only means of happiness; the luxuries it afforded, the respect it commanded, were dearer than ever to his bosom; and though while he possessed riches, he was still anxious for more, and still found that accumulation satisfied not his wishes, nor at all added to his real enjoyments, he could now neither resign his wealth with fortitude, nor bear its loss with submission. He had a lesson to learn which to him was very difficult, that industry and content are better securities of happiness, than wealth and parade. The small sum which was left of his immense riches, he proposed laying out in the purchase of some land in Jamaica; whither with his two sons he immediately repaired.

Lewis and Archibald, whose education had furnished them with resources of which no chance could deprive them, and which enabled them to live contentedly in any sphere, sympathized most sincerely in the afflictions of their father, and by their dutiful and unremitted attention endeavoured to lighten them; but poverty presented not itself to them in a form so dreadful; they were willing and able to support themselves by active industry, and they possessed sufficient resolution to make their wishes subservient to their power of gratifying them.

On their arrival in the West Indies, they remained, for a few days, at a friend of Mr Jeffries, and then repaired to their own dwelling. This was small, and had been built, not for purposes of luxury, but from motives of convenience; it was sweetly situated, and presented to the eye the most beautiful and romantic scenery that can be imagined.

It is impossible to describe the sensations which the beautifully picturesque views of Jamaica occasioned in Lewis and Archibald, for their father was too much

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absorbed in sorrow, to be sensible of such pleasures. They ascended a neighbouring hill to contemplate at leisure the lovely scene. From this eminence they beheld rivers winding in a majestic course along the rich plain, and in some places skirted by woods decked with perpetual verdure. There rich savannahs opened to distant scenes, where the foot of European had seldom trod. Every thing which could please the eye, all that could satiate avarice, and gratify luxury, were here combined! But, ah! dreadful were the means by which the latter were accomplished. Here poor, toiling wretches dragged on a miserable existence, to contribute to the artificial wants of others; and while plenty smiled around them, they were obliged to satisfy the cravings of hunger with a piece of dried fish, their common and scanty fare!

In the generous, the humane, the well-formed minds of Lewis and Archibald, such an abuse of power could create no other sensations than detestation of the oppressor, and pity for the oppressed; and they resolved, if Providence should so far prosper their industry as to place them in a higher station, their dependents should sweeten the bread of labour with the smiles of freedom.

They were soon employed in cultivating the little ground their father possessed, and this, so far from considering as a degradation, was the source of their highest pleasures: they were giving the strongest proofs of filial affection, they were returning some part of the debt they had contracted with their late munificent father.

In a country so bountiful as Jamaica, the necessities of life were easily procured; but Lewis and his brother sought for their father those luxuries to which he was still but too much attached.

Their little plantation flourished beyond their most sanguine expectations, and bestowed an ample reward on their pious industry. The next year they increased

their quantity of land, and had again the most abundant crops. They now found it necessary to employ more servants, but slavery contaminated not their labours. The generous youths gave them emancipation, and then hired them, leaving them so far masters of themselves, as to be able to leave their situation whenever it became unpleasant.

Increasing wealth did not, in Lewis and Archibald, create avarice or nurture pride; on the contrary, they were equally moderate in their desires, and affable and courteous in their manners. Their servants, unaccustomed to such kind treatment as they now experienced, were as much attached to them from affection, as from duty.

In the course of twenty years, by their industry, upright integrity, and the blessings of heaven, they acquired a very large fortune, and now, with their father, returned to England. There they lived, not to squander, but to enjoy their wealth; to taste the only real delight wealth can impart, that of assisting the needy, and comforting the afflicted.

Mr Jeffries lived not long after his return to England, and on his death-bed, calling his sons and friends around him, he spoke to them thus: 'Twenty years have I been supported by the industry of my sons; who have much more than repaid, whatever they may have received from me. They have been resigned in adversity, cheerful in the midst of affliction, have patiently borne with all my infirmities, and have been the unshaken props of my old age. Heaven has looked upon them with its most favouring eye, and has amply rewarded their exemplary virtue. May their sons deserve, and receive from them such praises as, even now, it is my delight to bestow! In the midst of plenty, even when fortune smiled upon me, I never experienced half the real pleasure the worth of my children has imparted to my heart. Oh, deserving objects of my fondest affection, receive my blessing; accept

except all the gratitude a parent can bestow !' Here he ceased, the shades of death closed his eyes, and he sunk to eternal repose.

As soon as Lewis and Archibald had paid the last duties to their father, they hastened to Mr Briant, whom they considered as a second parent, to testify to him that gratitude which warmed their bosoms. It was to him they owed the early culture of their hearts ; it was he who had first led them to the paths of virtue, and taught them those useful exercises, which, as they are conducive to the support of man, no one ought to be ashamed to perform. The mutability of human affairs may convince us, that he who is born to riches is not always secure of their possession. Some unlooked for storm may blast his fairest prospects ; some unexpected misfortune destroy his dearest hopes. How helpless, how contemptible is the state of that man, who is bereaved of pleasures whose loss he has not fortitude to support, nor knowledge sufficient to regain ! Ignorant of every thing useful, of every thing which makes the real boast of man, he sinks to the grave unnoticed and unlamented. But, on the contrary, what an misfortune take from those, who, like Lewis and Archibald, are capable of supporting themselves under every adversity ; who are not influenced by that false shame which disdains what is useful, because it is menial. Poverty can take but little from those who are temperate and industrious. Heaven seldom fails to reward the labours of virtue, and its blessing is more peculiarly promised to those, who, in all trials, pursue the road of integrity and honour.

THE

THE PRECEPTS OF CARAZAN.

AN ORIENTAL TALE. BY MR. J. JACKSON.

IN the plains of Persia, where the Araxes, foaming along its channel, gently washes the neighbouring fields, Carazan, the venerable Persian, had spent his days. His age was threescore and ten; and his knowledge exceeded all the sons of man. His drink was the crystal rill: his habitation a remote cave, overgrown with moss; and his diet consisted of those natural gifts which are liberally lavished on mankind by the all-bountiful Alla.

The Eastern and Western Worlds had unfolded their sources of learning to his view, and he had profited by them all. Confucius awakened his mind to the study of Nature; the Magii taught him to behold the omniscient power of the Almighty in the construction of flowers; the Bramins pointed out the duty of man, by the actions of beasts; and the Egyptians bowed his soul on the wings of Astronomy, to the knowledge of the ethereal luminaries. He combined, in himself, the learning of all nations, and of sages venerated for piety and scientific knowledge; as the resplendent Mitra unites, in his fervid focus, the scattered beams of lucid light.

It was the practice of Carazan, every morning, to offer up a prayer to Heaven for his preservation and health, before he tasted of any refreshment. He had therefore, one morning, according to this practice, retired to a small grotto, that stood fast by a limpid rill; and, in a pious orison, poured forth his soul to the empyreal Dispenser of every good.

As he was thus employed, he was suddenly amazed by a youth's throwing himself at his feet. His gorgeous apparel, the diamonds that adorned the scabbard

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his scymitar, and his majestic stature, bespoke him prince.

Carazan was astonished : he recoiled from him, as the wary traveller from the deathful serpent, that lies hidden in the burning sands of Lybia ; and was leaving the grotto, when the youth, catching hold of his garment, thus addressed him——

“ Venerable Sage ! pardon the presumption of youth, and the forcible manner of my entrance, till you hear my tale. Behold, reverend father ! Mahmut, the apparent to the imperial diadem of Persia, bend before you. Behold the son of a mighty monarch, whose name states tremble, and treason is no more, craving your advice. I am blessed with every object that the earth affords, but yet I am unhappy. At an early age, ere the beard bristled on my chin, and pronounced me man, I became sad, sorrowful, and melancholy. I sought the sages of my father’s court : I asked them, that I wanted peace of mind ; but, alas ! they could give me none. I was recommended to the humble cottage, since there only Content reigned : but the peasant was displeased with his situation in life ; he longed to become a satrape, and was therefore unhappy. I hastened to the wars ; I braved the front of battle, but, alas ! death and slaughter yielded no pleasure. I plunged into debauchery, voluptuousness, and lust ; and, after long swimming on the fascinating lake of luxury, emerged only to feel poignant assaults of my conscience. I come, now, my Carazan, to implore your assistance and advice ; if you know the spot, the manner, or the race, which, or with whom, Happiness resides, deign to impart that knowledge to an unhappy though royal wanderer.”

The simplicity and manly eloquence of the prince, unaffected deportment, and engaging mein, caught the heart of the aged Persian. A sweet tear of sensibility

stability fell from his eye; and, raising the suppliant from the earth, he thus replied—

“Arise, my son, and may the almighty Alla direct my tongue to teach you happiness! Whatever knowledge I have gained, the faithful lips of Carazan shall unfold. You have sought happiness, but in vain; your researches were frustrated, because they were directed to wrong objects. Happiness is not restricted to any class of beings, but lives wholly with Content, and Content may equally reside with the Peasant, the King, and the Sage. The reclaimed libertine may forget his past follies, and quaff her delicious nectar: the king, without debasing his dignity, may eat of her delicious ambrosia.

“To you, Mahmut, Content is, indeed, a stranger! Not because you were hated by her; but because you missed her road, and fell in with her enemies, without knowing them, as the unwary pilgrim will nourish an adder in his bosom, till the point of his sting chastises his temerity. You plunged into the lake of Luxury; but, instead of gaining the bark of Happiness, you tempted the rocks of Satiety, and the quicksands of Gluttony. You sought the habitation of the peasant; but Aftrea has long been banished from the earth, and the Golden Age is now no more. You faced the tremendous front of war, you bade the welkin roar with the cries of dying men; and the Content was, indeed, far from you! Death and Destruction are her inveterate enemies; nor can she ever draw breath, when surrounded by Slaughter and Ruine. Would you, my son, gain Happiness; would you obtain tranquillity of mind; attend to these precepts, and put them in practice—

“First, my son, remember, that you are a prince, and will shortly have to rule an extensive and wealthy empire; be it, then, your care, to make the people love you; to effect this, follow Virtue, and act rightly. Let Vice never seduce your mind to act

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servient to your passions; but restrain the licentious wishes of the one, by the strength and solidity of the other. Pursue Justice; let that be the fundamental law, the grand standard by which all your deeds shall be measured. Inspire your subjects with a veneration for Religion and Virtue, by the example of yourself and court. Reject the vain notion, the frivolous idea, that kings cannot be just, without sacrificing a part of their regal dignity; it reflects honour on a prince, to be impartial and good. Your subjects will love you, without fear; their affections will be the guard of your throne, and their loyalty a barrier to the machinations of treason: their wealth will be the basis of your splendour, and the strength of your administration. Make them behold, in you, at once, a legislator, a father, and a protector; the guardian of their laws, the defender of their rights: and cease not, on your part, to consider them as your children. Let mutual love rivet you together, by the strongest of all ties; and happiness shall spread over your empire, blessed with plenty and peace. Your subjects will twine around your throne, as the ivy twines around the oak; you shall support them as the oak does the ivy: thus, united together, what treason can ever succeed? what daring friend of sedition will be able to elude the bow-string?

"Above all, blooming Mahmut! preserve a good conscience: that is the foundation of happiness; and, even should the Angel of Adversity smite you, still shall you be happy. But that idea I eradicate from my mind! Alla shall strengthen your power; and your subjects' love shall defeat every attack of misfortune: your life shall pass away, undisturbed by the reproaches of conscience, the vengeance of Heaven, or discontentments and rebellions of your people—as this limpid stream glides along, unchoaked by sedges, or obstructed by any other impediment.

"Thus, by attending to the precepts of Virtue, and practising them with exactness and self denial, you shall

shall live in peace and tranquillity, delight and prosperity, till the Angel of Death shall seize you in his grasp that the everlasting Genii may usher you into the regions of immortality. Then shall you retire from the dark, terrestrial hall; revered and regretted by men for your justice and impartiality, and beloved by the myriads of heaven, for your piety and righteousness.

While he thus spoke, Mahmut—who still kept his eyes on the ground—felt a divine fire glowing within him: his heart vibrated to the sweet voice of Morality; and he perceived the mists of Superstition and Prejudice, and the dense clouds of Ignorance and Error, vanish from his view, as the thick clouds of night fly at the approach of day. A calm serenity settled on his mind, as the ocean becomes gentle after a hurricane. He looked up, to thank his preceptor; but he was gone, neither could any traces of him be found. It is, however, written in the golden manuscript of Truth, deposited in the celestial temple of Virtue, that he was immediately translated to the mansions of permanent Felicity; and now tunes his lyre to the music of Alla, amidst the celestial choirs of Paradise.

THE HAPPY FIRE SIDE.

THE hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Palemon in his elbow chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new-made bride;
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid;

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By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humour play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd ;
She stole an am'rous kiss,
And blushing, modestly confess'd
The fulness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate
Just so to live and love.

Be this eternity, he cried,
And let no more be given ;
Continue thus my lov'd Fire Side,
I ask no other heaven.

L'AMOUR.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

(Just Published.)

WHEN Love was born of race divine,
When dire intrigues disturb'd Cythera's joy ;
Till Venus cry'd—"A mother's heart is mine ;
"None but myself shall nurse my boy."

But infant as he was, the child,
In that divine embrace, enchanted lay ;
And, by the beauty of the vase beguill'd,
Forgot the beverage—and pin'd away.

"And must my offspring languish in my sight ?"
(Alive to all a mother's pain,
The Queen of Beauty thus her court address'd)
"No: let the most discreet of all my train,

O

"Receive

“Receive him to her breast;
 “Think all, he is the god of young delight.”

Then *Tenderness* with *Candour* join'd,
 And *Gaiety*, the charming office sought;
 Nor even *Delicacy* stay'd behind?

But none of those fair graces brought
 Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he pin'd.
 Fond hearts unto *Compliance* seem'd inclin'd,

But she had surely spoil'd the boy;
 And sad experience forbade a thought
 On the wild goddess of voluptuous joy.

Long undecided lay th' important choice,
 Till of the beautifuls court at length a voice
 Pronounc'd the name of *Hope*:—the conscious child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.

Enjoyment, who 'tis said, averr'd,
 The charge belong'd to her alone,
 Jealous that *Hope* had been prefer'd,
 Laid snares to make the babe her own.

Of *Innocence* the garb she took—
 The blushing mein, the downcast look;
 And came her services to proffer;
 And *Hope*—(what has not *Hope* believ'd?)
 By that seducing air deceiv'd,
 Accepted of the offer.

It happen'd that to sleep inclin'd,
 Deluded *Hope*, for one short hour,
 To that false *Innocence*'s power,
 Her little charge consign'd.

The goddess then her lap with sweetmeats fill'd,
 And gave, in handfuls gave the treach'rous store,
 A wild delirium first the infant thrill'd;
 But soon upon her breast he sunk—to wake no more.

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THE BLUSH.

BY THE CELEBRATED MRS P——.

CAN my own blood betray me to disgrace,
 Fill me with shame, and triumph in my face?
 Thou base deserter of my better part,
 That hast so long inhabited my heart,
 To leave thy dearest native mansion seat,
 Unguarded and expos'd to love and fate;
 Had you but kept your place, no room had been
 To let the bold invader, Damon, in;
 But while in pomp you in my cheeks were set,
 He the possession of my heart did get:
 Now you, my treacherous wanderer, may stay,
 And new confusion to my heart convey;
 You've business now of consequence to tell;
 But see the gentle task you manage well:
 Do not appear in all your furious flame,
 And you may give a charm as well as fame:
 Thou tell-tale of the mind, who will reveal
 The very truth I charg'd you to conceal;
 If secret joys from Damon's sight arise,
 Why must you tell it at my glowing eyes;
 I could forgive thee too, didst thou proceed
 From conscious guilt, or some inglorious deed;
 For I should be ashamed, of doing ill,
 And compensation make by blushing still:
 But e'en in innocence *you* are my foe,
 And what I cautious would not seem to know,
 You, will betray, my love, and all my passion shew;
 Shame and confusion dwell upon my face,
 While every one their diff'rent censures pass.
 Ah! Damon, you beheld my colour start,
 And then you seiz'd on my unguarded heart;
 But sure it was a treacherous coward's part:

You watch'd the sentinal abroad, and then
 Surpris'd his post, e'er he return'd again :
 But, Damon, if within my heart you lie,
 There will I keep you pris'ner till you die :
 For without blood you can no more live there,
 Than sparrows in receivers without air.

But oh ! ye maids, who can't your love conceal,
 Who should by conscious blushes flame reveal,
 Tho' teiz'd by raillery, with torture wrung,
 Never confess the cause from whence it sprung :
 Learn, learn from me, the real cause perplex,
 And wisely hide the weakness of your sex ;
 And while the glowing blood shall upward move,
 Say 'tis for joy and triumph, not for love.

ON CARDS, AFTER WINNING.

" **O**F inventions the first, worth the best of rewards,"
 Cries my Lady Cutwell, " was the invention
 of cards ;

For how dull would be life, if it were not to play
 At dear Whist the whole night, and good part of the day ?
 When our topics are spent, and the talk's at a stand,
 We have instant relief if we take cards in hand ;
 They afford us much matter as dealing we sit,
 To remark on, and show off our judgment and wit.
 Very strangers that had not before ever met,
 By the time a game's over quite intimate get ;
 To all these good effects which arise out of play,
 We may add, that it makes us good humour'd and gay "

It was after my Lady some rubbers had gain'd,
 That so strongly in favour of cards she exclaim'd.

ON

ON CARDS, AFTER LOSING.

"**W**OU'D that he who found cards out had ne'er
seen the day,

For they're endless the mischiefs that come out of play;
To the very worst purpose cards certainly tend,
For they make us our time and our money mispend:
Conversation's delights they are sure to curtail,
And where cheerfulness should, they make care to
prevail;

They excite between strangers and friends sudden strife,
And—what the worst of all is—betwixt man and wife."

'Twas the same Lady Cutwell, beginning to lose;
That the cards in this manner went on to abuse.

As it is with the cards, so it is with the rest,
We approve or condemn as it suits us the best.

DEAN SWIFT'S CURATE.

I March'd three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to great St Mary;
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipt two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
While thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run:

All this perform'd by Robert Hewitt ;
What mortal else could e'er get through it.

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE II. AND III. PARTS OF MADAME ROLAND'S
APPEAL TO IMPARTIAL POSTERITY.

(From the Analytical Review.)

SOME interested persons having raised a suspicion against the authenticity of these writings, the editor, Mr Bose, has annexed the following *advertisement* to the original publication.

' Royalism and terrorism endeavour to excite doubts in the public mind concerning the authenticity of these writings. Both wish to suspend their sale : the former with the intention of favouring a counter-revolution, by aspersing a minister, whose firm and wise administration proved that France might be happy under a republican form of government ; the latter, that they may not be held up to public view as the real authors of our present situation, and with the hope of being able to diminish the horror with which their crimes must necessarily inspire all those to whom they shall be faithfully narrated.

' I request all good citizens, whose faith may have been staggered by their insinuations, to consider, first, that nobody but Madame Roland could detail an infinite number of circumstances, with which she alone could be acquainted ; secondly, that every writer has his appropriate style, and that the manner of Madame Roland is sufficiently original to prevent its being easily confounded with that of another ; in the third place, that my signature certifies the truth, and that all who please may come to my house and convince themselves that

that the whole of the manuscript is in the hand-writing of my unfortunate friend.

Paris, 4th floreal, 3d year of the republic.

BOSC.

Entirely satisfied as we are, from the strongest internal evidence, as well as from Mr Bosc's attestation, that these papers are authentic, we proceed to give our readers some information concerning the contents of the second and third parts.

The first thirty-two pages of the *second* part, relating to Roland's first administration, consist, in a great measure, of matter which has already been presented to the reader in another shape; having been written by Madame R. when she supposed her *historical memoirs* entirely destroyed. The French editor did not think proper to suppress it; and his example has been followed in the translation, because this part of the narrative contains many brilliant and interesting passages not in the preceding part of the work, among which will be found her opinion of her countrymen Thomas Pain and David Williams, and the following sketch of the character of Lewis XVI.

PART II. p. 8. 'Lewis XVI. behaved to his new ministers with the greatest appearance of frankness and good nature. This man was not precisely what he was depicted by those who took a pleasure in villifying him; he was neither the brutish blockhead, who was held up to the contempt of the people; nor was he the honest, kind, and sensible creature, whom his friends extolled to the skies. Nature had endowed him with ordinary faculties, which would have done very well in an obscure station, but he was depraved by his princely education, and ruined by his mediocrity in difficult times, when his safety could be effected only by the union of genius and virtue. A common understanding, educated for the throne, and taught dissimulation from the earliest infancy, has a great advantage in dealing with mankind. The art of shewing to each person

person only what it is proper for him to see, is in him no more than a habit, the practice of which gives him the appearance of ability; but a man must be born an idiot indeed to appear a fool in similar circumstances. Lewis XVI. had besides an excellent memory, and an active turn of mind; was never idle, and read a great deal. He had also a ready recollection of the various treaties existing between France and the neighbouring nations: was well versed in history, and was the best geographer in the kingdom. His knowledge of the names, and his application of them to the faces, of all the persons about the court to whom they belonged, as well as his acquaintance with the anecdotes peculiar to each, had been extended to all the individuals who had distinguished themselves in any manner during the revolution; so that it was impossible to present to him a candidate for any place, concerning whom he had not formed an opinion, founded on particular facts. But Lewis XVI. without elevation of soul, energy of mind, or firmness of character, had suffered his views to be still further contracted, and his sentiments to be twisted, if I may use the expression, by religious prejudices, and jesuitical principles. Elevated ideas of religion, a belief in God, and the hope of immortality accord very well with philosophy, and fix it upon a broader basis, at the same time that they compose the best ornaments of the superstructure. Woe to the legislators who despise these powerful means of inspiring the political virtues, and of preserving the morals of the people! Even if they were illusions yet unborn, it would be necessary to create and foster them for the consolation of mankind. But the religion of our priests presents nothing but objects of puerile fear, and miserable practices, to supply the place of good actions; and it sanctifies besides all the maxims of despotism which the authority of the church calls in to its aid. Lewis XVI. was afraid of Hell, and of excommunication: with such weakness as this it was impossible not

to

make a despicable king. If he had been born two centuries before, and his wife had been a rational woman, he would have made more noise in the world, than so many other princes of the capetian line, who have "fretted their hour upon the stage," without doing either much good or much harm.—But raised to the throne when the profligacy of Lewis xv's court was at the highest, and when the disorder of the finances was extreme, he was led away by a giddy woman, who united with Austrian insolence the presumption of youth and high birth, an inordinate love of pleasure, and all the thoughtlessness of a light mind, and who was herself seduced by the vices of an Asiatic court, for which she had been but too well prepared by the example of her mother.

Particulars of Madame R's rigorous treatment after her second arrestation, and her firm conduct under it, form an interesting part of this volume. Observations are added on the indictment drawn up by Amar against several members of the convention, in which the characters of several of the Brissotine party are delineated, and their conduct, particularly in that of Roland, is indicated. A paper, entitled, *My last thoughts*, shows that Madame R. had formed a design of escaping out of the hands of her persecutors by putting a voluntary termination to her existence; a resolution, which may seem scarcely consistent with her uncommon magnanimity: she, however, changed her purpose upon being summoned as a witness, previously to her being judicially accused. The volume concludes with notes on her trial, and the examination by which it began; a draught of a defence intended to be read to the tribunal; and the particulars of her condemnation and execution. Of the defence, written at the Conciergerie the night after her examination, we shall copy the latter part as an admirable specimen of the dignity and energy with which Madame R. could act and speak on the most trying of all occasions.

P. 135. 'I never manifested my opinions in a way which can be construed into a crime, or which tended to occasion any disturbance. Now, to become an accomplice in any plan whatever, it is necessary to give advice, or to furnish means of execution. I have done neither; I am not then reprehensible in the eye of the law; there is no law to condemn me, or any fact which admits of the application of a law.

'I know that in revolutions, law, as well as justice is often forgotten; and the proof of it is, that I am here. I owe my trial to nothing but the prejudice and violent animosities which arise in times of great agitation, and which are generally directed against those who have been placed in conspicuous situations or are known to possess any energy or spirit. It would have been easy for my courage to put me out of the reach of the sentence I foresaw; but I thought that it rather became me to undergo it; I thought that I owed this example to my country; I thought that if I were to be condemned, it was right to leave tyrants all the odium of sacrificing a woman whose crime was that of possessing some small talents which she never misapplied, a zealous desire for the good of mankind and courage enough to acknowledge her unfortunate friends, and to do homage to virtue at the risk of her life. Those minds that have any claim to greatness are capable of divesting themselves of selfish considerations; they feel that they belong to the whole human race; and their views are directed towards posterity alone. I am the wife of a virtuous man exposed to persecution; I was the friend of men who have been proscribed and immolated by delusion, and the hatred of jealous mediocrity. It is necessary that I should perish in my turn, because it is a rule with tyranny to sacrifice those whom it has grievously oppressed, and to annihilate the very witnesses of its misdeeds. I have this double claim to death from your hands, and I expect it. When innocence walks to the scaffold, at the

command

command of error and perversity, every step she takes
 an advance towards glory. May I be the last victim
 sacrificed to the furious spirit of party! I shall quit
 with joy this unfortunate earth, which swallows up
 the friends of virtue, and drinks the blood of the just.
 Truth! friendship! my country! sacred objects,
 sentiments dear to my heart, accept my last sacrifice.
 My life was devoted to you, and you will render my
 death easy and glorious.

Just heaven! enlighten this unfortunate people for
 whom I desired liberty. . . . Liberty!—It is for the
 noble minds, who despise death, and who know how
 upon occasion to give it to themselves. It is not for
 those weak beings who enter into a composition with
 guilt, and cover their selfishness and cowardice with
 the name of prudence. It is not for those corrupted
 men who rise from the bed of debauchery, or from the
 mire of indigence to feast their eyes upon the blood
 that streams from the scaffold. It is for the wise peo-
 ple who delight in humanity, practise justice, despise
 their flatterers, and respect the truth. As long as you
 are not such a people, O my fellow-citizens! you will
 walk in vain of liberty; instead of liberty you will
 have nothing but licentiousness, of which you will all
 be victims in your turns: you will ask for bread;
 dead bodies will be given you, and at last you will
 bow your necks down to the yoke.

I have neither concealed my sentiments nor my
 opinions. I know that a Roman lady was sent to the
 scaffold for having lamented the loss of her son; I
 know that in times of delusion and party rage, he who
 dares avow himself the friend of the condemned or of
 the proscribed exposes himself to share their fate. But
 I despise death; I never feared any thing but guilt,
 and I will not purchase life at the expence of a base
 subterfuge. Woe to the times! woe to the people
 among whom the doing homage to disregarded truth
 can be attended with danger, and happy he who in
 such circumstances is bold enough to brave it!

It

‘It is now your part to see whether it answers your purpose to condemn me without proof, upon mere matter of opinion, and without the support of an law whatever.’

We add the following brief account of the execution; an event which, while it stamps indelible infamy upon the sanguinary spirit that occasioned it, will transmit the name of the sufferer with immortal honour to posterity.

P. 145. ‘The day when she was condemned, she was neatly dressed in white; and her long black hair flowed loosely to her waist. She would have moved the most savage heart, but those monsters had no heart at all. Her dress, however, was not meant to excite pity; but was chosen as a symbol of the purity of her mind. After her condemnation, she passed through the wicket with a quick step, bespeaking something like joy; and indicated, by an expressive gesture, that she was condemned to die. She had, for the compensation of her misfortune, a man whose fortitude was no equal to her own, but whom she found means to inspire with gaiety, so cheering and so real, that it several times brought a smile upon his face.

‘At the place of execution, she bowed before the statue of Liberty, and pronounced these memorable words: *O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!*’

We now pass on to the third part, containing the first part of Madame R’s *private memoirs*; a part of the work, which will excite more curiosity, and may perhaps, be not less instructive, than the former. The world has read the Confessions of Rousseau; it is now to read an unreserved narrative of the private life of a woman, whose mind was strongly marked with original features,—of one who felt acutely, reasoned strongly, and acted nobly. The circumstance which gave birth to these memoirs, and the state of mind in which they were begun, will appear in the following extract

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PART III. P. 2.—‘Public affairs, and my own private sentiments, have afforded me sufficient matter for thinking, and subjects enough for my pen, during the two months of my imprisonment, without obliging me to have recourse to distant times. Accordingly, the first five weeks were dedicated to *Historical Memoirs*, which formed perhaps no uninteresting collection. They have just been destroyed. I have felt all the bitterness of this loss, which I shall never repair. But I should despise myself, could I suffer my mind to sink under any thing that might occur. In all the troubles I have experienced, the most lively impression of pain has been almost immediately accompanied with the ambition of opposing my strength to the evil, and of surmounting it, either by doing good to others, or by exalting my own courage. Thus misfortune may pursue, but cannot overwhelm me; tyrants may persecute, but never, never shall they debase me. My *Historical Memoirs* are gone: I am about to write others of a private kind; and, prudently accommodating myself to my weakness, at a moment when my feelings are acute; I shall talk of myself, the better to divert those feelings. I shall relate the good and the bad with equal freedom. He who dares not speak well of himself is almost always a coward, who knows and dreads the ill that may be said of him; and he who hesitates to confess his faults has neither the daringness to vindicate, nor the virtue to repair them. Thus frank with respect to myself, I shall observe no restraint towards others. Father, mother, friends, husband, I shall describe as they are, or in the colours in which they appeared to me.’

In this volume are related many particulars of the infancy and childhood of Madame R. which, though in themselves trivial, appear interesting from the manner in which they are exhibited. It will be impossible to peruse this narrative, without admiring the accuracy of delineation, the force of expression, the delicacy

cacy of sentiment, and, above all, the honest frankness, which are its distinguishing characters. For the full gratification of curiosity, and of the nobler principle of sympathy with a sensible and generous mind, we must refer our readers to the work: some idea, however, of the nature and spirit of these memoirs we must endeavour to convey.

Very early in childhood we find Mademoiselle Philipon possessed of an ardent thirst after knowledge. Whatever books came in her way, she read with avidity. At nine years old, Plutarch was her favourite author: she carried his Lives to church instead of her prayer-book. The tenderness of her filial affection; the happy manner in which, under her mother's direction, she united domestic attention with literary and elegant pursuits; the early developement of her devotional feelings; her retreat to a convent to prepare herself for the first communion; the friendship she there contracted; are some of the topics of the first section, which brings the subject of these memoirs to the 13th year of her age.—Though from her infancy deeply tinctured with superstition, her vigorous mind soon made strong efforts towards the exercise of reason. The following is the account which Madame R. gives of the progress of her understanding.

PART III. P. 92.—‘The first thing that shocked me in my religion, which I professed with the seriousness of a solid and consistent mind, was the universal damnation of all those who had not known and believed in it. When, instructed by history, I had well considered the extent of the earth, the succession of ages, the progress of empires, the virtues and errors of so many nations, I found the idea weak, absurd, and impious, of a creator who should devote to eternal torments those innumerable beings, the frail works of his hands, cast on the earth in the midst of so many perils, and in the night of an ignorance which has already proved the source of a thousand misfortunes.—“I am decei-

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ved in this article of my creed, it is evident; am I not equally wrong in some other? Let me examine."—From the moment a catholic has arrived at this point, the church may consider him as lost. I perfectly conceive why the priesthood requires a blind submission, and preaches so ardently that religious credulity, which adopts without examination, and adores without murmuring; this is the basis of their empire, which is destroyed as soon as we begin to investigate. Next to the doctrine of damnation, the absurd idea of infallibility was the most indigestible, and I rejected that like the other. "What then remains," said I, "that is true?"—This became the object of a research continued, during a number of years, with an activity, and sometimes an anxiety, of mind, which it is difficult to describe. Critical, moral, philosophical, and metaphysical writers became my favourite study; I was solicitous to find some one who should assist me in my choice; and their analysis and comparison occupied almost all my attention. I had lost the victorin, my confessor: the good Mr Lallement was dead, to whose honesty and discretion I am happy in an opportunity of giving my testimony. Under the necessity of choosing a successor, my view was directed to the abbe Morel, who belonged to our parish, and whom I had seen at my uncle's: he was a little man, not deficient in understanding, and who professed the utmost austerity of principle, which was the motive that determined me in my choice. When my faith wavered, he was sure to be the first who was informed of it; for I never could tell any thing but the truth; and he was eager to put into my hands the apologists and champions of christianity. Behold me then closeted with the abbe *Ganchat*, the abbe *Bergier*, *Abbadie*, *Holland*, *Clarke*, and others.—I studied them severely, and I sometimes made notes, which I left in the book when I returned it to the abbe Morel, who asked with astonishment if it was I who had written and conceived

them. It is pleasant to remark, that in these books I became acquainted with the authors they pretended to refute, and learned the titles of their works so as to be able to procure them; thus furnishing myself with the arms of deism from the very arsenal of christianity. In this way did the treatise on *Toleration*, the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, *Questions* on the *Encyclopedie*, the *Bon Sens* of the Marquis d'Argens, the *Jewish Letters*, the *Turkish Spy*, *les Mœurs*, *l'Esprit*, *Diderot*, *d'Alembert*, *Raynal*, and the *Système de la Nature*, pass successively through my hands.

The progress of desire, as well as of opinion, is, in the sequel, honestly related, and a delicate confession is made of a painful struggle between nature and superstition.—Mad. Phlipon, at a very early age, imbibed republican ideas and feelings. These are strongly expressed in the following account of the manner in which she was affected by her first visit to the court of Versailles.

P. 106.—‘About this time we made an excursion to Versailles, my mother, my uncle, Mademoiselle d'Hannaches, and myself. This journey had no other object than to shew me the court, the place it inhabited, and to amuse me with its pageantry. We lodged in the palace. Madame le Grand, nurse to the dauphin, well known to my uncle Bimont, by means of her son, of whom I shall have occasion to speak, not being herself on the spot, lent us her apartments. They were in the attic story, in the same corridor with those of the archbishop of Paris, and so close to them, that it was necessary for the prelate to speak in a low tone of voice, to avoid being overheard by us: the same precaution was requisite on our part. Two chambers indifferently furnished, over one of which it was contrived to lodge a valet, and the avenue to which was rendered insupportable by its obscurity and the stench of the closets of ease, were the habitation which a duke and peer of France did not disdain to occupy.

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that he might have the honour of cringing every morning before their majesties; and this servile prelate, meanwhile, was no other than the austere Beaumont. For one entire week we were constant spectators of the great and little covers of the family, sometimes separated, and sometimes united, their parades, their card parties, and the whole round of presentations.

The acquaintance of Madame le Grand facilitated our admission: while Mademoiselle d'Hannaches penetrated with confidence every where, ready to batter down with her name whoever should oppose any resistance, and fancying they must read in her grotesque countenance the ten generations of her genealogy. She recollected two or three guards of the king, whose pedigrees she recounted with minuteness, proving herself precisely the relation of him whose name was the most ancient, and who seemed to possess most consideration at court. The spruce figure of a little clergyman like Bimont, and the imbecil hauteur of the ugly d'Hannaches, were not wholly out of place at Versailles; but the face of my respectable mother, unplastered with rouge, and the sober decency of my apparel, betrayed us to be citizens; and if my youth or my eyes drew forth a word or two, they were modulated with a tone of condescension that gave me no less offence than the compliments of Madame Boismorel. Philosophy, imagination, sentiment and calculation, were all equally exercised in me upon this occasion. I was not insensible to the effects of sumptuousness and magnificence, but I felt indignant that they should be employed to extol certain individuals, already too powerful from circumstances, and totally insignificant in themselves. I preferred seeing the statues in the gardens to the personages of the court; and my mother enquiring if I were pleased with my visit: "Yes," replied I, "if it terminate speedily: a few days longer, and I shall so perfectly detest the persons I behold, that I shall not know what to do with

my hatred."—"What harm do they do you?"—"They give me the feeling of injustice, and oblige me every moment to contemplate absurdity." I sighed at the recollection of Athens, where I could equally have admired the fine arts, without being annoyed with the spectacle of despotism. In imagination I traversed Greece; I assisted at the Olympic games, and I murmured that I was born in France. Enchanted with what I beheld in the Golden period of the republic, I passed over the disorders by which it had been agitated: I forgot the exile of Aristides, the death of Socrates, the condemnation of Phocion. I dreamed not that heaven had reserved me to be witness of errors, similar to those of which *they* were the victims, and to participate in the glory of the same persecution, after having professed the same principles.'

From a charming description of a rural visit to Meudon, we shall copy the following particulars

P. 125.—'One day, after having strolled a long time in an unfrequented part of the wood, we arrived at a solitary spot, which formed the termination of an alley of lofty trees, the silence of which was rarely disturbed by any passenger. The turf was soft and even, and a few clumps, less regularly disposed, served to conceal a little building of two floors, and elegantly constructed. "Ah! what is here?" exclaimed one of us.—Two fine children were playing before the door, which was open. They had neither the unpleasing nor unnatural air that characterises children in a large town, nor those marks of poverty and distress that belong to the country. We approached: we saw upon the left a kitchen garden, with an old man at work in it. We entered, and began a dialogue. The name of the place was *Ville-bonne*; its inhabitant was the waterman of the *Moulin Rouge*, whose office it was to see that the artificial canals of the park were kept in suitable repair. His small salary contributed in part to support a little family, of which the two children were mem-

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bers, and the old man the grandfather. It was the occupation of the mother to take care of the house, of the old man to cultivate the garden, and of the son to carry its produce to market, whenever the avocations of his appointment would allow him. The garden was a long square divided into four parts; a walk sufficiently wide led round; in the centre was a basin of water which facilitated the business of watering the plants; at the farther end was an arbour of yews inclosing a stone bench, inviting at once for rest and shade. Flowers interpersed among the kitchen plants gave the garden an air of gaiety and beauty. The old man, robust and contented, reminded me of the peasant of the banks of the Galesus, whom Virgil has sung. He talked with an obliging air, and in a sensible tone. A taste for simplicity would alone have made such an encounter agreeable: but my fancy did not fail to surround it with a thousand imaginary charms. We asked whether they were in the habit of receiving guests: "Strangers seldom come to this place," said the old man; "scarcely any body finds it; but when they do, we willingly serve to them the produce of our farm-yard and our garden." We expressed a desire to dine with him, and we had a repast of new-laid eggs, pulse, and a salad, in a pretty harbour of honey-suckle behind the house. I never ate a meal with so good an appetite. My heart dilated in contemplating the tranquillity and innocence of so charming a situation. I caressed the children; I acknowledged the old man with reverence. The mother seemed pleased with the task of serving us. They told us of two rooms in their house which they could let for three months to any body that was disposed to hire them. We formed the project of becoming their tenants. This project was never carried into execution; nor have I seen Ville-bonne from that time. Meudon had been our frequent resort before we made this discovery, and we had fixed upon a little inn in the

the village for our lodging, whenever two holidays coming together permitted us to prolong our absence. At this inn, the sign of which I think was the Queen of France, we met with a humorous adventure. We occupied a two-bedded room; in the largest of the beds I slept with my mother; the other, which was in a corner, served my father. One evening, as soon as he was in bed, the fancy took him of drawing his curtains perfectly close, and he pulled them with so good a will as to bring the tester and all its apparatus upon him at once. After a moment of alarm, we began to laugh very heartily at the accident: the tester had fallen in a true perpendicular, so as to form a perfect cage for my father without hurting him. We called for assistance to set him at liberty: the good woman of the house arrived; she was astonished to see her husband stripped of the honours of its capital, and exclaimed with the utmost simplicity, "My God, how could this happen! It is seventeen years since the bed was put up in that very spot; and in all that time it has never budged an inch." The logic of the hostess made me laugh more than the crash of the bed. I recollected it however afterwards, and thought I could offer sufficient reason to compare the arguments I heard in the world with the logic of the landlady of Meudon: upon such occasions I would whisper to my mother, and say, "Now that is as good as the argument of the seventeen years to prove the immortality of the bed."

The remainder of the volume is chiefly employed in amusing descriptions of Mademoiselle Philipon's numerous suitors, and an affecting relation of the sickness and death of her mother.—We shall take our leave of this volume by quoting a passage in which madam Roland expresses her last thoughts concerning religion.

'In the silence of the closet, and the dryness of discussion, I can agree with the atheist or the materialist as to the perfect insolubility of certain questions; but

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in the bosom of the country, and in the contemplation of nature, my soul soars to the vivifying principle that animates all objects, to the almighty intellect that arranges them, to the goodness that infills into them such exquisite charms. Now, that immense walls separate me from those I love, that the accumulated evils of society descend upon us at once as a punishment for seeking its greatest happiness, I look beyond the bounds of life for the reward of our sacrifices, and the felicity of re-union.

How? In what manner? I am ignorant; I only feel that it ought to be so.

The atheist is not, in my eyes, a man of ill faith: I can live with him as well, nay better than with the devotee; for he reasons more; but he is deficient in a certain sense, and his soul does not keep pace with time; he is unmoved at a spectacle the most ravishing, and he hunts for a syllogism, where I am impressed with awe and admiration.

It was not suddenly and at once that I fixed myself in this firm and peaceful seat, in which, enjoying the truths that are demonstrated to me, and resigning myself with confidence to the feelings that constitute happiness, I am content to be ignorant of what cannot be known, without being disturbed by the opinions of others. I compress in a few words the essence of many years meditation and study, in the course of which I have shared the zeal of the theist, the austerity of the atheist, and the indifference of the sceptic. These situations were always accompanied with sincerity, I had no inducement to change my opinions for the purpose of countenancing a relaxation of manners; my system of conduct was fixed beyond the power of prejudice to shake: I sometimes felt the agitation of doubt, but never the torments of fear. I conformed to the established worship, because my age, my sex, my situation, made it my duty to do so; but, incapable of deceit, I said to the abbe Morel, "I come to
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confession for the edification of my neighbour, and the peace of my mother; but I scarcely know what to accuse myself; my situation is so calm, my tastes are so simple, that, though I have no great merit to boast, I have little to reproach myself. Perhaps I am too much engrossed by a wish to please, and too impatient to those about me, when any thing occurs to give me vexation. I am also not sufficiently independent in my judgment of others, and without suffering it to manifest itself, I conceive too hastily aversion to those who appear to me stupid or dull; but in this I will be careful to correct myself. Lastly, in the exercises of religion I give way too much to coldness and indifference; for I acknowledge that we ought to be attentive to whatever we think it requisite to perform, be the motive what it may." The good Morel, who had exhausted his library and his rhetoric to persuade me a believer, had the good sense to be pleased with finding me so reasonable; he exhorted me, however, to distrust the spirit of pride, represented with his force the consolations of religion, thought proper to give me absolution, and was even content that I should attend the holy table three or four times in the year, from philosophical toleration, since it was no longer from the dictates of faith. When I received the divine aliment, I reflected on the words of Cicero, that, to complete the follies of men, with respect to the Deity, it only remained for them to transform him into food, and then to devour him. My mother, increasing daily in piety, I was less able to deviate from the ordinary practices, as there was nothing I so much dreaded as to afflict her.

The 4th part of the translation still remains to be published.

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TROUBLES IN THE WEST ISLES
IN THE YEAR 1586.

THIS commotion in the Western Isles of Scotland did arise, at this time, betwixt the Clan-Donald and Clan-Lean, upon this occasion. Donald Gorme Macdonald of Sleat, travelling from the isle of Sky, to visit his cousin Angus Macdonald of Kintyre, landed with his company in an island called Juray, or Duray, which partly appertaineth to Maclean, partly to Angus Macdonald; and by chance he landed in that part of the island which appertaineth to Maclean, being driven in thither by contrary winds; where they were no sooner on shore, but two outlaws, Macconald Tearreagh and Hutcheon Macgillespick (who were lately fallen out with Donald Gorme) arrived also with a company of men; and understanding that Donald Gorme was there, they secretly took away, by night, a number of cattle out of that part of the island which appertaineth to Maclean, and so they retire again to the sea; thereby thinking to raise a tumult against Donald Gorme, by making the Clan-Lean to believe that this was done by Donald Gorme his men, who lying at a place called Inver-knock-wrick, were suddenly invaded unawares, under silence of the night (neither suspecting nor expecting any such matter), by Sir Lauchlan Maclean and his kin, the Clan-Lean, who had assembled their whole forces against him. Maclean and his people killed, that night, above sixty of the Clan-Donald; Donald Gorme himself with the residue escaped, by going to sleep in a ship that lay in the harbour. Angus Macdonald of Kintyre hearing of this lamentable accident fallen out betwixt his brother-in-law Maclean (whose sister he had married) and his cousin Donald Gorme, he taketh journey into the Sky to visit Donald Gorme, and to see by what means he could work a reconciliation betwixt him and Maclean for the slaughter of Donald

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Gorme his men at Inver-knock-wrick. After Angus had remained a while in the Sky with his cousin, he taketh journey homeward into Kintyre; and in his return he landed in the isle of Mull, and went to Duart (Maclean his chief dwelling place in Mull), against the opinion of his two brethren Coll and Renald, and of his cousin Renald Maccoll, who all persuaded Angus to the contrary: desiring him to send for Maclean, and so to declare unto him how he had sped with his cousin Donald Gorme, and how far he was inclined to a reconciliation; but Angus trusted so much in his brother-in-law Sir Lauchlan Maclean, that he would not hearken unto their counsel; whereupon his two brothers left him, but his cousin Renald Macdonald accompanied him to Duart, where Angus at first was welcomed with great shew of kindness; but he with all his company were taken prisoners by Sir Lauchlan Maclean the next day after their arrival, Renald Maccoll escaping, and that very hardly. Angus was there detained in captivity, until he did renounce his right and title to the Kinnes of Ila, which properly appertained to the Clan-Donald, and had been by them given in possession for their personal service. Angus was forced to yield, or there to end his days; and for performance of what was desired, Angus gave his eldest son James, and his brother Renald, as pledges, to remain at Duart, until Maclean should get the title of the Kinnes of Ila made over unto him: and so, the pledges being delivered, Angus had his liberty.

Angus Macdonald receiving the wrong at Maclean his hand, besides that which his cousin Donald Gorme had before received at Inver-knock-wrick, he went about by all means to revenge the same; and the better to bring this purposed revenge to pass, he used a policy by a kind of invitation, which was thus: Maclean having gotten the two pledges into his possession, he taketh journey into Ila, to get the performance of what was promised unto him, leaving Renald, one of

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the pledges, fettered in prison at his house of Durat in Mull, and carrying his nephew James (the son of Angus and the other pledge) along with him in his voyage. Being arrived in the isle of Ila, he encamped at Ellan-loch-gorme, a ruinous fort lying upon the Kinnes of Ila. Thereupon Angus Macconald took occasion to invite Maclean to come to Mullintrea; or Mulndrhea (a dwelling place which Angus had well furnished in the isle of Ila), seeing he was better provided of all kind of provision there, than Maclean could be; earnestly intreating him to lie at his house, where he should be as welcome as he could make him; that they should make merry so long as his provision could last, and when that was done, he would go with him. For this custom the islanders have, that when one is invited to another's house, they never depart so long as any provision doth last; and when that is done, they go to the next, and so from one to one, until they make a round from neighbour to neighbour, still carrying the master of the former family with them to the next house: [moreover, all the islanders are of nature very suspicious, full of deceit and evil intention against their neighbours, by whatsoever way they might get them destroyed; besides this, they are so cruel in taking revenge, that neither have they regard to person, time, age, nor cause, as you may partly see in this particular]. Sir Lauchlan Maclean his answer to Angus Macconald his messenger was, that he durst not adventure to go unto him, for mistrust. Angus then replied, that he needed not to mistrust, seeing he had his son and his brother pledges already, whom his friends might keep in their custody until his return; and that, for his own part; he did intend nothing against him but to continue in all brotherly love and affection towards him. Maclean hearing this, seemed to be void of all suspicion, and so resolves to go unto Angus his house; he carried with him James Macconald the pledge (his own ne-

phew and the son of Angus), whom he kept always in his custody, thereby to save himself from danger, if any injury should be offered unto him. He came to Mullintrea, accompanied with eighty-six of kinsfolks and servants, in the month of July 1586, where, at their first arrival, they were made welcome with all courtesy, and sumptuously banqueted all that day; but Angus, in the mean time, had premonished all his friends and wellwishers within Isla to be at his house the same night, at nine of the clock; for he had concluded with himself to kill them all the very first night of their arrival, and still concealed his purpose, until he found the time commodious, and the place proper. So Maclean, being lodged with all his men in a long house that was somewhat distant from other houses, took to be with him his nephew James, the pledge before mentioned, with whom he never parted: but within an hour thereafter, when Angus had assembled his men, to the number of 300 or 400, he placed them all, in order, about the house where Maclean then lay. Angus himself came and called upon Maclean at the door, offering him his reposing drink, which was forgotten to be given him before he went to bed. Maclean answered, that he desired none for that time. Although (said Angus) it be so, yet it is my will that thou arise and come forth to receive it. Then began Maclean to suspect, and so did arise, with his nephew James betwixt his shoulders; thinking, that if present killing was intended against him, he would save himself so long as he could, by the boy. The boy, seeing his father with a bare sword, and a number of his men in like manner about him, cried, with a loud voice, for mercy to his uncle; which was granted, and Maclean immediately removed to a secret chamber till the next morning. Then called Angus to the remanent within, so many as would have their own lives to be saved, that they should come forth (Macconald Tearreagh, and another, whom he named, only excepted); obedi-

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diſcance was made by all the reſt, and theſe two only, fearing the danger, reſuſed to come forth: which Angus perceiving, he commanded incontinent to put fire to the houſe; which was done, ſo that the two men were pitifully burnt to death. This Macconald was the author of theſe troubles; the other was a very near kinfman to Maclean, and of the eldeſt of his ſurname, renowned both for counſel and manhood.

After that the report of Maclean his taking came to the iſle of Mull, Allan Maclean, and ſome others of the Maclean, cauſed a rumour to be ſpread in Ila, that Renald (the brother of Angus Macconald and the other pledge which he had given to Maclean) was ſlain at Duart in Mull, by Maclean his friends; which falſe report was raiſed by Allan Maclean, that thereby Angus Macconald might be moved to kill his priſoner Sir Lauchlan Maclean, and ſo Allan himſelf might ſucceed to Sir Lauchlan; and indeed it wrought this effect, that how ſoon the report came to Angus his ears, that his brother Renald was ſlain, he revenged himſelf fully upon the priſoners; for Maclean his followers were by couples beheaded the days following, by Coll the brother of Angus. The report of this fact at Mullintrea was carried to the Earl of Argyle, who immediately aſſembled his friends, to get Maclean out of Angus his power; but perceiving that they were not able to do it, either by force or fair means, they thought neceſſary to complain to the King. His Maſteſty directed charges to Angus, by a herald of arms, commanding him to reſtore Maclean into the hands of the Earl of Argyle; but the meſſenger was interrupted, and the haven port ſtopped where he ſhould have taken ſhipping towards Ila, and ſo returned home: yet, with exceeding travel made by Captain James Stewart, Chancellor of Scotland; and many ſtrait conditions granted by Maclean unto Angus, Maclean was at laſt exchanged for Renald the brother of Angus, and pledge before mentioned; and for peſformance of

such conditions as Maclean did promise to Angus, at his delivery, he gave his own son, and the son of Macleod of HERRIS, with divers other pledges, to Angus Macconald, who thereupon went into Ireland upon some occasion of business; which Maclean understanding, he invaded the isle of Ila, and burnt a great part of the same, regarding neither the safety of the pledges, nor his faith given before the friends at his delivery. Angus Macconald, returning out of Ireland, did not forget the pledges, who were innocent of what was done unto his lands in his absence; yet, with a great preparation of men and shipping, he went into the islands and TIRHIE, appertaining to Maclean, invading these places with great hostility; where, what by fire, what by sword, and what by water, he destroyed all the men that he could overtake (none excepted), and all sort of beasts that served for domestical use and pleasure of man; and finally, came to the very Bin-moir in Mull, and there killed and chased the Clan-Lean at his pleasure, and so fully revenged himself of his former injuries. Whilst Angus Macconald was thus raging in Mull and TIRHIE, Sir Lauchlan Maclean went into Kintyre, spoiled, wasted, and burnt a great part of the country; and thus, for a while, they did continually vex one another with slaughters and outrages, to the destruction, well near, of all their country and people. In this mean time Sir Lauchlan Maclean did entice and train John Macean of Ardemurchie (one of the Clan Donald) to come unto him unto the isle of Mull, promising him that he would give him his mother in marriage, unto whom the said John Macean had been suitor. John being come unto Mull, in hope of the marriage, Maclean yielded to his desire, thinking thereby to draw John Macean unto his party against Angus Macconald. The marriage was celebrated at Torloishe in Mull; but the same very night John Macean his chamber was forced, himself taken from his bed out of Maclean his mother's arms, and eight

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of his men slain, because he refused to assist Maclean against Angus Macconald. These were (and are to this day) called, in a proverb, *Maclean his Nuptials*. John Macean was detained a whole year in captivity by Maclean; and, at last, was released in exchange of Maclean his son and the rest of the pledges which Angus Macconald had in his hands. These two islanders, Angus Macconald and Maclean, were afterwards written for by the King, and trained unto Edinburgh, the year of God 1591, with promise safely to pass and repass unhurt or molested in their bodies or goods, and were committed both to ward within the Castle of Edinburgh, where they remained not long when they were admitted free, to pass home again, for a pecunial fine, and a remission granted to either of them. Their eldest sons were left as pledges for their obedience in time coming.

NAVAL ADVANTAGES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[From Sir J. SINCLAIR's Thoughts on the Naval Advantages of the British Empire.]

1. **T**HAT nation, in the first place, is the most likely to be powerful at sea, which has the greatest extent of coast, and consequently a greater proportion of whose inhabitants must have a natural predilection for the sea: In this respect, Great Britain claims a preference over every other state in Europe. The sea-line of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of the adjacent islands, is calculated by Sir William Petty to extend to 3800 miles, and is probably more: whereas France, whose coast contains but about 1000 miles of sea-line, is in this important article greatly inferior.

2. The coast of Great Britain and Ireland is not only more extensive than that of any other power in Europe, but is also every where intersected by admirable harbours. Indeed the frequency and violence of the westerly

erly winds which occasion those heaps of sand by which the Dutch ports are blocked up, are the reasons that so many deep and commodious harbours are found upon the English side of the Channel, and so few upon the French and Dutch; an advantage given us by Nature, which never can be equalled by any art or expence of our neighbours. Nay, in respect of extent of coast, and number of havens, France is not only inferior to Spain, but can scarcely stand a comparison with Italy itself.

3. It is also a considerable advantage which Great Britain enjoys, that its harbours are all contiguous to each other, and are not divided, like those of France, by the territories of any other power: this renders it easy for Great Britain to assemble her naval forces upon the shortest notice, and enables her to exert her whole maritime force, with united vigour, against any power with whom she may be at war; whereas the distance between the port of Toulon and Brest is no inconsiderable addition to the many other maritime disadvantages to which France is subjected.

4: But had we fewer harbours, our bays alone would in general answer the purposes of commerce and of war. Whilst the westerly winds blow, which is generally the case above half the year, our ships may ride at anchor with perfect security in our roads. Besides, our anchor-hold is much better than our neighbours can boast of; for our shores generally consist of a stiff clay, chalk, or hard gravel, whilst the French or Dutch have nothing but rocks or loose sand to anchor on.

5. The situation of Great Britain is also extremely favourable to maritime power. It is an island, not confined, as Sicily, to the range of one particular sea, but, unimmured by straits, find no obstruction in sending forth her fleets to every hemisphere. It is also fortunately placed in the very centre of Europe, and along its coast above one half of the trade of Europe must pass. This natural advantage the great De Wit considers to be of the most essential importance.

6. The government for maritime affairs, with which we insisted upon that there is no reason why we are to be better calculated for the improvement of the navy, for raising seamen.

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6. The great advantage which Nature has given us for maritime power, in consequence of the variety of fish, with which our seas abound, need not be strongly insisted upon. It is indeed universally acknowledged, that there is no part in the world where such quantities are to be met with at every season of the year, better calculated, either for the purposes of maintaining the inhabitants of the kingdom, or of serving as a lucrative branch of commerce with other powers, or for raising a valuable addition to the number of our seamen.

7. Foreign commerce is undoubtedly a great source of naval strength; and Great Britain, it is certain, enjoys that advantage to as great, if not a greater extent, than any other power in Europe. But the trade carried on along the coasts of the island is of a more permanent and lasting nature, neither depending upon the fancy of foreigners, nor standing in any dread of competition. Such commerce, therefore, must be accounted the only sure and substantial foundation of naval power. It has been calculated, that the coasting trade itself employs 100,000 sailors; but though that account must be exaggerated, without doubt it breeds a greater number of excellent seamen than any other nation in Europe can boast of.

8. It is also a singular advantage enjoyed by Great Britain, that it not only has a demand for shipping, but is also furnished with the principal materials which shipping requires. I am well aware, that various maritime articles are procured from other countries, which it is supposed impossible for this island itself to furnish; yet this ought rather to be imputed to the inattention of the natives of the island, or to the little encouragement given by the legislature to such productions, than to any national defect in the soil or climate of the country. If other materials, however, must be purchased from abroad, the English oak must always be considered,
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for strength and firmness, to be superior to the timber of our neighbours*.

9. It is well known, that the English were the first who brought the building of ships of war to its present state of perfection, and its ship-wrights still retain, to this high character they formerly acquired for skill in the profession. That advantage, however, pertains no longer in an exclusive manner to this nation. The fatal friendship of that profligate monarch Charles the Second for his ambitious neighbour Lewis, first gave the French an opportunity of acquiring an art, which they have since vainly attempted to turn to the ruin of their instructors.

10. It is impossible also for any nation to carry on an extensive commerce, or to be a great naval power, unless the soil and climate of the country be well calculated for producing proper sustenance for its mariners whilst at sea. In this particular, Great Britain and Ireland lay claim to a great superiority over every state

* *It was formerly an express condition in all contracts for building ships for the royal navy, that they should be built of good substantial English oak. But owing to the scarcity of timber, this restriction has been no longer insisted upon. Soon after the Restoration, plans were proposed by the corporation of ship-wrights, for the preservation and increase of oak, which, after going through all the forms of office, namely being referred first to the Attorney General, and then to the Navy Board, was at last suffered to sleep in oblivion.*

† *Frigates of the present construction were first built by one Pet. English ship-wrights were supposed to be so peculiarly skilful in their profession, that by their charter they were prohibited to communicate their art to any foreign prince or state. The English, says Sir William Temple, keep their neighbours in awe, by the strength of their oak, the art of their ship-wrights, and the invincible courage of their seamen.*

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Europe; the soil and climate of the British islands being much better suited for raising every species of naval provision than either France or Spain; and the superior quality of the food on which they live must render our seamen a more hardy and braver race of men than those of our neighbours.

11. The skill and experience of our seamen cannot be equalled. A very different race of men must be formed along the stormy coasts of this country, from that produced along the Pacific shores of the Mediterranean. Accustomed as our sailors are to brave the dangers of the sea, those storms which appear tremendous to others are not considered by them as attended with any risk. Indeed, if one set of men can be said to enjoy any great superiority over another, it may be safely affirmed, that the British seamen, who are bred along the coasts of these islands, are entitled to that fortunate distinction.

12. An insular situation, in every point of view, whether for naval strength or otherwise, is to be preferred. The sea is undoubtedly the safest and most natural boundary, of which it is very difficult to get the better, and impossible to remove. "Athens," says Xenophon, rules the sea; but as the country of Attica is joined to the continent, it is ravaged by enemies, while the Athenians are engaged in different expeditions. Their leaders suffer their lands to be destroyed, and secure their wealth by sending it to some island. The populace, who were not possessed of lands, have no uneasiness. But if the inhabitants inhabited an island, and besides this enjoyed the empire of the sea, they would, as long as they were possessed of those advantages, be able to annoy others, and at the same time be out of all danger of being annoyed." One could imagine, says Montesquieu, that Xenophon was speaking of England.

In fact, if we made the most of our insular situation, confining our whole attention to maritime affairs,
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and trusted our defence to a militia and to a fleet, would soon appear, that our naval force had scarcely arrived to one half of its natural extent. Almost all our revenue, (at least a much greater part of it than can be done by any continental power whatsoever), might be expended in fitting out our fleets; and when only one object is kept in view, it is surely more likely to be raised to the greatest height of perfection it is capable of, than when the attention is distracted by matters of a different nature.

13. Farther, It is a great advantage, the possession of which our very enemies acknowledge, that the capital of the kingdom is not situated, like that of France, in the heart of the kingdom, but that in London may be seen united all the politeness attending a royal presence with all the spirit and activity that results from an extended commerce, and from naval power. At Paris, says Deslandes, one sees a voluntary idleness, which concerns itself about nothing that does not contribute either to pleasure or amusement; whereas in London none are so blind as not to see, or so obstinate as not to acknowledge, that upon the prosperity of commerce and consequently of naval power, depends the happiness of the state.

Lastly, The character of the English nation, steady in its pursuits, and not apt to be discomposed by every trifling obstacle, seems to be peculiarly calculated for the acquisition of maritime power. Naval strength is not the growth of a day, nor is it possible to retain it when once acquired, without the utmost difficulty, and the most unwearied attention. The English have proved by their conduct, for almost two centuries, the firmness and steadiness of their naval character. Whereas the maritime enthusiasm of the French has only occasionally taken place, and does not seem consistent with the natural bent and genius of the people. Works that require great application, says Cardinal Richelieu, are little calculated for the humour and disposition of the French nation.

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ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND.

[From the Second Volume of HERON'S HISTORY of SCOTLAND.]

IRELAND, for which the flower of the Scottish forces were now about to sail from Ayr, was, next after Britain, the fairest island in these seas. Like Britain, it was probably discovered and visited by the Phœnicians and the Greeks, those first commercial nations of the east, and by their colonies of Carthage, Spain, and Marseilles. Perhaps, ere its existence was known to these, or to any other civilized people, it might receive its first human inhabitants from Spain, from Britain, or even from Scandinavia; by means of some of those innumerable accidents in the fate of mankind, which appear to have gradually dispersed them over the earth, in the early ages of the world, without any grand designs, or extended foresight in themselves. When *Agricola* penetrated, at the head of the Roman legions, into the north-west of Scotland, he there gained such information concerning Ireland, that he was strongly tempted to invade it; and he might possibly have achieved also the conquest of that isle, had he not been too abruptly recalled to Rome. The earliest observations and inquiries that were made concerning the relative circumstances of Scotland and Ireland, discovered the language, the customs, the arts, the manners, the government, and the religion, of the Scots and the Irish, to be the same. Their constant mutual intercourse, friendly or hostile, concurred also to suggest the conjecture, that they must be from one common origin; and the Scots of Irish, or the Irish of Scottish descent. Christianity had not been long believed and preached in Britain, when an Apostle, out of the south-west of Scotland, passed over into the contiguous isle, and, with mighty success, declared the tidings of the gospel to the Irish. *Patrick*, their Apostle, found them to be a rude and simple people; without letters, legis-

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lation, or ingenious arts, thinly dispersed over their territories, the willing slaves of a rude and gross superstition, by which their habits of barbarous life were confirmed and maintained; subject to chiefs, who governed them without laws, but were obeyed only when their commands were pleasing, or when they enforced their will, by savage acts of cruelty; divided into innumerable petty tribes, living in a state of eternal warfare,—of inveterate and general hostility, almost every where exasperated to exterminating fury. The zeal, the genius, and the artifices of Patrick, soon triumphed over the unskilful impostures of the *Druid* priesthood. He won the Druids, and the bards, their brethren, disciples, and assistants, to espouse his doctrines, and to aid the propagation of them. Christianity, as he taught it, was accommodated to the ignorant prejudices, and the rude manners of the people to whom it was preached. It was ingrafted upon the pretences of Druidism, and blended with the traditionary tales of the bards. In this manner, obtaining quickly an universal reception, it seemed for a while to mitigate the ferocity of the new converts, to civilize their barbarism, and to subdue them to the observance of that sublime morality which it taught. But even while it withdrew to a life of religious seclusion, in cells and convents, a greater number of men and women, than had been abstracted from profane society, by Druidism; while the Irish sent out missionaries to convert their kindred neighbours of the Hebrudian isles: The primitive savageness and barbarism of the people, even then prevailed over the genius and spirit of their religion; so that Christianity did not so much exalt and refine the character of the native inhabitants of Ireland, as suffer itself a debasement and corruption, in the manner in which they understood and believed its doctrines, and practised the rites of its worship. The *Anglo-Saxon* conquerors of Britain extended not their ravages or colonization to Ireland. A casual expedition by Egbert

of Northumbria, in the eighth century, devastated the north-east of England, upon their return, and their intercourse with the west and north of the island, and the old Cornwall. In the ninth century, the Danes, by conquest, conquered the western countries of England, and became settled in them. They had no farther views, they invaded a large extent of the monarchy, and consequent, a long series of men, still continued their efforts to break the yoke from their necks, of their conversion to Christianity. The Danes, partially routed at Rome. At the same time, to be regarded as the old Irish warriors, former inhabitants of the island, their arts and manners of the many principles of the Anglo-Saxon, Scottish, and those Irish more illustrious, and obtained an a

of Northumberland, against the Irish, spread, for a time, devastation and carnage over some part of their north-east coast, but accomplished no permanent effects upon their government or manners. An occasional intercourse was still carried on, and colonists alternately went and came, between the eastern coast of Ireland and the opposite shores of Britain from Caithness, to Cornwall. When the *Norse-men*, in the eighth and ninth centuries, descended in naval expeditions for piracy or conquest, upon the coasts of the middle and western countries of Europe, Ireland soon engaged their notice, and became a scene of their depredations and colonial settlement. After various temporary descents, which had no farther object, than the acquisition of plunder, they invaded Armagh with a mighty force, conquered a large extent of territory, and established there a new monarchy; which, within less than half a century subsequent, reduced all Ireland under its dominion. A long series of struggles followed, between the Norse-men, still striving to maintain, to confirm, and to extend their power, and the native Irish, labouring to break the yoke of servitude, and to expel the strangers from their island. The Norse-men were, in the progress of their contentions, converted from paganism to Christianity. The Irish clergy were, during the same time, partially reconciled, and subjected to the church of Rome. At last, the descendants of the invaders, ceased to be regarded as foreigners: The Norse-men and the old Irish were blended together into one people: The former insensibly assumed the language and manners of the latter; and in turn communicated to *them* their arts and institutions. Ireland was now divided into many principalities, as Britain had been in the days of the Anglo-Saxon heptarchy, and the Strathclydian, Scottish, and Pictish kingdoms. Sometimes one of those Irish princes, possessing wider dominion, or a more illustrious personal character than the rest, attained an acknowledged superiority over them, similar

to that which some of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs of all England gained for a time over the petty, but independent princes, who possessed the rest of the British isle. Whatever legal or political institutions held any fixed existence among them, had been introduced by the Norse-men, or had originated in the influence of the clergy, and in the imitation of the order of the Christian church. The first cities in Ireland were built by the Norse colonies: The laws of *Tanistry* were adopted from them: The various spoils of their piratical expeditions, gold, silver, brass, and iron, and many precious productions of the arts, being brought by them into Ireland, and there deposited or lost, were in a future age to be mistaken for relics of the imaginary civilization of the Irish, in some very remote period of unrecorded antiquity.

While thus occupied, and in this state of government and manners, Ireland and its inhabitants began, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, to become continually more and more known to the English. Fugitives from England, on account of crimes or oppression, were accustomed to find refuge in Ireland. The Welsh, in the course of those long contentions by which they resisted the extension of the English dominion, obtained from the Irish frequent aid. The English clergy had laboured, with some success, to reduce those of Ireland into a dependency upon the English metropolitan see of Canterbury. At length, in the usual spirit of those unquiet times, the Norman monarchs of England began to meditate the conquest of Ireland. Henry the Second obtained a bull from the Pope, by which he was formally authorised, in the name of Jesus Christ and his pretended vicegerent, to invade and subdue the Irish people; on condition, that he should reduce them universally to adopt the Romish ritual of worship, to own the supremacy of the Holy Father, and to pay a tribute to St Peter. The intestine wars of the Irish soon presented an opportunity for the English to intermeddle

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intermeddle in their affairs. One of their kings, overcome in war, and expelled from his small kingdom, by a more powerful neighbour, sought protection and aid from Henry. Henry permitted Richard Earl of Strongbow to undertake an expedition, for the purpose of restoring Dermot, the exiled prince, to his throne. The English force, which was, in consequence of these transactions, introduced into Ireland, obtained establishments by the success of their enterprises; and, within no long time, subjected a considerable extent of territory, along the eastern coasts of this isle, to the supreme dominion of the English crown. Dublin, Wexford, and several other places of strength which had been founded by the Norse-men, fell into the hands of the English. After some time, King Henry himself undertook an expedition into Ireland. The Irish chiefs seemed to contend, who should first make his peace with this mighty monarch, by unconditional submission. Only the princes of Connaught and Ulster steadily maintained their independence. The Irish clergy, in a national assembly, acknowledged Henry for the Lord and Sovereign of Ireland, and adopted the ritual of the English church as the rule of their ecclesiastical discipline and worship. Even the laws of England were hastily accepted, to regulate the social relations, and the administration of distributive justice among the Irish. Due measures were taken for the maintenance and extension of the English power; and Henry then departed out of the island. A long series of unremitted wars ensued; in which the Irish chieftains laboured to resist the progress, and to recover the previous conquests of the English; the English, impelled by all the furies of avarice, ambition, and revenge, still pursued their career, and, although not without occasional disasters, continued to enlarge their authority and their possessions among the Irish; the English nobles sometimes combined with the Irish chieftains, against one another, or in rebellious opposition to

their sovereign ; and the Irish chieftains, in like manner, often aided the conquests of the strangers ; while the English and the Irish mutually caught the impression of one another's manners ; and the continual warfare which prevailed throughout the island contributed to throw all its inhabitants back, to a certain degree, into that dark and rugged barbarism, out of which even the Irish had begun to emerge. In the latter years of his reign, Henry sent John, the youngest of his sons, to conduct the Irish government and wars. But neither during the closing reign of his father Henry, nor while he held the lordship of Ireland, under his elder brother Richard, could John complete the conquest of the island, or reduce those Irish, who acknowledged the authority of the English government, into a state of peaceable obedience to the laws. John at length attaining himself to the sovereignty of the English dominions, continued to manage the affairs of Ireland with considerable attention, but with various success, till the whole island was at length brought into nominal subjection to his power. From his son and successor Henry the Third, the Irish obtained the same charter of liberty, which the English barons had wrested from John. During the reign of Edward the First, his lieutenants laboured, with considerable success, to establish the English laws, as the only rules of government and civil intercourse in Ireland ; several parliaments were held ; and Edward drew occasional aid out of Ireland for his French and Scottish wars. Edward II. committed the lieutenancy of Ireland for a short time to his favourite, Piers Gaveston ; nor did Gaveston, in this instance, disgrace his master's choice. But the ancient Irish were not yet reduced to entire submission or orderly obedience. They spurned and struggled like beasts of prey in confinement, and were forever breaking out into acts of outrage, resistance, and desperate hostility. We have seen that they lent aid to Robert Bruce in the beginning of his contest with

the English. They were prizes against the island, upon whom this time valour, the English

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the English. They rejoiced in his progressive success. They were easily tempted to undertake new enterprises against the authority of the English in their island, upon the promise of assistance from the Scots, whom they esteemed their brethren, and who were at this time regarded as heroes, invincible in battle, in valour, and military conduct, infinitely superior to the English.

OF THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF A MAN OF GENIUS.

(From D'ISRAELI on the Genius and Manners of the Literary Characters.)

IF we contemplate the domestic life of a man of genius, we rarely observe him placed in a situation congenial to his pursuits.

The house of a man of letters should be the sanctuary of tranquillity and virtue. The moral duties he inculcates, the philosophic speculations he forms, and the refinements of taste he discloses, should be familiar to his domestic circle. It is then he is great without effort, and eloquent without art.

The porch and the academy of the ancients must have communicated an enthusiasm the moderns can never experience. In the golden age of Greece, a Demosthenes saw himself encompassed by future orators; and Plato listened to the plaudits of future philosophers. It was a moment of delicious rapture, not felt in the solitary meditations of the modern philosopher, in whose mind sensations arise cold and artificial, compared to their burst of sentiment and their fervour of passion.

Yet a virtuous citizen, amidst the dissolution of manners, may give to his residence a Roman austerity, and display the sublime in life, as well as in composition. He may be seated at an attic supper, and,

"Enjoy, spare feast! a radish and an egg."

COWPER.

Nor

Nor is such a purity of manners incompatible with refined passions and delicacy of sentiment ; a penetrating glance, a tender pressure, a silent smile, may infuse into his heart those genuine emotions which are ever wanted, and never found, at tables more splendidly profuse, and more elegantly crowded. A venerable parent, a congenial friend, and a female susceptible of a kindred enthusiasm, are perhaps the utmost number of happy companions, which a fortunate man could ever assemble around him.

Is he deprived of these social consolations, like Johnson ? he calls those whose calamities have exiled them from society ; and his house is an assemblage of the blind, the lame, and the poor. In the ardour of his emotions, he discovers that a word is wanting in the vocabulary of humanity, and, like the Abbé de Saint Pierre, has the honour of fixing a new word in the language ; a word that serves to explain his own actions—*Bienfaisance*.

His look is serene ; for study, not fortune, forms his sole occupation ; and accident cannot injure the stability of his soul, for virtue has long been a habit. Is it inquired why this man appears an anomalous being among his fellow-citizens ?—Because he is the contemporary of the greatest men. He passes his mornings with Cicero and Demosthenes, and gives his nights to Socrates and Plato.

Such an one as the living exemplar of that sublime morality which we learn with our Latin at school, and which, when we come into the world, we consider, like our Latin, to be merely a dead language.

He renders poverty illustrious, and proves that every man may be independent. But we would be independent only in commanding slaves. He who lives like a Spartan in voluptuous Sybaris, is, however, independent ; and this age has produced men who passed the fervours of youth in a philosophical severity, and studied (as some study a language) to become great characters.

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characters. Such were Franklin and Elliot, Chatham and Hume!

The actions and studies of such men are not the only utility they bestow on the world; they leave something of a more diffusive energy; they leave the eternal memory of their CHARACTER; they leave to remotest posterity their immortal vestiges, while virtuous youth contemplates them with enthusiasm, and follows them with confidence.

We close any further reflections on the character of a philosophic writer, and restrain ourselves to observations more obvious, and to facts more usual.

Too often we see the sublimest minds, and the tenderest hearts, sublime and tender only in their productions. They are not surrounded by persons of analogous ideas, who are alone capable of drawing forth their virtues and affections; as the powers of the magnet remain dormant unless applied to particles capable of attraction. We hear of several great men, that they were undutiful sons, because they displeased their fathers in becoming great men—that they were disagreeable companions, because dullness or impertinence wearied—that they were indifferent husbands, because they were united to women who did no honour to the sex. These are ordinary accusations ever received, while it is forgotten that an accusation is not always a crime.

It were not difficult to describe the domestic life of most men of genius, and to observe that their inmates have rendered their Lares but rugged deities. I would never draw conclusions from particular circumstances, such as, that Addison describes his lady under the character of Oceana, and Steele delineates his wife under that of Miss Prue; the one was a stormy ocean, the other a stagnated stream. But I remark that many of the conspicuous blemishes of some of our great compositions may reasonably be attributed to the domestic infelicities of their authors. The desultory life of Camoens

moens probably occasioned the want of connection in his Epic; Milton's distracted family, those numerous passages which escaped erasure; and Cervantes may have been led, through the haste of publication, into those little slips of memory observable in his Satirical Romance. The best years of Meng's life were embittered by the harshness of his father; and it is probable that this domestic persecution, from which he was at length obliged to fly, gave him those morose and saturnine habits which he ever afterwards retained. Of Alonso Cano, a celebrated Spanish painter, it is observed by Mr Cumberland that he would have carried his art much higher, had not the unceasing persecution of the inquisitors deprived him of that tranquillity which is so necessary to the very existence of the fine arts. Our poetry had probably attained to its acme before Pope, had the unfortunate circumstances of Dryden not occasioned his inequalities, his incorrectness, and his copious page.

It is therefore an interesting observation for a man of letters, and an artist, to liberate himself early from domestic anxieties. Let him, like Rousseau, leave the rich financier (though he might become one himself), sell his watch, and issue from the palace in independence and enthusiasm. He must also, if necessary, like Crebillon, be satisfied with the respectable society of a considerable number of greyhounds*. The most ardent passion for glory can alone stimulate to such a retirement; and indeed it is only in solitude that the most eminent geniuses have been formed. Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the parent of genius.

* *Crebillon passed much of his time in solitude, and pleased himself with the company of a dozen fine large dogs in his room, which rendered the approach to our poet as formidable to the timorous as to the delicate.*

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ON THE MEDITATIONS AND CONVERSATIONS
OF MEN OF GENIUS.

[From the Same.]

A CONTINUITY of attention is one of the grand characteristics of genius, and in proportion to the degree of the intenseness of abstraction are its powers often obtained. A work on ABSTRACTION, or the ART of MEDITATION, is a desideratum. It would be a valuable present to all, and might prove of immense advantage to him who never had more than one solitary idea.

Among the regulations of this art, it might not be improper to recommend darkness. Several profound thinkers, could never pursue the operations of their minds, in the distraction of light, when the least remission of thought produces a new object, and an extraneous idea. Mallebranche, and others, closed their shutters when they wished to abstract themselves. That darkness is a great aid to thinking, would appear from what most men experience relative to their thoughts during the night. The silence and obscurity of that time are most friendly to abstraction, and often when sleep forsakes us, and we muse, our thoughts surprise by the vividness of fancy. If at that moment, in the words of one of our most elegant poems, we do not,

"Snatch the faithless fugitives to light."

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

If Memory does not chain the children of Imagination, they are scattered, and fly the beams of the morning. Our mind, among a tumultuous crowd, suddenly finds itself forsaken and solitary. It is at that unregarded period of our existence, that men of moderate capacities feel an extraordinary expansion, and men of genius some of their most original combinations. Yet then, how few, like Pope, have an old woman at hand, to bring pens and paper!

Men

Men of genius must consider themselves as so many vigilant guardians of the infinity of nature. So treacherous is Recollection, and so capriciously does Memory supply her treasures to Fancy, that some of the happiest conceptions of genius are fortuitious; they come, we do not know from where, and spring, we do not know how; but if not seized at the moment of perception, they are like autumnal clouds, whose romantic figures dissolve as we gaze.

It is said that collections have been made, small ones no doubt, of bon-mots by persons who never said but one good thing; it would form no incurious miscellany, if it were possible to select some of those thoughts of great thinkers which were never written. We should find many admirable ones. The painters have this advantage over writers, their slightest sketches are immediately seized, and become as valuable to posterity as their more complete labours.

THE ART OF MEDITATION is an art which we may incessantly exercise, and need not remit for long intervals of repose, as every other art. And yet, notwithstanding the facility of practice, and we should suppose the hourly skill we might obtain, every manual art is brought to perfection, while of the art of the mind millions are yet ignorant of the first rudiments. Quintilian finely observes, that men of genius command it at all times, and in all places. In their walks, at table, and at assemblies, they turn their eye inwards, and can form an artificial solitude. The powers of abstraction, which some men have exercised, appear to puny thinkers to have something of the marvellous; in the regions of the mind; they look like so many Gullivers among a million of Lilliputians. Of Socrates it is said, that he would frequently remain an entire day and night in the same attitude, absorbed in meditation, and why shall we doubt this, when we know that La Fontaine and Thomson, Descartes, and Newton, experienced the same abstraction? In Cicero's Treatise

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on Old Age, Cato praises Caius Sulpitius Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening, and when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprised by the appearance of the morning. Of the Italian poet Marini, it is said, that he was once so absorbed in the revision of his Adonis, that he suffered his leg to be burnt, for some time, without any sensibility.

This enthusiasm renders every thing that surrounds us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene. It is related of a modern astronomer, that one summer-night, when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens shewed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it, and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments, "it must be thus; but I'll go to bed before 'tis late." He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and did not know it.

Enthusiasm, which is active genius, presents an object more singular than genius in its quiescent meditations. The flowing stream is lost in an ocean rolling impetuously. This phrenzy of abstraction, and wonderful agitation of the soul, is required not only in the fine arts, but wherever a great exertion must be employed. It was felt by Gray in his loftiest excursions; and is it not the same power which impels the villager, when, to astonish his rivals in a contest for leaping, he retires back some steps, ferments his mind to a fervent resolution, and clears the eventful bound? It was a maxim with one of our ancient and great admirals, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that a height of passion, amounting to phrenzy, was necessary to qualify a man for that place. A variety of instances might be given of this fine enthusiasm, which has ever accompanied the artist at the moment he produced excellencies.

It has sometimes arisen into a delirium. The soul of

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Rousseau was bewildered in the delusions of fancy, and the momentary dispositions of his mind coloured exterior objects. Petrarch in that minute narrative of a vision in which Laura appeared to him, and Tasso in the conversation with his invisible spirit, expanded their sublime imaginations to a dangerous phrenzy. This delicious inebriation of the heart occasions so intense a delight, that to describe this character of the soul requires, what one of these exquisite minds has called

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!"

The ancients saw nothing short of a divine inspiration in this agitation of the mind. It affects men of genius physically. Fielding says, "I do not doubt but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been written with tears!" He, perhaps, would have been pleased to have confirmed his observation, by the following circumstance. Metastasio has written a beautiful sonnet, on occasion of having shed tears in writing an opera. When the first idea of the Essay on the Arts and Sciences rushed, on the contemplation of Rousseau, it occasioned such a fever of the mind, and trembling of his frame, that it approached to a delirium. The tremors of Dryden, after having written an ode, (a circumstance accidentally handed to us by tradition), were probably not unusual with him.

Chance has preserved but a few of similar instances; this enthusiasm, indeed, can only be observed by men of genius themselves, but when it most powerfully agitates them, they can least perceive it. At that moment of exquisite extravagance, like a religious visionary, they pierce into "the heaven of heavens," and when they return to their chair and their table, the effect has ceased, and the golden hour of sublime rapture must terminate, like other hours, in vulgar appetites that offend Fancy and gratify Nature.

This irritability of mind has sometimes rendered society displeasing to several men of genius. Whenever

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Rousseau passed a morning in company, he says, it was observed that in the evening he was dissatisfied and disturbed. Rousseau may be considered by some as a mind too peculiar to be taken as a guide in our examination into the character of men of genius. If our young authors, however, would meditate on certain parts of his character, their virtues might be more elevated, and their style more exquisite, than the model which any other literary character of this age presents to them.

Absorbed in his meditations, the man of genius lives in one continued series of reflection; always himself, seldom another; frequently the real artist loves nothing but his art, and his very amusements and relaxations receive the impression of this enthusiasm. Not without an apparent haughtiness, which often is but the natural and dignified expression of an elevated mind; and he appears awkward or ignorant of those petty attentions which form the science of those who have no science. A great princess was desirous of seeing one of the first literary characters of the age; her disappointment was inconceivable; he sat awkwardly and silently on his chair, and made the most perplexed bow she had yet seen.

We often view the man of real genius insulated in a brilliant circle; while the intriguing and fashionable author, whose heart is more corrupt than his head, is admired, because he has discovered the art of admiring. The triflers consider him to be a man of genius; he employs their own ideas; both are therefore gratified.

It is however certain, that this abstraction and awkwardness which render a man of genius ridiculous and inconsiderable in the private circle, are the cause of his success with the public. Often his private defects are the source of his public qualities; his bluntness may be a lively perception of truth; his coldness a rigid candour; his tedious discussion may be an accuracy of reasoning, and his disagreeable warmth the ardour

which animates his works with the public. It was the excessive vanity and self-love of Cicero and Voltaire, that gave birth to all their vast designs. To please the public and his circle, is incompatible—to this the frivolous will not assent—when of their numerous body one accomplished trifler shall be acknowledged as a great genius, this observation shall be deemed erroneous. But to close a dispute of the most ancient date, I shall quote the remark of a *Lord*. Shaftsbury (for nobility loses its title and often its rank in the republic of letters) has said, “that it may happen that a person may be so much the worse author for being the finer gentleman.”

Many reasons may be alledged why genius is defective in ordinary conversation; one may be sufficient, the want of analagous ideas. The spirit of fashionable society, and that of study, are incompatible. The language of the politest circle may be defined the art of speaking idly to an idler. To speak idly, is not an acquirement of facility. A man of genius is rarely versant in the fashionable vocabulary, and in a dialogue elegant inanity, which should be rapid and various, he hesitates to find a remote idea, and stops to correct an imperfect expression. How often will it be fortunate for him if he escapes being understood! It is rather singular that our polished society should bear so close a resemblance to the conversations of the Hotentots—of the Hotentots?—Yes! for we are told that they consider *thinking* as the scourge of human nature.

The refined sensibility of men of genius, renders them uneasy companions. They discover a character too early, and too sagaciously, for the interests of conversation. Dunces are excellent companions for dunces; the same ideas, and the same judgments; the opacity of the intellect is no detriment; for, like the blind, they can perform their stated rounds in the night without inconvenience.

A man of genius can rarely be a favourite with such

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a party, even if they should have some taste and some information. His works they applaud, because that is fashionable; but they neglect the author, who may happen to be very unfashionable.

The frivolist author will be the evening favourite; he sports not without grace on the brilliant surface of the soul; but is irrecoverably lost when he passes over its depths; the swan that gracefully glides down rivers would perish on seas. The man of genius sits like a melancholy eagle, whose pinions are clipped, and who is placed to roost among domestic fowls.

A man of genius utters many things in conversation which appear extravagant or absurd: when printed, they are found admirable. How often the public differs from the individual; there may be a century's opinion betwixt them. This reflection reminds me of an Athenian anecdote. A statuary at Athens made a figure of Minerva. Those friends who were admitted into his shop (an ancient custom the moderns preserve) were surprised at its rough strokes and colossal features. Before the artist, they trembled for him; behind him, they calumniated. The man of genius smiled at the one, and forgave the other. When the figure was fixed in a public place, and inspected by the city, and not merely by individuals, the attic judges admired the softness of the traits, and the majesty of the figure. We must never forget that there is a certain distance, at which opinions, as well as statues, are to be viewed! and he who addresses an attic public, knows, that its enlightened sentiments are rarely to be found in a private circle.

It is not necessary to produce instances of the deficiencies of men of genius in conversation. It is sufficient to observe, that the sublime Dante was taciturn or satirical: Addison and Moliere were silent; Corneille and Dryden were no amusing companions. Vaucanson was said to be as much a machine as any he made.

To the intimates of these superior men, who complained

plained of their defects, I would thus have replied—
Do their productions not delight and surprise you?—
You are silent; I beg your pardon. The *public* has informed you of a great name; you would not otherwise have perceived the precious talent of your neighbour. —You have examined his compositions; and would you have him resemble *yourselves*? You know nothing of your friend but his *name*.

A man of genius may, however, be rendered the most agreeable companion. Few artists but are eloquent on the art in which they excel. He is an exquisite instrument, if the hand of the performer knows to call forth the rich confluence of his sounds. If,

“The flying fingers touch into a voice.”

D’AVENANT.

If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacies of his study; or if he be a man of virtue, take him to your bosom. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity, his genius may elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labours of polished composition.

[The following beautiful ode, admirable alike for the classical purity of the style, and for tenderness and energy of sentiment, is believed to have been written by the ingenious Mr W. NICOL, well known as one of the first classical scholars of the present age.]

Ad GULIELMUM CRUICKSHANK, virum in primis ingeniosum, et decus nuper Scholæ Regiæ Edinensis insignæ, cum ille et auctor simul ægrotabant.

O D E.

NUM valetudo tibi restituta est?
Vel gravi morbo misere laboras,
Conjugis, natæ, querulis fatigans
Vocibus aures?

Quomodo

THE GLEANER.

209

Quomodo autem nunc valeam docebo.

Opprimat pectus pituita crassa,

Atque pulmones inimica tussis

Sæviter urget.

Obsidet costas dolar ah! profundus,

Arcet et somnos facilisque gratos;

Injicit sputum mihi dum timorem,

Sanguine tinctum.

Sin velit fatum, moriar libenter;

Nam fatis lusique bibi, comedi;

Nam fatis legi. Superest novum sub

Sole videndum?

Molliter, raptus, tumulto quiescam;

Sive diffundat radios potentes

Phœbus, obscuris nebulisve clarum

Implicet orbem;

Luna seu noctem recreet silentem

Luce pergrata, faciemve condatur;

Sive fors lætis faveat Britannis,

Seu premat illos.

Quod latus mundi arripiant tyranni,

Gallia quisnam potiatur ora,

Horreat regum, moveatque, bella,

Curat an umbra?

VERSES FROM PERU—A POEM,

BY MISS WILLIAMS.

IN ATALIBA's pure, unsullied mind,
Each mental grace, each lib'ral virtue shin'd,
And all uncultur'd by the toils of art,
Bloom'd the dear genuine offspring of the heart:
His gentle spirit love's soft pow'r possess'd,
And stamp'd ALZIRA's image in his breast;
ALZIRA, pure as fancy's infant dreams,
Sweet as the vivid smile that beauty beams,
And form'd each tenderness of soul to prove,
That soothes in friendship, and that charms in love.

But,

But, ah ! in vain the drooping muse would paint,
 (Her accents languid, and her colours faint),
 How dear the joys love's infant wishes sought,
 How mild his spirit, and how pure his thought,
 Ere wealth in fullen pomp was seen to rise,
 And rend the bleeding bosom's fondest ties,
 Fall with his baleful touch th'unfollied flower,
 And crush the blossom in affection's bower !
 Fortune, light nymph, still blest thy sordid slaves,
 Still on the venal heart pour all it craves ;
 Bright in its view may golden visions shine,
 And lost Peruvia ope each glitt'ring mine ;
 And bring the robe that eastern pomp displays,
 The gems that ripen in the torrid blaze,
 Collected may the mingled splendor's stream
 Full on the eye that courts the gaudy beam.
 But ah, mild love ! if haply this late day
 One artless mind avows thy softer sway,
 Pours at thy shrine pure nature's simple strain,
 And strews the heart's sweet incense on thy fane ;
 Give to the breast that scorns each glitt'ring toy,
 Give the delicious thrill of gen'rous joy.
 Ah ! never let thy hapless vot'ry prove !
 The chilling pang of alienated love ;
 And from that agony the spirit save,
 When unrelenting yawns the op'ning grave,
 When death dissolves the ties for ever dear,
 When frantic passion pours her parting tear ;
 With all the cherish'd pains affection feels,
 Hangs on the quiv'ring lip that silence seals,
 Views fondness struggling in the closing eye,
 And marks it mingling in the fault'ring sigh,
 As the lov'd form, while folded to her breast,
 On earth's cold bosom seeks more lasting rest,
 Leaves her fond soul in hopeless grief to mourn,
 Clasp the pale corse, and bathe th'unconscious urn ;
 Mild to the wounds that pierce her bleeding heart,
 Nature's expiring pang, and death's keen dart.

ANECDOTES

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ANECDOTES OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

THE magnificent rewards bestowed in chivalry on the knights were the origin of several lordships and fiefs, and not only enriched, but raised these warriors from an obscure estate to the highest honours. 'Clignet of Brabant (says the monk of St Denys) was made admiral, though he possessed no right to it from his rank, nor from the valour of his ancestors; and he married the countess of Blois, which raised him from a state of miserable indigence to ease and splendour.'

All the writings of the romancers were filled with precepts to the great, in favour of indigent knights; beseeching the former to consider their virtues, to supply their wants, and raise them to the rank they merited. A castle, or a yearly sum, was frequently conferred on a new-made knight; who became the vassal of his patron, and often served him and his knights at table

'When the king of England (says Froissart) had passed the river of Escaut, and set foot on the kingdom of France, he called Henry of Flanders to him, his young page, made him a knight, and gave him two hundred livres Sterling of revenue each year: he also assigned him a sufficiency and wealth in England.'

The tournaments, which often ruined the great lords by the excessive expence attending them, became a source of riches for poor knights. In the distresses of an urgent war, there were no bounds to the liberality of the prince, in his rewards to the knights who had shewn valour in his service; and if brave, a knight who was disengaged from any immediate service might be said to put sovereigns to contribution: also, in duels that were fought in the case of a powerful lord or lady, no favour was deemed sufficient, sometimes not even the participation of their whole fortune, to reward the champion

champion who had sustained their honours, recovered their lands, or obtained revenge of their adversary.

In the assault made on Pontoise, by Charles the Sixth, in 1441, besides conferring the honour of knighthood, he ennobled the first knight who mounted the tower of Frise, and for his valour extended the honour to his posterity; and gave him rich gifts to maintain the rank to which he had raised him. Edward, prince of Wales, after the victory he gained at Poitiers, gave five hundred marks of yearly revenue to James Endele, who had distinguished himself in this action; and retained him as his own Knight. As the latter immediately divided this gift among four of his body squires, who had never quitted his side during the battle,—the Prince of Wales, being informed of it, gave him six hundred marks more. These generous actions are to be noted in many other princes.

A knight also, who rendered himself the superior of a rich Lord by skill in combat, set what price he pleased on the liberty of the vanquished. 'A squire of Picardy (says Froissart) pursued by an English knight-banneret at the defeat of Poitiers, having forced him to surrender, made him, in the end, pay six thousand nobles; and thus, from a poor squire, he became a great and wealthy knight.' And many, after they killed their adversaries, obliged their parents and friends to purchase, at a high price, the mangled and bloody bodies, and the spoils left in the possession of the victor. At a sally made at the siege of Rouen, in 1418, the bodies of the killed were redeemed at four hundred nobles. Some knights, however, used their victories with more moderation, agreeable to the original precepts of chivalry; or, if they did not, their chiefs made memorable examples of them for their inhumanity.

History has preserved the noble speech of the Duke of Lancaster, when he banished for ever from his court a disloyal Knight, whose arms and horse he abandoned

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abandoned to Du Guesclin, and whom he mulcted at a thousand livres: 'I have no pleasure (said the Duke) in people who are guilty of treason, nor are we accustomed to such in our country;—the garden of war is fruitful of game, but not open to beasts of prey.'

It was from these heroic principles, that a young lady, left a rich heiress without protectors,—or a widow, with extensive lands fallen to her possession,—would call to her succour some Knight of known valour and worth: and confide to him, with the title of Viscount of Castellán, the guardship of her castle and her fiefs, and the command of her soldiers maintained for their defence; of which obligations she would sometimes acquit herself, by rewarding with her hand the Knight who had faithfully served her.

Froissart says, in relating the amours of Eustache d'Auberticourt with Madame Isabella de Juliers, 'She often sent him horses for a reward of his valour, and at last crowned the faithful exploits of this her servant, by giving him her hand in marriage.' Such marriages were generally contracted from the advice, and under the favour of sovereigns, born the protectors of the noble orphans and widows of their states: in conciliating the interests of both, they fulfilled at the same time the office of royal guardians, and generous rewarders of the brave Knights in their court: and from this noble attention the most powerful houses in France date their origin, and acquired the immense revenues they possess. Besides the brilliant fortune of Clignet de Brabant, which he owed to the part in favour of the Duke of Orleans, history furnishes several examples of warriors, who, even in the flower of youth, commanded the greatest armies, and performed the highest enterprises of those times. Boucicaut, at the age of twenty-five, was marechal of France; and Louis de la Tremouille, the Knight without reproach, was only twenty-eight when he was invested with the dignity of Lieutenant-General to the King of France; a rank

champion who had sustained their honours, recovered their lands, or obtained revenge of their adversary.

In the assault made on Pontoise, by Charles the Sixth, in 1441, besides conferring the honour of knighthood, he ennobled the first knight who mounted the tower of Frise, and for his valour extended the honour to his posterity; and gave him rich gifts to maintain the rank to which he had raised him. Edward, prince of Wales, after the victory he gained at Poitiers, gave five hundred marks of yearly revenue to James Endele, who had distinguished himself in this action; and retained him as his own Knight. As the latter immediately divided this gift among four of his body squires, who had never quitted his side during the battle,—the Prince of Wales, being informed of it, gave him six hundred marks more. These generous actions are to be noted in many other princes.

A knight also, who rendered himself the superior of a rich Lord by skill in combat, set what price he pleased on the liberty of the vanquished. 'A squire of Picardy (says Froissart) pursued by an English knight-baneret at the defeat of Poitiers, having forced him to surrender, made him, in the end, pay six thousand nobles; and thus, from a poor squire, he became a great and wealthy knight.' And many, after they killed their adversaries, obliged their parents and friends to purchase, at a high price, the mangled and bloody bodies, and the spoils left in the possession of the victor. At a sally made at the siege of Rouen, in 1418, the bodies of the killed were redeemed at four hundred nobles. Some knights, however, used their victories with more moderation, agreeable to the original precepts of chivalry; or, if they did not, their chiefs made memorable examples of them for their inhumanity.

History has preserved the noble speech of the Duke of Lancaster, when he banished for ever from his court a disloyal Knight, whose arms and horse he abandoned

abandoned to Du Guesclin, and whom he mulcted at a thousand livres: 'I have no pleasure (said the Duke) in people who are guilty of treason, nor are we accustomed to such in our country;—the garden of war is fruitful of game, but not open to beasts of prey.'

It was from these heroic principles, that a young lady, left a rich heiress without protectors,—or a widow, with extensive lands fallen to her possession,—would call to her succour some Knight of known valour and worth: and confide to him, with the title of Viscount of Castellán, the guardianship of her castle and her fiefs, and the command of her soldiers maintained for their defence; of which obligations she would sometimes acquit herself, by rewarding with her hand the Knight who had faithfully served her.

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rank superior to that of the marechals of France. He gained the battle of St Aubin de Cormier, and made the Duke of Orleans prisoner.—To employ thus early young men, born with the genius and talents for war, was, as it were, to multiply valiant officers; for one such able general, by pursuing his full career, did more than many officers in succession could possibly have performed. From having remained at the head of his armies, for a length of time, he had acquired the confidence of his soldiers; and by his first achievements had inspired them with high respect for his valour and skill. He had likewise learnt to profit from experience in the conduct of the plan of war he had conceived; and the system of military discipline he had formed, becoming less exposed to alterations, could be more surely executed and brought to entire perfection.

ACCOUNT of the PRICES of WHEAT, MALT, &c. as sold in England from the year 1000 to the year 1765.

DURING the infancy of the British monarchy, agriculture was little attended to; so that famines and their dreadful consequences were frequent in this island. Yet, notwithstanding this inattention to agriculture, the mean price of wheat, as near as can be conjectured by our author, was 1s. 6d. per quarter, from the year 1000 to the landing of William the conqueror, in 1066.

From the year 1066, to the first year of the reign of king John, in 1199, the mean price of wheat was 3s. 1d. per quarter.

During these two periods, such terrible famines happened, that at times the living were scarce able to bury their dead; though it does not appear that there was a want of other provisions, except bread. Pasture-land suited these tumultuous times much better than tillage.

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Edward II. in 1307, the mean price of wheat was 1*l.* 3*s.* 1½*d.* and of malt 9*s.* 2¼*d.* per quarter.

It is very remarkable, that in the year 1244 wheat was 6*s.* 2½*d.* per quarter, and two years after, namely, in the year 1246, it sold for 2*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.* So great a variation in the price indicates bad husbandry, and a want of proper conveyances both by land and water. These remarkable scarcities occasioned terrible famines; dead dogs, and the bark of trees, became the usual food of the people; and this occasioned a great mortality. Yet, notwithstanding this melancholy distress, the nobility and barons continued to ravage each other's lands, and by that means increased the miseries of the people.

The mean price of wheat during the next period, viz. from the year 1307 to the declaration of war with France by King Henry V. in 1418, was 15*s.* and malt 9*s.* 6*d.* per quarter.

But though the mean price is less in this than in the former period, yet during some years of the interval it was very high: in 1314, 1315, and 1316, it was sold at 3*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* per quarter; in 1317, at 6*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* These excessive prices of wheat so oppressed the people, that a great mortality prevailed among them, and a murrain among the cattle; the only relief mentioned is, that wheat was ordered not to be malted, which had been commonly done before; nor is there any other cause given of this remarkable scarcity, than that the northern counties were ravaged by the Scots, and that in 1316 great rains fell in harvest-time.

In the year 1319, the importation of corn was prohibited, unless the price of wheat exceeded 19*s.* 10¼*d.* per quarter at the port where the same should be landed. This is a sufficient indication that something had been done with respect to the increase of tillage.

In the year 1349, wheat sold at 5*s.* 6*d.* per quarter. This remarkable fall in price was owing to a most dreadful pestilence, which swept away nearly one third of all the people in Europe: The calamity was even
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extended to the cattle, and the lives of men and beasts became so precarious, that to realize what value they had, they exchanged their goods for a very small quantity of money.

The sensation of these miseries were, however, in some degree alleviated by the invitation and encouragement King Edward III. gave to the Flemings, to settle and establish the manufacture of woollen cloths in England; and the great success with which it has been attended, should be an incitement to exert all our industry to preserve it. The encouragement given to extend the sale of the staple is indeed a slow method of improving the value of land, and its produce; but it is at once both sure and lasting.

These times of calamity induced the legislature to discover measures to prevent the like for the future: and accordingly, in 1419, Sir Simon Eyre built Leadenhall, to be employed as a public granary for laying up corn against times of scarcity.

From 1418 to 1524, the year when hops were first introduced into England, the mean price of wheat was 11s. 3d. and of malt 8s. per quarter.

In the year 1492, Columbus discovered America; and the quantities of gold and silver this continent furnished within a short time after, greatly influenced the landed and trading interests of Europe. Before this discovery, the price of labour and provisions were but low, and, at the same time, the profits of trade were so excessive as cent per cent. But this error, which confined the bounds of commerce, began to be corrected by desire of sharing the American gold and silver, now imported into Europe. The Spaniards, the first possessors, became more delicate and expensive in their manner of living, and in their dress: this spirit diffused itself into most parts of Europe; there was a greater demand for every kind of merchandise: industry, with less profit, was equally rewarded by the increase of consumption; every manufacturing country divided the

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riches of the Indies; England had her share: but this sudden plenty of money enhanced the prices of labour and provisions; the value of estates increased, and the landholder was in the end the greatest gainer.

During the first years of the reign of Henry VIII. the prices of grain were at a low rate; yet so far were the magistrates of that time from thinking that laying up provisions against a scarcity was an expensive or hazardous measure, or that corn was best left in the hands of farmers or engrossers, whose constant interest it is to advance the price of them, that we find, in the year 1510, Roger Achily, then lord-mayor of London, caused Leaden-hall, the city granary, to be plentifully stored with all sorts of grain.

The mean price of wheat, from the year 1524 to the year 1604, being the second of King James I. was 15s. and of malt 10s. per quarter.

In the year 1561, the free exportation of corn was allowed. As soon as this permission began to operate, grain of every species rose in value: the prices of corn, and that of all other provisions, at and before this time, were so moderate and low, that this measure could not be said to be oppressive to industry, or to the people in general. It is equally necessary, that the interest of agriculture should be encouraged, as that of trade; to maintain the just mean which supports the one, without injuring the other, is undoubtedly the good of the whole.

In the year 1573, wheat rose from 1l. 4s. 9d. to 2l. 17s. 8½d. per quarter; and, what is very extraordinary, without any real scarcity; it is recorded, there was no want to him who wanted not money; but that it was the consequence of the unbounded liberty of exporting grain, there can be no doubt; for Lionel Ducker, then lord-mayor of London, signified to the lord treasurer, that this increase in price was occasioned by the great importation of all sorts of grain to the Netherlands. The next year a real scarcity came on, extending to
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every kind of provision; and its usual consequence, a pestilence, took place.

Before 1562, the mean price of wheat for many years was about 8s. 3d. per quarter, and probably continued so, or with very little variation, to 1572; for these ten years we want information, and historians generally give them but on extraordinary occasions, such as dearths and famines. The remarkable rise in the price of grain, to three times its former value, and which became constant, and rather more, after the year 1593, most probably was the consequence of more causes than one.

The first cause of this, we have seen to arise from a boundless liberty given to export corn in 1561; to which may be added the habit of monopolising, in great measure supported, at least permitted, by Queen Elizabeth, which oppressed the English manufactures; again, to the great riches which the laity obtained by the suppression of religious houses in the time of King Henry VIII. which riches now appeared without danger, and to the increase of gold and silver in Europe, furnished out of the American mines: undoubtedly it was sound policy in England to seek to share this wealth; and the state did this by a continued war, and suffering an unlimited exportation of grain; but it would more effectually have been done by labour, industry, and commerce; such measures would have employed, fed, and increased the people, both in number and riches; whereas we see they were for a long time over-burdened with poor, an evil they greatly complained of, and never to the purpose remedied: exchanging corn (the growth of which employs but few hands in proportion to what manufactures require) for gold and silver, was cramping industry, and placing England nearly under the same circumstances as Spain and Portugal were, possessors of a choice metal, with little or no power to keep it: when England exports corn with too great a latitude, or without bounds, by employing her lands to feed the
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rivals of her trade, she causes provisions of every kind to rise in value above equitable terms, to the oppression of her industrious poor: undoubtedly then she acts contrary to her internal peace, and contrary to her own interest: when she exports her surplus corn only, or what conveniently can be spared above what is necessary to preserve her people from a scarcity, and as far only as this becomes necessary to support agriculture with an adequate profit, she then acts for her advantage: the verge of these two extremes in every age merit the strictest inquiry.

From 1602 to 1625, *i. e.* the whole reign of James I. the mean price of wheat was 1*l.* 12*s.* 3½*d.* and of malt 17*s.* 1¾*d.* per quarter.

In the last year of this period, the parliament passed an act against monopolies, vindicating the laws of nature, laws antecedent to all others, by which no man can be thought innocent, who for excessive private gain weakens the bonds of society.

The mean price of wheat, from 1624 to 1646, was 1*l.* 19*s.* 3¾*d.* and of malt 1*l.* 3*s.* 0½*d.* per quarter.

It is very obvious why corn and provisions were dear during the whole reign of Charles I. His father's court, as well as his own, were profuse and expensive; this, and the great plenty of money, rose the price of what may be called superior provisions, and consequently affected the whole. At the same time pasture-land was in such request to furnish foreign nations with unwrought wool, that tillage was shamefully neglected.

During the period between 1645 and 1660, when the Restoration took place, the mean price of wheat was 2*l.* 4*s.* 5¼*d.* and of malt 1*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.* per quarter.

From 1690 to 1697, when excise was first laid on malt, the mean price of wheat was 2*l.* 4*s.* 0½*d.* and of malt 1*l.* 1*s.* 3¼*d.* per quarter.

It had long been the custom to send, clandestinely, large quantities of unwrought wool abroad; and hence pasture-land was considered as more advantageous than

tillage; and consequently there was an over-proportion of the former. To remedy this evil, and induce the landholders to cultivate a greater part of their estates, it was thought necessary to grant a bounty for the exportation of corn, that there might be no fear of finding a market for the surplus grain that should be produced from such pasture-land as should be broken up, and thereby assure the farmer of an advantageous price for his harvest. Accordingly, an act passed in 1689, for granting a bounty of 5s. per quarter, when wheat was less than 2l. 8s. per quarter; 2s. 6d. per quarter for malt and barley, when less than 1l. 4s. per quarter; and 3s. 6d. for rye, when less than 1l. 12s. per quarter; though we have no account of any bounty being paid for the exportation of corn, till the year 1697, when 14,712l. 8s. 0½d. were paid for that purpose by the government.

It must also be remembered, that when this act passed, the money was so greatly clipped and debased, that the sum of five pounds in specie was scarce worth forty shillings according to the standard. The parliament, therefore, in framing this act, must have had regard to the circumstances of the time when it was made; for they could limit the terms and limits of their bounty by no other scale than that of the coin then current in the kingdom; and this they knew to be lessened in value three parts out of five. If, therefore, the above prices of corn, fixed according to the then current base money, be reduced to the standard coin, which was soon after restored, the limited price for exporting wheat will be about 1l. rye 13s. 4d. and malt 12s. per quarter.

The mean price of wheat from the year 1697 to 1786, when the extension of the bounty was granted on exportation, was 1l. 12s. 8d. and of malt 1l. 5s. 8½d. per quarter. And the whole sum paid for the exportation of grain during this period was 349,433l. 16s. 7½d.

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From the year 1706 to 1730, the mean price of wheat was 1*l.* 15*s.* 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* and of malt 1*l.* 6*s.* 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* And the sum paid for the exportation of grain during this period, amounted to 677,913*l.* 18*s.* 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*

The exportation of corn with a bounty had hardly acted for twelve years, and when the quantity exported was only equal to one third of what it has been since; but queen Anne, in her speech to parliament, complained of its ill effects, and a temporary stop was accordingly put thereto; but whether the measure in itself was just, or whether the time was come when it required an alteration, was not inquired into. In a country so fertile as Great Britain, when, after several years of plenty, complaints of want reach the throne, the defect cannot be attributed to the unseasonableness of the weather; it arises solely from misapplication, which, when stopped only at the approach of famine, does not remedy the evil; it barely prevents its coming to extremes.

From 1730 to 1760, inclusive, when an additional duty was laid on malt, the mean price of wheat was 1*l.* 9*s.* 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* and of malt 1*l.* 4*s.* 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* per quarter.

During this period, his Majesty from the throne had twice occasion to recommend to his parliament, to consider of proper regulations to prevent the exportation of corn. Mr Pelham observed to the House of Commons the extraordinary sums paid as bounty for this purpose. The poor rose in many parts, on account of the scarcity of provisions; the exportation of corn was occasionally stopped as a means necessary to reduce its price: these facts, and the prices that gave occasion to them, countenance the opinion, that the spirit of the law for granting a bounty to export corn when so high priced was mistaken.

The whole sum given during this æra, on account of sending corn abroad, was 3,613,117*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* Near one twentieth part of the arable lands of England was employed in the service of foreigners. In 1738, an act passed,

passed, making it felony to impede the exportation of corn: once, during the war which had begun in 1739; we relieved our necessitous enemies with our grain; and, in 1753, 3l. per cent. was allowed on every debenture issued for the bounty for exporting corn; this interest to continue until the principal was discharged. By these several acts, the parliament certainly gave encouragement to the literal interpretation of the act of the first of King William and Queen Mary to take place in its full latitude.

From 1761 to 1764, inclusive, the mean price of wheat was 1l. 10s. 6d. and of malt 1l. 9s. 8d. per quarter. And the sum paid for exportation of corn amounted to 562,564l. 1s. 7½d.

Though in this æra the mean price of wheat may be said to be reasonable, that of malt and other provisions were vexatious: the importation of provisions from Ireland, the tumults of the people, and the inquiry made by parliament, prove this: the monopoly of land, and of the necessaries of life, exceeded all bounds; the large and extended gratuity given to export corn had occasioned so great a quantity of land to be tilled, as lessened the means to raise other provisions: the farmers had gained great riches, consequently interest and power; so they had less occasion, and less inclination, to supply the markets, except at exorbitant prices, and even this was done but by few, and with reluctance; in general they sold their goods by wholesale, to such who neither grew nor consumed them, but whose business and interest it was continually to be raising the prices by every art, and every device they could invent: this placed the grower, as well as all his family, in a station above and independent of attending markets; in lieu of which, they affected the modes, fashions, and habits of their landlords and superiors; but at the same time the face of the industrious poor betrayed all the marks of a disturbed mind and despair, the utmost exertion of strength and ability scarcely providing for their wants.

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EXTRACT FROM A JOURNEY FROM BAS-SORA TO BAGDAD.

THE city of BAGDAD is large and populous, and the advantage of the Tygris is so considerable, with regard to commerce, that although the climate is excessive hot, and in other respects far from being agreeable, yet its number of inhabitants are computed at 300,000 ; but before the plague broke out there, they were supposed to be four times that number.

The soil of this country is the most fertile I ever met with ; European fruits of all kinds are to be had in their proper seasons, which are, the months of June, July, and August ; and vegetables of all sorts are here in their greatest perfection.—About two days journey from hence, up the Tygris, I am credibly informed, groves of orange and pomegranate trees are very plentifully intermixed, which render it a most delightful retreat. The seasons, I am told, correspond with those of Europe, except in the months of June, July, and August ; the weather then is so extremely hot, as to oblige the inhabitants to live for these months in subterraneous apartments, which are arched over, to admit the freer circulation of the air. The houses are generally large, built of brick and cement, and arched over ; many of the windows are made of elegant Venetian glass ; the ceilings are mostly ornamented with a kind of chequered work, which has generally a noble appearance ; most of the houses has a court-yard before them, in the middle of which is a little plantation of orange-trees, &c. that has a very pleasing effect. The soil, which would produce not only every convenience in life, but almost every luxury, is, through the natural indolence of the Turks, and the many faults in the government of the country, in a great measure uncultivated and neglected. The revenues are computed at 125 lacks of piastrs, or 1,562,500 l. Sterling ; but a part of this is not collected, owing

owing to the slothfulness of the Turks, who suffer the Arabs to plunder them of the remainder. This, in some measure, accounts for the cruelties and extortions that are continually practised here. As the Bashaw lives in all the splendour of a foreign prince, and maintains a very large army, he could not be able to defray his expences, was he not to have recourse to oppression and injustice; and he, by his extensive power, acting almost independent of the Porte, only acknowledging it to bring in a balance from thence yearly in his favour; these circumstances considered, his arbitrary proceedings are not much to be wondered at. Illegal ministerial conduct has almost ruined this fine city: was it mildly governed, it is so well situated for traffic, that it certainly would be the residence of a number of Christian merchants, which would make it one of the richest and most flourishing places in the world.

The inhabitants of ALEPPO, though of different religions, seem to live in amity with each other; the city and suburbs contain about 235,000 souls, composed of Turks, Jews, Christians, &c. the language commonly spoken is vulgar Arabic. The people are of a middle stature, tolerably well proportioned, but they seem neither vigorous nor active; both sexes are handsome when young, but the beard soon disfigures the men, and the women, as they come early to maturity, also fade very soon; females are generally married from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and many under fourteen. The people of rank here are polite and affable, making allowances for that superiority which the Mahometan religion instructs its votaries to assume over all who hold a different faith. The city is governed by a Vizir Bashaw, who, whilst we staid here, made his first entrance into the place, as the late Bashaw was deposed, and strangled by order of the Porte, to whose command they pay a most abject submission; and by no means act with that injustice as at Bagdad.

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As the Bashaw of this place, frequently succeeds to the Grand Vizirship, he finds it necessary and politic, in order to advance his interest at the Porte, to endeavour to render himself as popular as possible by his deportment in this government, which conduct seldom fails to answer his most sanguine expectations. The late Bashaw, having been disappointed in his hopes, had recourse to tyranny and oppression; which behaviour created a rebellion in the place, and on a proper representation being made to the Grand Signior, orders were sent from Constantinople immediately to depose the Bashaw; which was accordingly done; and he was soon after strangled.

RHODES, the chief town or city of that island, stands partly on the side of a hill, fronting the sea, and is three miles in circumference. From the harbour, the town appears to the greatest advantage, being interspersed with beautiful gardens, minarets, churches, and towers. It was formerly subject to the Knights of Malta, who maintained there a memorable siege against the Turks, to whom they were obliged at last to surrender it. The town is considered of very great note from its being the Grand Signior's principal arsenal for shipping. The inhabitants (properly so called) are only Turks and Jews; for as to the Christians, though they are permitted to have shops within the walls, and to come thither and to follow their businesses in the day-time, they are compelled to retire every night to their respective habitations without the city. The inhabitants are cruelly used by the Bashaw, who plunders them of the best part of their property, and also obliges them to work on the shipping without pay, all their perquisites being the few chips that are left. The city is very large, and in the time of the Maltese must have been very populous; but it is now scarcely inhabited, owing to the impolitic and tyrannical government exercised over it. The fortifications at Rhodes have been very considerable, it being defended
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by three walls and as many ditches, and is esteemed among the strongest fortresses in the Turkish dominions; there are now some large cannon and mortars mounted upon the walls, but, through the negligence and indolence of the Turks, they are much decayed. The streets are regular, straight, and well paved, and in the middle of the largest there is a pavement of white marble, which reacheth from one end to the other. In this street the Knights of Malta are supposed to have resided; several of their coats of arms being still visible in the walls of their houses, which are yet handsome buildings, though much declined from their ancient splendour. The palace of the Grand Master is at the upper end of the street, now the residence of the Bashaw. The magnificent churches are now turned into mosques.

During my residence at ZANTE, I had repeated opportunities of viewing the town and island, which is certainly a delightful spot. The town is of a considerable length, built at the foot of a large hill close to the water; the citadel is erected on the top of this eminence, and has a surprising command of the town and harbour, but it is now little better than a heap of ruins; its extent may be about a mile; the situation of it is so strong by nature, that, was it well defended, and in good repair, the taking of it would be next to an impossibility; it is plentifully supplied with excellent water within its walls. The palace of the providitore is in the castle, and was repairing for the reception of a new governor, the old one having resided in the town. The Venetians have a garrison on the island of about 500 men; but their chief dependence is on their fleet, and the island of Corfu; but should the fleet and that island be once overcome, they would very soon lose their possession in the Levant.

From the fort you have a view, for upwards of twenty miles, of one of the finest cultivated valleys I ever saw, most delightfully interspersed with the country-

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country-seats belonging to the different noblemen and gentlemen of the place. Though this island is but small, it produces every luxury of life; and so great a trade is carried on in currants, which is its principal commodity, that most of the countries in Europe are served from hence.

The island contains upwards of 38,000 inhabitants, the most of whom are Greeks, (though the Venetians have endeavoured to introduce the rites of the Rómish church), all subjects of the Serene Republic of Venice. They are generally a friendly set of people to strangers. The ladies are remarkably handsome in their persons, and very free of their favours, but at the same time prone to jealousy and revenge; on which account it is dangerous to have many amorous connections, it being no uncommon thing, on such occasions, to be beset by assassins, who are hired on purpose by the offended party, and it is very rarely you can escape. The lower class of people are industrious, but, through a neglect in the government, they are often hired on the occasions mentioned above. On a murder being committed, the affair is easily accommodated by a present to the governor. What reflection is this on a civilized nation, to suffer such horrid crimes to be committed with impunity under their jurisdiction! The governor, who is always a nobleman of Venice, holds this post for two years only.

CORFU.—Soon after our arrival, we were waited on by a Venetian officer, to whom I had a letter from the vice-consul of Zante: by whom we were conducted to view the fortifications, which are undoubtedly very strong and extensive; but they do not appear to me sufficiently garrisoned, their garrison at present consisting of about 10,000 men. A number of very excellent brass and iron cannon are mounted on the different forts, which are so divided, that it would take treble the number of their garrison to defend them. However, the republic of Venice is generally at peace with

the European nations, and the ancient power of the Turks being much decayed, they have little to apprehend, though they were a good deal alarmed at the late appearance of the Capitan Bashaw in the Morea, with a considerable army; but it is to be supposed it was with no hostile intention against the republic, the Porte having sent that army merely with a view to reduce the rebellious Albanese to subjection, which the Bashaw in a great measure accomplished. But to prevent any sudden surprise, the Venetians keep a formidable squadron in the harbour of Corfu, and a tolerable garrison.

The circumference of the city is about four miles; the number of inhabitants on the whole island are computed at about 50,000, the greatest part of whom are Greeks.

The island is the residence of the governor-general, whose jurisdiction extends over all the islands subject to the republic of Venice, in the Levant Seas, and is considered as one of the greatest honours they can confer upon a subject. He is always a nobleman of the first rank, and has his appointment for three years only, in which time he makes a tolerable addition to his fortune; and on his return to Venice, is generally advanced to the honours of the senate.

Besides the grand fleet, the Venetians have another of galleys, that are manned by convicts, whose crimes are not of such nature as to merit death. These poor wretches are all chained to their respective oars, to the number of 100 in each vessel. They are a set of the most miserable wretches I ever beheld; some of them are condemned to this punishment for life; others for a certain number of years, according to the magnitude of their crimes. Each galley is commanded by a young nobleman, who in process of time is advanced higher.

The chief diversions of this place in the winter are operas; they have always a company of comedians for the

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the season from Naples. In the summer, they pass their time in walking upon the ramparts; few, except the governor and great officers of state, are permitted to keep carriages. The Corfu people perfectly resemble the Zanteots in their manners; though it must be observed in praise of the former, that assassinations are uncommon among them, their laws being too severe to permit such practices with impunity.

LETTER FROM JULIAN TO JAMBLICHUS.

I AM so sensible of the good-nature with which you blame me, that I think myself equally honoured with your letters, and instructed by your reproofs. But were I conscious of the least failure of attention to you, I would certainly endeavour, if possible, to palliate the fault, or I would not scruple to ask your pardon; especially as I know, that whenever your friends indiscreetly violate the laws of friendship, you are not implacable. Now then (since negligence, or indolence, generally prevents my accomplishing what I ardently desire), ascend, as it were, a tribunal, while I plead my cause before you, and shew that I did not treat you with impropriety, or act with tardiness or neglect.

Three years ago, I left Pannonia, with difficulty escaping those snares and dangers of which you are apprised. But when I had crossed the Chalcedonian Strait, and approached the city of Nicomedia, to you first, as to the god of my country, I paid due offerings for my safety, by sending you a message as a token of my approach, or a kind of sacred present. The letter was consigned to the care of one of the Imperial guards, by name Julian, the son of Bacchylus, a native of Apamea, to whom I the more readily entrusted it, as he was going thither, and declared that he knew you perfectly well. After this I received, as from Apollo, a

sacred epistle from you, expressing that you had heard with pleasure of my arrival. Wife Jamblichus, and a letter from Jamblichus, were to me an happy omen, and the dawning of good hopes. Need I say how much I rejoiced, and how greatly I was affected by your letter? For if you have received what I wrote on that subject (which was sent to you by one of the letter-carriers that came from thence), you certainly know the great satisfaction that it gave me. And again, when the man who nursed my children returned home, I sent you another letter, in which I expressed my acknowledgements for your former, and also requested a repetition of the favour. Afterwards the distinguished Soyater came to us on an embassy, and, as I knew him, I instantly sprung forward to embrace him, and shed tears of joy, dreaming of nothing but you, and a letter from you. As soon as I received it, I kissed it, held it to my eyes, and strained it close, as if I had feared, that, while I was reading it, the features of your face should secretly escape me. I immediately wrote an answer, not only to you, but to the excellent Sopater, his son, telling him in joke, that I had accepted a common friend from Apamea as an hostage for your absence.

From that time to the date of my present writing, I have received no letter from you, but that in which you seem to chide me. If by this appearance of a charge you mean only to urge me to write, I accept the whole charge with the utmost joy; and the very letter which I have now received, I deem the highest favour. But if you really accuse me of having given you the least offence, who can be more miserable than I in having been prevented, by the negligence of letter-carriers, from giving you the satisfaction that I wish?—However, though I were not to write to you very frequently, I might justly claim your indulgence, not on account of the business in which I am engaged (for I am such a wretch as not to prefer you, as Pindar says,

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to all my affairs), but because there is more wisdom in being loth to write to such a man as you, who cannot be recollected without veneration, than in being too presumptuous. For as those who venture to gaze stedfastly on the light of the sun, unless they are in a manner divine, and can behold his rays like the genuine offspring of eagles, cannot see what is unlawful to be seen, and the more they endeavour it, the weaker are their efforts; so he, who presumes to write to you, clearly shews that the bolder he is, the more he ought to fear. But you, distinguished sage, who, I may say, were created for the total preservation of Gentilism, judged right in sending me frequent letters, and thus, as far as possible, checking my indolence. For as the sun (again to compare you with that deity), when he shines perfectly bright with full radiance, is regardless whether all the objects that he illuminates perform their respective functions with propriety; so you, in like manner, should liberally diffuse the light of your knowledge among all the Gentiles, and not secrete it because fear or modesty prevents your hearers from making a reply. *Æsculapius* does not heal diseases from interested motives, but every where displays his humanity like a kind of doctrine. You, being the physician of noble souls, should do the same, and in every thing observe the precepts of virtue; like a good archer, who, though he has no adversary, always exercises his art against a proper opportunity. Our views are not the same, as we wish to enjoy your auspicious letters, and you to receive ours. But we, though we would write a thousand times, resemble the playful children of *Homer*; who erect clay-buildings, on the shore, and then soon overwhelm them with sand: While your letter, however short, is preferable to the most copious stream. And in truth, I had rather possess one epistle of *Jamblichus* than all the gold of *Lydia*.

If you have any regard for your friends (and some

regard you have, or I am much mistaken), do not neglect us, who in poultry are always in want of your sustenance, but, write frequently, and forbear not to nourish with your good cheer. And if we have been deficient, discharge at once two friendly offices, that of writing to us, and also of writing for us. For such a pupil of eloquent Mercury as you are, should employ his rod, not in exciting, but in banishing and dispelling sleep, and in this particular, above all, let him be your model."

LETTER FROM LIBANIUS TO JULIAN.

MAY the present health and strength that you say you possess, be your constant portion! For your grief, may God supply a remedy! Or rather your grief requires in part only the assistance of God, for some part of it you yourself can alleviate. You are able, if you please, to rebuild the city; but for your concern on account of the dead, may Heaven afford you consolation! Nicomedia, ruined as she is, I deem most happy. Her safety indeed would have been most desirable; but even thus she is honoured by your tears. Nor are these inferior to the lamentations which the Muses are said to have uttered for Achilles, or to the drops of blood which Jupiter, in honour of his dearest son, poured down at the approaching death of Saperdon. That she, therefore, who was lately a city, may again be a city, will be your concern. Elipidus, always a man of distinguished probity, has now made wonderful improvements. Thus it is not only true, as Sophocles says, that

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but the wisdom of a king improves also his friends in
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younger than he, you have been his instructor in those laudable pursuits, in equity, in an eager desire to assist his friends, to treat courteously those whom he knows not, and by so treating them, always to retain their friendship. For all who have approached and conversed with him, have first admired and then instantly loved him, or rather have discovered your ideas in all that you have intrusted to him. I often discourse with him; and all our discourses turn on you, on the understanding that you possess, and the important affairs in which you are engaged. The manner in which you will complete them, and how you will ward some impending dangers, we have sagely discussed. I seemed, as it were, conversing with yourself. With particular pleasure I received the intelligence of your having defeated the barbarians, and that you had related your victories in a commentary, thus acting at once as an orator and a general. Achilles required a Homer, and Alexander many such; but your trophies, your own voice, which has erected them, will transmit to posterity. Thus you surpass the sophists, by proposing to them not only actions for them to celebrate, but the orations, which you have composed on your actions, for their emulation.

To these your trophies, I wish you to add that of restoring Pompeianus to his rights; and think not this unworthy contention. For this is the man, whom formerly, in Bythinia, when he was ambassador from hence, you saw with pleasure, and, on being informed of what he had been defrauded, gave him hopes of recovering his property. Of this promise, O prince! I intreat you to be mindful.

INTERESTING EXTRACT FROM THE ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS.

IT was not long after that a malignant contagious distemper broke out in the neighbourhood, which proved

proved fatal to many of the inhabitants, and was of unexampled rapidity in its effects. One of the first persons that was seized with it was Mr Clare. It may be believed that this incident spread grief and alarm through the vicinity. Mr Clare was considered by them as something more than a mortal. The equanimity of his behaviour, his unassuming carriage, his exuberant benevolence and goodness of heart, joined with his talents, his inoffensive wit, and the comprehensiveness of his intelligence, made him the idol of all who knew him. In the scene of his rural retreat, at least, he had not an enemy. All mourned the danger that now threatened him. He appeared to have the prospect of long life, and of going down to his grave full of years and of honour. Perhaps these appearances were deceitful. Perhaps the intellectual efforts he had exerted, which were occasionally more sudden, violent, and unintermitted, than a strict regard to health would have dictated, had laid the seeds of future disease. But a sanguine observer would infallibly have predicted, that his good sense, presence of mind, and unaltered cheerfulness, would be able even to keep death at bay for a time, and baffle the attacks of distemper, provided this universal foe did not take him by surprise. The general affliction, therefore, was doubly pungent upon the present occasion.

But no one was so much affected as Mr Falkland. Perhaps no man living so well understood the value of the life that was now at stake. He immediately hastened to the spot; but he found some difficulty in gaining admission. Mr Clare, aware of the infectious nature of his disease, had given directions, that as few people as possible should approach him. Mr Falkland sent up his name. He was told that he was included in the general orders. He was not, however, of a temper to be easily repulsed; he persisted with obstinacy, and at length carried his point, being only reminded in the first instance to employ those precautions which ex-

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He found Mr Clare in his bed-chamber, but not in bed. He was sitting in his night-gown at a bureau near the window. His appearance was composed and cheerful, but death was in his countenance. I had a great inclination, Mr Falkland, said he, not to have suffered you to come in; and yet there is not a person in the world that could give me more pleasure to see. But upon second thoughts I believe there are few people that could run into a danger of this kind with a better prospect of escaping. In your case, at least, the garrison will not be taken through the treachery of the commander. I cannot tell how it is that I, who can preach wisdom to you, have myself been caught. But do not be discouraged by my example. I had no notice of my danger, or I would have acquitted myself better. These strange seeds of distemper seem to float in the air, and to fasten upon the frame without its being possible for us to tell what was the method of their approach.

Mr Falkland having once established himself in the apartment of his friend, would upon no terms consent to retire. Mr Clare considered that there was perhaps less danger in this choice than in a frequent change from the extremes of a pure to a tainted air, and desisted from his expostulation. Falkland, said he, when you came in, I had just finished making my will. I was not pleased with what I had formerly drawn up upon that subject, and I did not choose, in my present situation, to call in an attorney. In fact it would be strange if a man of sense, with pure and direct intentions, should not be able to perform such a function for himself.

Mr Clare continued to act in the same easy and disengaged manner as in perfect health. To judge from the cheerfulness of his tone, and the firmness of his manner, the thought would never once have occurred to
you

you that he was dying. He walked, he reasoned, he jested, in a way that argued the most perfect self-possession. But his appearance changed perceptibly for the worse every quarter of an hour. Mr Falkland kept his eye perpetually fixed upon him with mingled sentiments of anxiety and admiration.

Falkland, said he, after having appeared for a short period absorbed in thought, I feel that I am dying. This is a strange distemper of mine. Yesterday I seemed in perfect health, and to-morrow I shall be an insensible corpse. How curious is the line that separates life and death to mortal men! To be at one moment active, gay, and penetrating, with immense stores of knowledge at one's command, capable of delighting, instructing, and animating mankind, and the next, lifeless and loathsome, an incumbrance upon the face of the earth. Such is the history of many men, and such will be mine.

I feel as if I had yet much to do in the world; but it will not be. I must be contented with what is past. It is in vain that I muster all my spirits to my heart. The enemy is too mighty and too merciless for me; he will not give me time so much as to breathe. These things are not yet in our power. They are parts of a great series that is perpetually flowing. The general welfare, the great business of the universe, will go on, though I bear no farther share in promoting it. That task is reserved for younger strengths; for you, Falkland, and such as you. We should be contemptible, indeed, if the prospect of human improvement did not yield us a pure and perfect delight, independently of the question of our existing to partake of it. Mankind would have little to envy to future ages, if they had all enjoyed a serenity as perfect as mine.

Mr Clare sat up through the whole day, indulging himself in easy and cheerful exertions, which were perhaps better calculated to refresh and invigorate the frame, than if he had sought repose in its direct form.

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Now and then he was visited with a sudden pang ; but it was no sooner felt, than he seemed to rise above it, and smiled at the impotence of the attack. Three or four times he was bedewed with profuse sweats, and these again were succeeded by an extreme dryness and burning heat of the skin. He was next covered with small lived spots. Symptoms of shivering followed, but these he drove away with a determined resolution. He then became tranquil and composed, and after some time determined to go to bed, it being already night. Falkland, said he, pressing his hand, the task of dying is not so difficult as some people imagine. When one looks back from the brink of it, one wonders that so total a subversion can take place at so easy a rate.

He had now been some time in bed, and, as every thing was still, Mr Falkland hoped that he slept. But in that he was mistaken. Presently Mr Clare threw back the curtain, and looked in the countenance of his friend : I cannot sleep, said he. No, if I could sleep, it would be the same thing as to recover ; and I am fated to have the worst in this battle.

Falkland, I have been thinking about you. I do not know any one whose future usefulness I contemplate with greater hope. Take care of yourself. Do not let the world be defrauded of the benefit of your virtues. I am well acquainted with your weakness as well as your strength. You have an impetuosity and an impatience of imagined dishonour, that if once set wrong, may make you as eminently mischievous, as you will otherwise be useful. Would to God you would think seriously of exterminating this error !

But if I cannot, in the brief expostulation my present situation will allow, work this desirable change in you, there is at least one thing I can do. I can put you upon your guard against a mischief I foresee to be eminent. Beware of Mr Tyrrel. Do not commit the mistake of despising him as an unequal opponent. Petty causes may produce great mischiefs. Mr Tyrrel

rel is boisterous, rugged, and unfeeling; and you are too passionate, too accurately sensible of injury. It would be truly to be lamented, if a man so inferior, so utterly unworthy to be compared with you, should be capable of changing your whole history into misery and guilt. Think of this. I exact no promise from you. I would not shackle you with the fetters of superstition; I would have you be governed by reason and justice.

Mr Falkland was deeply affected with this expostulation. His sense of the generous attention of Mr Clare at such a moment as this, was so great as almost to deprive him of utterance. He spoke in short sentences, and with visible effort. I will behave better, replied he. Never fear me! Your kind admonitions shall not be thrown away upon me.

Mr Clare adverted to another subject. I have made you my executor: You will not refuse me this last office of friendship. It is but a short time that I have had the happiness of knowing you; but in that short time I have examined you well, and seen you thoroughly. Do not disappoint the sanguine hope I have entertained!

I have left some legacies. My former connections, while I lived amidst the busy haunts of men, as many of them as were intimate, are all of them dear to me. I have not had time to summon them about me upon the present occasion; nor did I desire it. The remembrances of me will, I hope, answer a better purpose than such as are usually thought of on similar occasions.

Mr Clare, having thus unburdened his mind, spoke no more for several hours. Towards morning Mr Falkland quietly withdrew the curtain, and looked at the dying man. His eyes were open, and were now gently turned toward his young friend. His countenance was sunk, and of a death-like appearance. I hope you are better, said Falkland in a half-whisper, as if afraid of disturbing him. Mr Clare drew his

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hand from the bed-clothes, and stretched it forward; Mr Falkland advanced, and took hold of it. Much better, said Mr Clare, in a voice inward, and hardly articulate; the struggle is now over; I have finished my part; farewell; remember! These were his last words. He lived still a few hours; his lips were sometimes seen to move; he expired without a groan.

Mr Falkland had witnessed the scene with much anxiety. His hopes of a favourable crisis, and his fear of disturbing the last moments of his friend, had held him dumb. For the last half hour he had stood up with his eyes intently fixed upon Mr Clare. He witnessed the last gasp, the last little convulsive motion of the frame. He continued to look; he seemed sometimes to imagine that he saw life renewed. At length he could deceive himself no longer, and exclaimed, with a distracted accent, *And is this all?* He would have thrown himself upon the body of his friend; the attendants with-held, and would have forced him into another apartment. But he struggled from them, and hung fondly over the bed. Is this the end of genius, virtue, and excellence? Is the luminary of the world thus for ever gone! Oh, yesterday! yesterday! Clare, why could not I have died in your stead? Dreadful moment! Irreparable loss! Lost in the very maturity and vigour of his mind! Cut off from a usefulness ten thousand times greater than any he had already exhibited! Oh, his was a mind to have instructed sages, and guided the moral world! This is all we have left of him! The eloquence of those lips is gone! The incessant activity of that heart is still! The best and wisest of men is gone, and the world is insensible of its loss!

Mr Tyrrel heard the intelligence of Mr Clare's death with emotion, but of a very different kind. He avowed that he had not forgiven him his partial attachment to Falkland, and therefore could not recal his remembrance with kindness. But, if he could have overlooked his past injustice, sufficient care was taken to em-

ploy means to keep alive his resentment. Falkland forthwith attended him on his death-bed, as if no body else was worthy to partake of his confidential communications. But what was worst of all was this executorship. In every thing this prigmatical rascal throws me behind. Contemptible wretch, that has nothing of the man about him! Must he perpetually trample on his betters? Is every body incapable of reason, and making a right estimate of the merits of men? Caught with mere outside? Choosing the flimsy before the substantial? And upon his death-bed too! [Mr Tyrrel with his uncultivated brutality mixed, as usually happens, certain rude notions of religion]. Sure the sense of his situation might have shamed him. Poor wretch! his soul has a great deal to answer for. He has made my pillow uneasy; and whatever may be the consequences, it is him we have to thank for them.

The death of Mr Clare removed the person who could most effectually have moderated the animosities of the contending parties, and took away the great operative check upon the excesses of Mr Tyrrel. This rustic tyrant had been held in involuntary restraint by the intellectual ascendancy of his celebrated neighbour; and, notwithstanding the general ferocity of his temper, did not appear till lately to have entertained a hatred against him. In the short time that had elapsed from the period in which Mr Clare had fixed his residence in the neighbourhood to that of the arrival of Mr Falkland from the continent, the conduct of Mr Tyrrel had even shewn certain tokens of improvement. Such was the felicity of Mr Clare's manners, that, even while he corrected, he conciliated, and excited no angry emotions in those whose actions were most curbed by the apprehension of his displeasure. The effects of his suavity, however, so far as related to Mr Tyrrel, had been in a certain degree suspended by considerations of rivalry between this gentleman and Mr Falkland. And, now that the influence of Mr Clare's presence and virtues were entirely

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fiirely removed, Mr Tyrrel's temper broke out into more criminal excesses than at any former period, having the additional stimulus of mortified pride and disappointed ambition.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE J. ELWES.

THE national rage to see Mr Pitt rescue this country from the odium that had attended it under Lord North and Mr Fox—turned out Mr Hartley, as well as Mr Elwes, from the representation of Berkshire. Mr Hartley resigned his hopes, not without reluctance: Mr Elwes was terrified at once by the expence: And I am persuaded, if *giving one dinner* could have brought him in a second time, he would with all ceremony have begged to be excused. This unfortunate parsimony was certainly the chief cause of his quitting parliament—for such was the opinion his constituents entertained of his integrity, that a very small expence would again have restored him to his seat.

Nearly at the same time that Mr Elwes lost his seat, he lost *that famous servant* “of all work”—compared to whom, SCRUB was indolence itself. He died as he was following his master, upon a hard-trotting horse, into Berkshire; and he died empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above four pounds; and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified a saying which Mr Elwes often used; and the saying is this—“If you keep *one servant*, your work is done; if you keep *two*, it is half done; but if you keep *three*, you may do it yourself.” That there were very few kinds of work which this servant could not do, may be estimated by what he did. But that his knowledge of how some things were done, was not very extensive, may be taken from the following circumstance:

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When the Lower House carried up their address to the King on the subject of the American war, old *Thomas* (for that was the name of the fellow), who had never seen his master do any thing but ride on his most important occasions, imagined he was to ride up to his Majesty at St James's, and to speak to him on horse-back. Accordingly he cleaned up the old saddles, gave the horses a feed of corn at his own expence, and, at his own expence too, had a piece of *new ribbon* in front put upon one of the bridles; and all this that his master might do things handsomely, and like a "*Parliament Man*!" But when he found out how his master was to go; saw the carriage of Colonel Timms at the door, who by borrowing for Mr Elwes a bag-wig, lending him a shirt with laced ruffles, and new furbishing his *everlasting coat*, had made him look very differently from what he usually did, and in truth much *like a Gentleman*; old Thomas, returning all his own zeal and finery back into the stables, observing with regret, that "mayhap his master might look a bit of a gentleman; but he was so altered, no body would know him."

During that very gallant stand which Mr Pitt made with the House of Commons formed by another minister, and in which the rectitude of his conduct at length subdued all that friendship, or even dependence on others, could do against him; during this contest, Mr Elwes voted occasionally on each side; and he sometimes voted in a way of which he afterwards saw the errors. As an instance of this, he supported the India bill of Mr Fox; and in a very short time afterwards he confessed he had been much deceived in the principles of that bill, and recanted his former opinion of it. Such accidents will not happen to *those gentlemen* who have *epitomized* parliamentary opinions upon every subject, and who might wish to vote first, and then hear what is said afterwards; but it may happen to that *conscientious* REPRESENTATIVE who too hastily may give his assent at the time, and when he better understood the subject
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hold a very different opinion. In this number Mr Elwes was always to be reckoned.

Amongst the smaller *Memorials* of the parliamentary life of Mr Elwes may be noted, that he did not follow the custom of members in general, by sitting on any particular side of the House—but sat, as occasion presented itself, on either, indiscriminately—and he voted much in the same manner.

During the whole time he was in the House of Commons, he never once *rose to speak*—or delivered his sentiments further than by his vote.

In his attendance at the House, he was always early and late, and he never left it for dinner—as he had accustomed himself to fasting, sometimes for twenty-four hours in continuance.

When Mr Elwes retired from PARLIAMENT, no man ever retired from the HOUSE of COMMONS leaving it more loaded with obligations than he did; and they were obligations that were never cancelled. If I might judge from the *multitude of bonds* I have seen, I should be led to think some members imagined he was a *great public money-lender, appointed by Government*, to come down to the HOUSE of COMMONS, and “oblige the gentlemen” who might be in want of his aid.

When application was afterwards made for the payment of them—on moving that question, Mr Elwes stood as *single* as did the respected Mr Strutt, member for Malden, on the subject of Admiral Keppel. Not a member said “*Aye!*”—and Mr Elwes died possessed of proofs most undeniable, that, somehow or other, *every man must pay for coming into PARLIAMENT*.

In these speculations upon *lending money*, Mr Elwes was, at one time, most unbounded; but the temptation of one *per cent.* more than the *funds* or *landed property* would give, was irresistible. But amongst the sums he thus vested in other people’s hands, some *stray, forgotten* instances of feeling may be remembered; of which the following is an instance;—When his son was

in the Guards, he was frequently in the habit of dining at the *Officer's table* there. The politeness of his manners rendered him the favourite of every one, and in time he became acquainted with every officer in the corps: Among the rest, with a gentleman of the name of *Tempest*, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a *majority*, it fell to this gentleman to purchase: but as money is not always to be got upon landed property immediately, it was imagined some officer would have been obliged to purchase over his head. Old Mr Elwes heard of the circumstance, and sent him the money next morning. He asked no security—he had seen Captain *Tempest*, and liked his manners; and he never afterwards talked to him about the payment of it. On the death of Captain *Tempest*, which happened shortly after, the money was replaced. That Mr Elwes was no loser by the event, does not take away from the merit of the deed. And it stands amongst those singular records of his character, that reason has to reconcile, or philosophy to account for, that the same man, at one and the same moment, could be prodigal of thousands, and yet almost deny to himself *the necessaries of life*!

When Mr Elwes quitted Parliament, he was, in the common phrase, “a fish out of water.” Indeed, there is no trial more arduous, than that of acquiring, at an advanced age, new modes of life. To form new societies, and conciliate new friends, new spirits, alas! are wanting. The style of Mr Elwes's life had left him no domestic scenes to which he could retire—his home was dreary and poor—his rooms received no cheerfulness from fire; and while the *outside* had all the appearance of a “house to be let,” the *inside* was a desert. But he had his *Penury* alone to thank for this, and for the want of all the little consolations which should attend old age, and smoothe the passage of declining life.

When he retired from parliament, Mr Elwes, as I apprehend, was nearly 75 years of age, and the expenditure

editure of a few hundred pounds would certainly have continued him in the situation he loved; where he was respected, and had due honour, where he was amongst his friends; and where long habit had made every thing congenial to him. All this he gave up to his love of *money*; that passion which, consuming all before it, as it hurried him along the few remaining years of his life, at length carried him to his grave twenty years sooner than the *muscular vigour of his body* might have given reason to expect. For when Dr Wall, his last physician, was called in, and viewed him extended on that *squalid bed of poverty* from which he would not be relieved—he said to one of his sons, “Sir, Your father might have lived these twenty years; but the irritations of his temper have made it impossible to hope for any thing. The body is yet strong; but the mind is gone entirely!”

The SCENES that now wait upon my hand, for the few years before his death, will exhibit a story of *penurious denial* that never have fallen to my share to find a parallel. In the wonder which they have yet left upon my mind, I can only say, “*they are true.*”

Mr Elwes had, for some years, been a member of a *Card Club* at the Mount Coffeehouse, and by a constant attendance on this meeting, he for a time consoled himself for the loss of *Parliament*. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the House of Commons, and he experienced a pleasure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not less satisfactory, that of enjoying fire and candle at a *general expence*.

For however rejectful Mr Elwes appeared of “the good things of this life” when they were to come out of his own pocket—he by no means acted in the same manner when those same things were at the expence of any other person. He had an admirable taste in *French dishes*, at the table of another—no man had more judgment in *French wines*, when they did not come
from

from his own wine-merchant—and “he was very nice in his appetite,” on the day he dined from home.

Much, therefore, of his time Mr Elwes passed in the Mount Coffeehouse. But fortune seemed resolved, on some occasions, to disappoint his hopes, and to *force away* that money from him, which no power could persuade him to bestow. He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at *Picquet*. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same, and on much better grounds; for, after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr Elwes continued with a perseverance which avarice will inspire, he rose a loser of a sum which he endeavoured always to conceal—though I have some reason to think it was not less than three thousand pounds. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs Hoares, and was received very early next morning. This was the last folly, of the kind, of which Mr Elwes was very guilty; and it is but justice to the members of the Club to say, that they ever after endeavoured to discourage any wish to play with him. Thus, while by every art of human mortification he was saving *shillings* and *sixpences*, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raised. Though yet was the benefit of this consideration all thrown away upon him, for his maxim was—and it was so agreeable, that he has repeated it to me at least a hundred times,—“*That all great FORTUNES were made by SAVING: For of that a man could be sure.*”

At the close of the spring 1785, he wished again to visit, which he had not done for some years, his seat at Stoke. But then this journey was a most serious object to him. The famous *old servant* was dead; all the horses that remained with him, were a couple of worn-out brood-mares, and he himself was not in that vigour of body in which he could ride sixty or seventy miles on the sustenance of *two boiled eggs*. The mention of a *post-chaise* would have been a crime. “He afford a post-

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post-chaise indeed! *Where was he to get the money?*" would have been his exclamation.

At length he was carried into the country, as he was carried into PARLIAMENT, free of expence, by a gentleman who was certainly *not quite so rich as Mr Elwes*.

When he reached his seat at Stoke, the seat of more active scenes, of somewhat resembling *hospitality*, and where his *fox-hounds* had spread somewhat like *vivacity* around—he remarked, "He had expended a great deal of money once, very foolishly; but that a man grew *wiser* by time."

The rooms at his seat at Stoke, which were now much out of repair, and would have all fallen in; but for his son, John Elwes, Esq. who had resided there, he thought too expensively furnished, as *worse things* might have done. If a window was broken, there was to be no repair but that of a little *brown paper*, or that of *piecing* in a bit of *broken glass*, which had at length been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say "what figure they described." To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old *green-house*, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the *harvest*, he would amuse himself with going into the fields to *glean* the corn on the grounds of *his own tenants*; and they used to leave a little more than common, to please the *Old Gentleman*, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

In the advance of the season, his morning employment was to pick up any stray chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire, in his pocket—and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman, in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a *crow's nest*, for this purpose. On the gentleman wondering why he gave himself this trouble—"O Sir, (replied old Elwes), it is really a shame that these creatures should do *so*. Do but see what waste they make! They don't care *how extravagant they are*."

Sometimes

Sometimes he would walk about in a tattered brown-coloured hat; and sometimes in a red and white woollen cap, like a prisoner confined for debt. His shoes he never would suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. As, in the day, he would now allow himself no fire, he went to bed as soon as day closed, to save candle, and had begun to deny himself even the pleasure of sleeping in *sheets*. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life—the *perfect vanity of wealth*!

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm-house at Thaydon Hall, a scene of more ruin and desolation, if possible, than either his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone, on the borders of Epping Forest, and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any converse. Here he fell ill; and as he would have no assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay unattended, and almost forgotten, for nearly a fortnight—*indulging, even in DEATH, that avarice which malady could not subdue*. It was at this period he began to think of making his *Will*—feeling, perhaps, that his Sons would not be entitled, by law, to any part of his property, should he die intestate—and, on coming to London, he made his *Last Will and Testament*.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PRECEDING PLATE—TRISTRAM SHANDY, VOL. IV. CHAP. XIV.

THEN reach me my breeches off the chair, said my father, to Susannah—There is not a moment's time to dress you, Sir, cried Susannah, the child is as black in the face as my—As your, what? said my father, for, like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparisons—Bless me, Sir, said Susannah, the child's
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in a fit—And where's Mr Yorick—Never where he should be, said Sufannah, but his curate's in the dressing room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name—and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him.

Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not—and t'would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him—But he may recover.

No, no—said my father to Sufannah, I'll get up—There's no time, cried Sufannah, the child's as black as my shoe. Trismegistus, said my father—But stay—thou art a leaky vessel, Sufannah, added my father; can'st thou carry Trismegistus in thy head, the length of the gallery, without scattering—Can I? cried Sufannah, shutting the door in a huff—If she can, I'll be shot, said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Sufannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

Sufannah got the start, and kept it—'Tis Tris—something, cried Sufannah—There is no Christian name in the world, said the curate, beginning with Tris—but Trifram. Then 'tis Trifram-gistus, quoth Sufannah.

There is no gistus to it, noodle!—'Tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand as he spoke into the basin—Trifram! said he, &c. &c. &c. &c. so Trifram was I called, and Trifram shall I be to the day of my death.

—My father followed Sufannah with his night gown across his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, fastened through haste, with but a single button,
and

and that button, through haste, thrust only half into the button-hole.

—She has not forgot the name, cried my father, half opening the door—No, no, said the curate, with a tone of intelligence—And the child is better, cried Sufannah—And how does your mistress? As well, said Sufannah, as can be expected.—Pish! said my father, the button of his breeches slipping out of the button-hole—So that whether the interjection was levelled at Sufannah, or the button-hole,—whether pish was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modesty, is a doubt, and must be a doubt till I shall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of chamber-maids—my chapter of pishes, and my chapter of button-holes.

All the light I am able to give the reader at present is this, that the moment my father cried Pish! he whisk'd himself about—and with his breeches held up by one hand and his night-gown thrown across the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, something slower than he came.

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